

Interspecies REVIEWERS

MARIONETTE CRISIS

story Tetsu Habara
original story Amahara
character design masha
art W18

PARENTAL ADVISORY
WARNING
EXPLICIT CONTENT





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A succubus with dark skin and long black hair is depicted with six arms. She is making peace signs with all six hands. She has a large, prominent chest and is wearing a black harness. Her eyes are closed, and she has a blissful expression with sweat drops on her face. The background is a simple, slightly blurred indoor setting.

One day, their
whereabouts
were revealed
in an unusual
fashion.
A succubus
recording
embedded in
a crystal was
addressed to
Stunk at
Ye Pubbe.

????????



"Our
obsession
with internal
organs has
earned us
something of a
reputation..."

"Is it my
imagination,
or did you
say some-
thing really
messed up
just now?"

"No, no,
you
misunder-
stand...
I'm not
going to
cut you
open or
anything—
I'm just
going to
have a
peek
inside..."

Look at Me Sadistically



"Damn,
I wanna
bounce-
bounce
with her!"

"Um, just so you
know, I, Chimina,
have the biggest
boobs in this
whole place!"

Let's Bounce-Bounce Together

A detailed illustration of a character with long, flowing white hair and striking red eyes. She wears a red hooded cloak with black straps and gold-colored rings. Her expression is mischievous, with a slight smirk and rosy cheeks. She is holding a small, dark object in her hands. The background is a dark, textured surface with a grid-like pattern.

Redcaps, the
bloodstained sprites.
Although they were
typically pretty easy
on the eyes, they had
brutal dispositions.

They existed to
torment, ridicule, and
subject their victims
to a world of terror
and shame before
taking their lives.

Little Red Rotten Hood

Interspecies
REVIEWERS

MARIONETTE CRISIS



2

story

Tetsu Habara

original story

Amahara

character design

masha

art

W18


New York

Copyright

Interspecies Reviewers
Marionette Crisis

TETSU HABARA

Translation by Caleb DeMarais

Cover art by W18

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Character Design: masha

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Yen Newsletter

PROLOGUE

Every man wields a sword. It is the physical representation of his soul—a lethal, primal weapon that glimmers as it hunts for prey. A solid rod of copper, swollen with pride.

With blade in hand, a man will always be able to rise to the occasion, no matter the scenario.

“Just to be clear, we’re talking about cocks.”

“Can you *please* lower your voices? The deepest circle of Hell should be just low enough.”

The waitress’s harsh admonishment came like the glacial breath of an ice dragon. She had wings on her back and sharp talons on her feet. She was a winged woman. As she passed by, her wings blew a frigid wind toward the chatting men.

This was the ice-cold treatment Stunk had grown used to. He drained the contents of his wooden mug without missing a beat, soaking his scraggly beard in the process. He was completely unbothered. Men existed in every corner of the world, and all he had done was state an obvious fact of life.

“C’mon now, Meidri. Men have swords, but women have tiny knives, right?”

“Yes, and I would *really* like to stab you with one right now.”

“Oh, I didn’t mean a literal knife. I was actually talking about the cli—”

“I will send you to Hell myself.”

The winged waitress, Meidri, whipped her tray at Stunk’s head, leaving a huge lump. The surrounding customers looked on with pity. Some of them had two eyes, while others had a single cyclopic eye in the middle of their face. Others had pointed ears, or rounded ears, and some of them were completely covered in fur.



This was Ye Pubbe—a gathering place for the many people who inhabited Interspecies Town.

“It’s about time you learned your lesson, Stunk...”

The chiding voice came from a blond, blue-eyed, beautiful young waitress—um, waiter? Y’know what? It was the server, Crimrael, the angel—a youthful, attractive, androgynous person whom any artist would kill to have as a model.

Crimrael was floating on golden wings as they went about their duties. This position allowed many of the male patrons to ogle them from opportune angles. Their popularity at Ye Pubbe was off the charts.

“If you’re in public, you shouldn’t talk about...about that sword you have, or at the very least, you should try to keep your voices down, please.”

“That’s pretty rich coming from the owner of the biggest goddamn great sword in town...”

“That has nothing to do with it!”

“Seriously, I am beyond impressed. Like, just how many succu-girls have you taken to O-town with that behemoth blade of yours? It’s so big, it’s gotta hurt, right? I wonder how many girls needed medical attention after a night with that thing...”

“None! Girls who can’t take it all say so right away, and the girls who can take it love it. They also say our time together doesn’t even feel like work—”

Crim quickly cut themselves off partway through their flustered rant. Their face was bright red after noticing how deeply invested everyone had become in what they were saying. Seeing Meidri’s face, which screamed, *Great, another piece of trash*, caused them to shudder.

“Stunk, please give it a rest...”

The impossibly innocent angel (who was no longer a virgin) flew off in a huff.

“If you have a huge cock, be proud of it! And bring me another cold one!”

“Okaaay...,” said Crim.

“Don’t be such a dick to Crim. You’re making it hard for him to do his job.”

Meidri bored her half-lidded eyes into Stunk. Then she pushed a leather canteen full of water toward a skinny man sitting at Stunk’s table.

“Zel, I need ice. I’ll give you extra roasted nuts later, okay?”

“Sure thing. One ice spell, coming right up.”

Zel was an elf, his trademark pointed ears being a dead giveaway. He had a particular affinity for magic. The moment he recited an

incantation, the water in the leather canteen had frozen solid. Meidri stomped on it to break up the ice and pressed it against the bump rising from Stunk's head. The makeshift ice pack helped to reduce the swelling.

"Maybe this'll teach you to cut down on the sexual harassment."

"But I'm always considerate of others."

"Your baseline behavior is inherently flawed! Seriously, what's wrong with your head...?"

Meidri flicked Stunk's forehead before returning to work. The ice pack she made was incredibly soothing. She may have been a hyper-aggressive waitress who responded to sexual harassment with violence, but she still took the time to tend to Stunk's wounds—annoying as he was. She was a great person, and this fact was what left Stunk feeling like he could bug her with his lewd talk day in, day out.

Of course, Meidri wasn't in a bad mood *all* the time. If anything, she was quite charming while she worked, and she was well loved by the regulars. Her golden locks and bountiful bust always turned at least a few heads, but any mention of the latter never failed to earn the observer a venomous glare. Stunk was a big fan of this easy-to-understand disposition.

Ye Pubbe's waitstaff did well to maintain a jovial atmosphere and serve decent food, and many fun-loving good-for-nothings had made it their go-to spot for rest and relaxation.

"So, getting back on topic—about the sword between men's legs."

"You never learn, do you, Stunk?"

"Yeah, let's at least whisper so Meidri won't hear us."

Two men at Stunk's table chortled as they chided him. One was Zel, and the other patron, with fuzzy ears and the body of a child, was the adult halfling, Kanchal.

As like-minded swordsmen, both had similar tastes and predilections to Stunk. It went without saying that *swordsmen* in this context only referred to men who brandished blades between their thighs.

"Okay, but seriously, when you get hard, doesn't the rush just make you wanna cry out? Isn't that what they call 'sexual frustration' or something? It's such a savage feeling, like your cock is yelling, *Come on, man! We gotta do it now! Right now!*"

"That savage instinct stems from the sword, huh? I don't really get the *savage* part, but when I'm itching to get my dick wet, I do start to see red if I go too long without a good lay."

"I think I get it. It's kind of like the feeling that makes you want to have a bunch of ladies lined up at your door, right?"

"I'm pretty sure that's just your sadistic side talking."

The group was getting very animated while discussing their most beloved subject. Each time Meidri passed by, they could feel the air growing cold, but they decided to ignore her.

If they couldn't have a raunchy, no-filter chat at the bar, then where the hell could they?

"The problem is this—manhood is defined by the sword swinging between our legs, but what sort of expression can be used to define womanhood?"

Zel and Kanchal fell into deep thought in response to the question that Stunk raised.

"Hmm... Since we put our swords inside them, could we maybe consider them scabbards?"

"Maybe. But returning a sword to a pretty boring mental image. It doesn't feel like a premium experience, y'know? It doesn't get me going."

"I'd also prefer an expression that suits the person we're aiming our aggressive natures toward."

The three men were silent for a while, clearly lost in thought. The hustle and bustle of Ye Pubbe went into one ear and cleanly out the other—they were taking this seriously.

Getting fired up about something that normally seemed mundane and enjoying it thoroughly—Zel, as a two-hundred-year-old elf, saw this as the best way to enjoy life. This was young by human standards, and Zel was the one to break the silence.

"—*Monster.*"

The human—short-lived by nature—and the halfling both widened their eyes as the elf, blessed with longevity, spoke a single word.

"That's it, Zel! An aberration! A monster!"

"All women have monsters living inside them...! You're totally right! Women can definitely be monstrous!"

"It wasn't easy to say, but once I took another look at Meidri, something just clicked."

He had a point. Women certainly did have a monster named *violence* slumbering deep within their souls.

"Yeah—her attacks are definitely meant to be killing blows. This bump on my head hurts like hell."

"But you know what they say. The hyper-emotional ones are the craziest in bed."

"Her eyes are ice-cold, but between the sheets...she's probably as hot as the sun. Or maybe *wet as the ocean*?"

"Heh-heh, if Meidri's a monster, then she's definitely the cutest monster I've ever seen."

"Personally, I'd rather fall prey to her monster in the back than

the one in the front.”

“Winged women are always laying unfertilized eggs, so I heard their maternal instincts are off the charts.”

“Does that mean that even monsters have compassion?”

“Hmm? Who is this ‘monster’ you’re talking about?”

“Catch up, man. I’m talking about the idol of Ye Pubbe, who loves to cum her brains out, Mei—”

Stunk gulped audibly. He could feel an aura of repulsion threatening to end his life looming just behind him.

The men all exchanged desperate, silent pleas with their eyes. *You make an excuse— No, you do it!*

In the next moment, Stunk was the first to make up his mind. He turned to face Meidri with a smile.

“Oh, hi, Meidri. We were just talking about how cute the monster between your legs probably is.”

And so the monster went berserk.

When Stunk exposed his skin, his perfectly toned body was etched with a number of scars. Most of them were souvenirs from his adventuring exploits, but the rest were trophies from battles with another kind of “monster.” Specifically, they were from Meidri.

“Did this one hurt?”

The question came from a voice that was sweet as honey. The woman was lithely pressed up against Stunk as he lay faceup in bed, her gentle touch tracing a scar on his cheek.

“Ow... Yes, it did. It still does.”

“I’m sorry... I’m so cruel.”

As she moved her fingers, the wings on her back fluttered. Yet she was smiling with her eyes. Rather than showing genuine concern, her expression revealed that she enjoyed watching a man writhe in pain.

Rubbing her bountiful bosom against Stunk’s broad chest was a cunning ploy to stop any man from getting angry.

“This part is all red, too. Doesn’t it hurt?”

Next, she made use of her fingers and pressed a nail into his nipple.

“Ngh...!”

“Does that hurt? Should I stop? Tell me how you really feel, Stunk.”

“N-no...keep going.”

“Okay, I’ll give your little nips plenty of attention, too.”

She narrowed her mischievous eyes, and Stunk’s flesh instantly became riddled with goose bumps.

She sure knows how to work a guy over...

After clawing at Stunk’s nipple, the girl lightly rubbed it with her

finger tip. A sweet heat rose in Stunk's chest, and his body shuddered. Even for men, the nipples were an especially sensitive area.

"Tee-hee... Men look so cute when they get aroused. They're absolute slaves to pleasure. I love it. No need to hold back, okay? Get as hot and bothered as you want... *Nom*—"

Her lips closed around Stunk's nipple. A wave of ecstasy ran down his spine, and his back arched.

It was just a pleasant sensation. She was sucking on it and teasing the tip with her tongue, adding in the occasional nibble. Of course, she didn't forget to attack his other nipple with her fingers at the same time.

"Unf...that's so good! I wish you could serve me like this all the time!"

After all, acts of service best complemented the maid outfit she was wearing. Stunk stroked her cheek and pushed back her bright-blond hair. There was no sight of her normal lively cheer, her cold disdain, or her explosive rage. All Stunk could see was the flushed face of a woman in love.

"I always knew you were a freak deep down... Isn't that right, Meidri?"

"*Mmm...mmph...mmmphwa*— Y-you knew?"

The winged waitress stuck out her tongue to show off a thread of saliva connecting her mouth to Stunk's nipple, then sucked it back up. She giggled with a salacity that she would never show anyone at the bar.

"That's right! It turns out the poster girl for Ye Pubbe, Meidri, is one hell of a nympho, heh-heh... But *you're* looking pretty thirsty yourself right now ..."

As her eyes traveled down to his crotch, she noticed he was pitching quite the impressive tent.

"Yes, this is the sword that I'm so proud of."

"It's practically bending backward... And that rock-hard shaft... *Gulp.*"

"If you're that interested, touch it already."

Stunk grabbed her wrist and led her hand to his crotch. The hand that had delivered so many vicious blows to his face was now gently moving along the length of his member.

Stunk's blade twitched and convulsed.

"Oh my, you look ready to burst... So this is your demon blade? The legendary lady-killer?"

Meidri cracked a joke that would never leave her lips at Ye Pubbe and grabbed Stunk's sword with conviction. She began stroking it and deftly made use of the natural lubricant leaking from the tip.

"It's twitching like a battery-powered doll that's almost out of

juice... It's actually kind of freaky."

"Your breathing is getting more ragged by the second. What's got you so worked up, huh?"

Meidri let out a short gasp. Her hand motions gained momentum as she tightened her grip on his hilt. Rather than simply servicing him, it was as if she were trying to become intimately acquainted with every inch of his weapon.

"Hey, Stunk...is there anything else you'd like me to do for you?"

Meidri's teasing expression had changed to one of deep longing. The look she was giving him now immediately resonated with his second brain—the one in his pants. The sword between his legs towered ever higher, but—

"That's a good question. Hmm... How about you stick it between those huge tits of yours?"

"Wha—? Well, that's fine, but..."

Meidri pursed her lips, apparently unsatisfied with the request, but she didn't hesitate for a moment as her hand moved to unbutton her blouse.

Boiiing—

With the last button undone, Meidri's breasts exploded from her top and fell heavily onto Stunk's lap.

"Ahh, that perfect weight."

They were a bit cold, but their heft excited him. As he marveled at the feel of them, he noticed they were covered in a chilly liquid.

"This is a special lube created from bacteria-free slime secretions."

The liquid slipped into the valley between Meidri's breasts and splashed in all directions, completely coating them. This created the perfect welcome for Stunk's member into her enticing cleavage.

As it entered her pillowy embrace, it was all Stunk could do not to blow his load right then and there.

"Hnnng, this is what huge tits were made for...!"

"Hmmm? Were you always looking at my chest with those dirty thoughts in mind?"

"How could I not?"

"You're a huge dick, Stunk."

Meidri narrowed her eyes at him again, but her gaze wasn't hateful. It was hungry. She even had a mischievous smirk adorning her lips.

"A huge dick...with a huge dick...just for me. What more could a girl ask for...?"

Stunk cradled Meidri's bosom and directed it up and down, side to side. His flesh grew firmer and firmer with each passing moment, but the mounds he was pressed between remained soft and malleable. No matter how they were manipulated, they effortlessly enveloped his

every inch. His pleasure was reaching untold heights.

“Wh-whoa—you’re really laying it on thick all of a sudden...!”

Meidri’s bust undulated with Stunk’s every motion and Stunk raised his hips as his entire torso shuddered. This was his first round with her, and he wouldn’t be able to last much longer. His whole body trembled, from his torso to his loins.

Yet in the same moment, his sword was also giving pleasure to Meidri, whom he was practically glued to.

“Mm—ahh, ahh—you’re shaking like crazy—Are you going to cum? Are you gonna explode all over me?”

Meidri’s face radiated desire, as if she couldn’t wait for Stunk to erupt. The heaving of her full breasts became even more intense—she was focusing on the sensitive tip of Stunk’s sword.

She was desperate for it—absolutely ravenous.

“Hrk, unnngh... I’m cumming, Meidri! Take this hot load from the guy you look down on and beat up every single day! Take it all!!”

In an instant, Stunk released everything he had been keeping pent up from the moment Meidri first laid eyes on his bulge. A sharp pang of ecstasy pierced his very soul. He erupted with satisfaction, warm love nectar flowing between Meidri’s lubricant-slick breasts.

“Ah...ah...it’s so hot...! Wh-wha—? My goodness...there’s so much...!”

The white, cloudy liquid dribbled from Meidri’s plush crevasse. Stunk’s spunk was a rich concentration of pride, resentment, and carnal lust, and it had even reached Meidri’s mouth, leaving her stunned.

“W-wow...it’s so thick...and it won’t stop...”

A rope of viscous white fluid stretched from Meidri’s breasts up to her lips. It showed no signs of disconnecting. Stunk’s love juice was surprisingly resilient.

“I love the sight of your face with my cum all over it...! Just looking at you makes me wanna go again—phew.”

Stunk’s excitement showed no signs of abating, and he drank in the visage of Meidri, who was sticky with his fluid. Even after his geyser lay dormant once more, he continued to feel a lingering ecstasy. His satisfaction was immeasurable.

I can’t believe I just did that with Meidri of all people...!

Not to mention, she looked like she still wanted more, her jaw slack.

“Hey, Stunk... It’s still super hard, isn’t it?”

“If there’s something you want from me, you already know what to do, don’t ya, Meidri? Beg for it.”

Stunk ran his fingers through her blond hair. If he’d done the same thing at Ye Pubbe, she would have definitely punched him. But

right now, she simply nodded meekly.

She parted her breasts, removed Stunk's sticky sword, and kissed it.

"Stunk... Let's do it..."

"Do what exactly? Speak clearly so I can understand."

"Ahh... You're so meeean."

There was a lilt in Meidri's voice as she whined. She swirled her tongue around Stunk's shaft, voraciously lapping up all that she could before opening her mouth to display the pool of milky white.

"This...this thick, gooey fluid... I want it...inside me...please..."

"Ohhh, lemme hear that again!"

"You're quite the selfish lover, aren't you, dear customer?"

"Hey, don't drop the act now. Please just get on top."

"Well then, if you'll excuse me—*Ahem*—!"

Meidri coughed a single time.

"Ohh, Stunkie..."

She cooed as she looked up at him, eyes aflame. She rocked her soft behind back and forth as she fluttered her wings.

"Pleease, Stunkie... Plunge that legendary blade deep into my lecherous little monster! Slay this demon! Mess me up!"

"Yes, ma'am! That's what I'm talkin' about!"

Every drop of blood in Stunk's body was on fire.

As she parted her legs, the monster spread wide its glistening maw, rousing Stunk's warrior spirit.

The battle had only just begun, and there would be no backing down!

Stunk let out a mighty war cry as his vigorous hip thrusts bested Meidri's monster for the third and final time.

As a wave of languor washed over him, he extended a tired hand and cupped her supple behind while she lay beside him.

"Whew... That was way more intense than I bargained for."

Stunk had always viewed his relationship with Meidri as hot and cold—a spot of rust on his otherwise perfect blade—and he became drunk on that sensation. A bit of immorality could spice up a sex life in tons of exciting ways, to say nothing of the potential for renewed passion.

He couldn't wait to see Meidri's face again at Ye Pubbe. He couldn't wait to be stricken by the thought, *God, you look like nothing happened between us, but now I know all about the ravenous monster you keep hidden down below, bweh-heh-heh.*



Meidri lazily inched closer to him and reached down between her legs.

“Well, we’re almost out of time... Hang on just one second.”

“What are you doing?”

“It’s a special service here at our establishment.”

She produced a tube-shaped item from her crotch, and Stunk’s bodily fluid started to spill out. The object writhed back and forth like a potato bug, and Meidri carefully washed it off in a basin of water before drying it off and handing it to him.

“Here you go. You can have the magi-hole we used as a souvenir.”

“...Thanks, I think.”

Magi-hole was an abbreviation for *magical hole*. They were magical items with velvety interiors that could mimic simple functions of the female anatomy, such as the all-too-familiar contraction.

I mean, I can’t really give my next customer a used magi-hole, now can I?

It wasn’t just the magi-hole, either. All of Meidri’s body parts were nothing more than replaceable items. That said, the insatiable spirit that fueled her passionate performance lived deep within her core, though this element could be adjusted to one’s tastes.

She could create a customer’s ideal partner with any features and proportions they desired. And then, in a private room, the two would engage in the age-old battle between man and woman.

She was quite literally the sum of many impressive parts—with a face Stunk knew well—and she bowed deeply after putting on her clothes.

“Thank you for your continued patronage at The Sex Marionette, where we specialize in dolls, puppets, golems, and more!”



The male patrons of the bar clamored around the piece of paper posted on the wall. This was a well-known staple of the Ye Pubbe experience: the succubus-joint review.

REVIEW

THE SEX MARIONETTE

◆ HUMAN	◆ ELF	◆ HALFLING	◆ ANGEL
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Crimvael
8	8	10	8
This place lets you pick from a wide variety of magical parts and personalities to create your dream girl, but that's easier said than done. In the same way that it's pretty much impossible to draw your ideal partner on the spot, creating your perfect woman requires a hell of a lot of creativity. If you make a girl on your own, you might end up with a butter face who you'll lose interest in super quick. For this reason, I recommend bringing a friend who has artistic modeling skills. If you do that, then this shop will easily become one of your favorites. If you or a friend can't handle the creative side of things, then I'd expect the review to lose at least three points.	To be honest, I don't have the artistic skills to make a girl on my own. I tried for over an hour, but mine still came out ugly, and I was pretty bummed. But with someone along to do the creative part, my whole world changed! You can truly create any girl you want, with the only limit being your imagination. You might think, <i>They're just a doll, right?</i> but once they have a soul in them and start moving around, that fact won't bother you. They also feel pretty unusual to the touch, but if you just think of it as getting it on with someone from another species, then you get over it in no time. And as far as downstairs, since they use magical holes, it might even be better than the real thing. Not to mention, you can also choose the girl's personality. Aside from the fact that creating one on your own is super challenging, this place doesn't really have any downsides.	The parts they have available for crafters perfectly suit a woman of the night. You have the freedom to create any girl you want here, and it's beyond entertaining. If you take note of the part numbers while crafting, you can easily re-create a design that you've made previously in no time, and because you can fabricate the soul of a girl you like and put it into the doll, this place is absolutely perfect. I feel like I've found the most ideal establishment for me. I'll be frequenting this place for sure. And for the record, they let you take the magical hole you used with you, so you can enjoy it at home, too.	I wasn't able to create a girl by myself, so I had Kanchal do it for me... Even if you don't have someone who can help you with this part, there are a number of preassembled golems to choose from, so you should still be able to have a good time, I think. Also, it seems they'll give you a five-hundred-gold discount if you decide to use a premade golem from the beginning. That's about all I can say.

Succubus joint is a common term for a professional establishment where consenting adults legally trade sexual services for currency. In this world, where a vast number of species intermingle, these places offer services from every species one can imagine.

These reviews are especially popular with timid people or first-timers who may be worried they won't have good sexual compatibility with the species working there. And of course, there are others who are simply perverts who enjoy reading them.

If copies of the review sell, then the reviewers can earn a commission. Stunk and his companions are able to visit new succubus joints they're interested in and get spending money at the same time.

Today, they were once again able to drink decent booze with the money they received from stoking the fires of sexual fantasy.

"I couldn't really include the fact that I created a near-perfect Meidri clone."

Stunk spoke in the quietest voice he could manage. Zel and Kanchal also peeked out of the corner of their eyes to pinpoint Meidri's location before lowering their voices, too.

"If she finds out, you'll be lucky if you get off with blunt-force trauma. I wouldn't even blame her if she pulled out a blade this time."

"Hmm. Well, she was a real screamer in bed, I'll tell you that."

The three men giggled among themselves. When their group visited The Sex Marionette, all four of them had their golems crafted to look exactly like Meidri, and they each went to town on her.

The real hero of this adventure was Kanchal. Although the customizable options for the golems at the shop were limitless, the actual crafting was extremely difficult. Re-creating Meidri's appearance was all thanks to the little halfling's skill.

Also, whenever a new golem was designed, it joined the extensive catalog of premade golems available for selection. A lot of customers chose this option because they couldn't put together a proper girl themselves.

"It stands to reason that now loads of guys will end up banging a golem who looks just like her."

"I feel a bit bad, but it also kinda excites me."

"If a customer who sleeps with her golem comes to this bar, they'll be in for one hell of a surprise."

"Heh-heh-heh," "Ha-ha-ha"—but their laughter lasted only a moment. They heard the violent, ominous din of flesh being ripped apart and bones being crushed from a corner of the bar.

The beautiful, winged angel, Crimvae, lay crumpled in the corner. They were the last companion who had joined the men at The Sex Marionette.

Standing next to them was a monster in a maid outfit. Her wings were fully outstretched in a threatening gesture in the small, confined bar.

Her eyes, teeming with bloodlust, fell on the three remaining stooges.

“Hey... What the hell did you idiots make? I want every detail right now...you bastards...”

The knives in both her hands glinted dangerously.

This is the story of men who spend their days battling monsters with their most trusted blades.

But for the moment, Meidri (the real one) brandished two blades of her own and tore into all three of them.

CHAPTER 1

LET'S BOUNCE-BOUNCE TOGETHER

“Because of our particular preferences, one negative experience isn’t enough to make us swear off something forever.”

Zel started on a new tangent before downing his drink and slamming the wooden mug on the table. Ye Pubbe was bustling with patrons, and Stunk nodded deeply in the middle of them.

“Yeah, succubus joints do have the occasional hiccup. Every once in a while, you’re gonna hit up a spot that’s so bad, you think the only way you’d feel any sort of thrill is if the place caught on fire. Not that I’d willingly go back to a joint like that, of course. And you can forget about a refund if your experience is dull.”

“Lately, I’ve been able to kinda wash the bad taste of a shitty visit out of my mouth by writing a negative review. But the absolute duds that we visited long before we started reviewing still occupy a dark, desolate corner of my mind...”

Elves had incredibly long life expectancies. But even though they could easily lap the average human’s life span several times, they all retained their youthful appearances. They looked young right up until their dying days.

Regardless of their appearances, it was a fact that longer lives meant more life experience. That said, there still wasn’t an elf alive who had suffered more losses than Stunk.

“I just remembered something earlier...”

Behind Zel’s eyes was an eternity that humans simply could not fathom.

“When I was still a beginner, I once went to a cactorcia joint just because I was curious.”

“Cacto... What?”

Stunk furrowed his brow at this name, which he’d never heard before.

“It’s an elven word for a species with cactus features.”

“I think I know the *point* you’re about to make.”

“No, ya don’t, because I wouldn’t be stupid enough to bang one without protection. I cast magic on my whole body to make it hard as iron before going up against her, but...”

Zel trembled as he recalled the experience.

“I didn’t get pierced by the cactus needles, but I definitely got... pricked.”

“The fuck does that mean?”

“What I’m saying is...she penetrated...my one-way street... My urethra.”

“Stop. Enough. I get it. I don’t wanna hear any more.”

Stunk had no interest in hearing about this particular memory from Zel.

“Do you really get it? The bloodcurdling terror of feeling a cactus needle in my dickhole the second my magic wore off? Thankfully, that part of me was also covered by my body-hardening spell, so after I somehow jacked off through the tears, as soon as I came, the needle flew out, too... I had never fapped with so much fear before that point, or ever since. Ha-ha!”

The surrounding men cradled their crotches in sympathetic agony.

“But really, compared with a halfway-decent place, the ones that are incredibly bad end up being way more memorable.”

Kanchal joined the conversation from the next table over. As a halfling, his feet didn’t even reach the floor when he sat on a chair, but he was a full-grown adult male. He didn’t have the same longevity as an elf, but he still looked incredibly young. Kanchal laughed bitterly with an understanding of the sorrow that adult males faced.

“One time, I had some fun with a behemoth girl.”

“Oh? That’s pretty rare.”

Behemoths were much, much larger than other beast species. Even the shorter ones were five meters tall, and depending on the girl, some were as large as mountains—or so the dubious legend stated.

“Her face was so huge, it completely filled my field of vision. And it warped into the most disgusting *ahgao* O-face I’ve ever seen... I was only excited by her for the first few seconds, but for the most part, she was incredibly unresponsive. A total dead fish in the sack. My patented finishing move, the full-body Kanchal twister, didn’t do a damn thing. I even crawled all the way inside her and busted my greatest break dancing technique, the Kanchal windmill, but it was no use...”

Kanchal ground his teeth with regret.

“When my time was up and I was getting ready to leave, she finally started moaning. Too little, too late!”

“Hmm, maybe it just took a while for the sensations to register since she was so big?”

“Yeah, maybe... But her love juices completely soaked my hair and got in my ears... I could smell her on me for ten days!”

A similarly nauseating story then came from the hairy fellow one table over. It was none other than the muscular beastman, Brooz. One look at his canine muzzle would immediately tell you that his sense of smell was off the charts.

“I’ve always been sensitive to female scents up until now, but when I was a beginner, I thought it would be a given that the joints I visited would take this into consideration. However, when I went to a wolverinegirl specialty shop, I thought I was gonna die.”

“Why did you choose wolverines of all things? They’re mustelids, right? Like skunks.”

“Well, like I said, I was a beginner. I didn’t even imagine there would be such a masochist haven that specialized in getting covered in that rank fluid...”

Brooz snorted repeatedly. The trauma was fresh in his mind.

Mustelid beastpeople were known for their foul-smelling bodily fluids, small statures, and highly contrary personalities. The larger species, including wolverines and honey badgers, were especially brutal. Even in regular S-M joints, only super-hard-core women were likely to be working there, and they had strict policies that protected them from taking responsibility for any injuries sustained by their clientele. A waiver was mandatory, of course.

“Well, at the end of the day, without prior knowledge, it’s hard to know which species are the most violent.”

A new person popped up from the table behind Stunk and joined the conversation. It was Nalgami, the lamia. The lower half of his body was composed of a long serpentine tail.

“Do you know what a redcap is? They’re a species that are a little bigger than halflings, so when I visited a redcap joint, I thought I could just constrict my partner with my tail if something went awry... or at least, that’s what I thought...”

Nalgami laughed in a self-mocking tone as he narrowed his eyes.

“...It’s honestly a visit I’d prefer not to remember.”

Redcaps were a fae species similar to halflings and elves, and their temperaments could easily be described as...bloodthirsty. They were quite literally obsessed with blood.

Human beings would be forced to look down at their small statures, and they deftly wielded bladed weapons that had taken countless lives. They preferred hunting intelligent species over beasts, and they loved to make their victims scream bloody murder.

Yes, it was sport for them—quite different from wolverines, who needed to put on a show of violence to survive.

“Were redcaps really the sort of species to become succu-girls in the first place?”

Stunk had heard stories of redcaps but had never actually met one. He always assumed that if he did, he’d need to brandish his steel blade rather than the one made of flesh.

“Some redcaps can satisfy their violent urges with sex, or so I’ve heard.”

“Judging from the way your story’s been going so far, it sounds like things got a little violent.”

“Yeah... Since they have to get their natural urges out, they’ve earned a reputation for being some of the roughest in bed...”

Nalgami bowed his head deeply.

“They really worked me over... And they made me say I was a

dog, not a snake... Ugh..."

"Hey, what's so bad about being a dog...?" said Brooz.

"I had bite marks and bruises all over my body, and I had nightmares every night until the pain subsided..."

Brooz's objection was casually brushed off. Instead, the blue-skinned, horned young man sitting across from Nalgami grunted deeply in interest. It was the demon Samtahn, who hailed from Hell itself.

"You guys keep talking about your negative experiences, but could it be that you're just not open-minded enough to see the true value of certain establishments? If you do your research beforehand, you can find out what kind of place it is, and what the girls are like."

"It's possible, but there are definitely joints out there with bad intentions."

"That's why you need to keep your eyes peeled and investigate the information the spot offers to make sure nothing looks fishy. If there is any obvious deception, you can file a complaint with the district office and demand a settlement. That's all it takes."

"A sound argument coming from a demon is suspicious as hell."

"Let me say this. There isn't a more conscientious species in this world."

Samtahn looked dead serious as he stated what was second nature to him.

"However, there are joints that still try to push some sort of scam operation, even if their deception isn't as obvious."

Stunk recalled a few past experiences. Namely, memories from when he was young and naive.

"I'm specifically talking about a joint I hit up that advertised a free recording of your encounter..."

Stunk had been given a small item that fit snugly in his palm when he entered. It was a wooden device embedded with a crystal that could record any scene the device was pointed at with the push of a button. Crystals with recording capabilities weren't cheap, but Stunk had just completed a rather dangerous mission, and he had money to spare.

"There was an asura girl, and I chose her without hesitation."

"Whoa, an asura? That's incredibly rare. Tell me where this place is sometime."

Zel raced to interrogate Stunk with frightening speed. The asura species largely inhabited the eastern lands, and they were known to be strong warriors with multiple faces and many arms. They were stoic, fearless fighters, but some of them could use a particular strain of magic, and others even became philosophers.

"They say each asura has a different number of arms and faces,

but the girl I chose had three faces and six arms.”

“Oh yeah, they say the number of faces is directly related to the strength of their magic. Where is this place?”

“I’ll tell you about the spot later. Asura girls are defined by the emotions indicated in their faces, and the one I chose had laughter, disdain, and *ahegao*.”

“Maybe the mimetic muscles in their faces make a difference in the way they recite their incantations. Or wait, do the multiple faces affect the way they breathe?”

“Just how obsessed with asura chicks are you...?”

Stunk also got excited by the thought of sex with a new species, but Zel was definitely the type to be interested in the nature of biology and magic.

Stunk forced a cough, signaling Zel to calm down.

“Okay, so finally, it was time to take the video of us having sex. She stroked my face with two of her hands and used two more to pinch my nipples. Then, with her last two hands, she turned the camera toward me.”

Stunk laughed and made a gesture like he was holding a camera.

““Okay, make a peace sign!” she said. Which made me think, *What the—? Why are you filming me...?*”

At this point, the air in the room grew tense. Only Zel looked complacent as he nodded to himself.

“Wow, she really made good use of all six hands, huh?”

“She should have made more use of those faces! What the hell was the *ahegao* face even for?”

“So did you do it, Stunk? Did you make a peace sign?”

“Yeah, I got lost in the moment, and I did it! My dumbass slack-jawed face and peace sign were caught on crystal.”

Stunk was still young at the time. He just thought that was the way things were at that particular establishment. Today, he would probably rip the camera out of the asura girl’s hand and make her do six peace signs instead, all while showing off her *ahegao* face.

Even if the mistakes of the past made for slightly bitter memories, it was sometimes possible to think on them fondly. Stunk didn’t want to recognize the fact that he’d aged enough to look back at his adolescence with nostalgia—yet everyone around him had the same expression on their faces.

“Everyone who shares our hobby has had at least one experience like this... That means it’ll happen to you, too, Crim.”

“What? Why me, too?!”

The angel yelled in protest as they floated past, even though they had been listening in on the conversation the entire time and had definitely been heard giggling at the *ahegao* joke.

“At any rate, a bad encounter isn’t something that any of us look forward to. But naturally, the more excursions we embark on, the higher the chance that we’ll eventually run into a dud. Taking the good with the bad is how men get a sense for what’s really real.”

“Yeah, even now, every once in a while, I go to a suspicious joint and end up regretting it...”

“Exactly. That’s just proof of how vast our world is. And if nothing else, you’ve always got your go-to joints where you can guarantee you’re gonna have a good time.”

Stunk’s go-to joint was The Elven Inn. All the girls who worked there had beautiful faces belying their age, and there was quite a bit of variety between them. Their bodies were no less impressive. As long as a patron wasn’t partial to big bodies or rough faces, it was next to impossible to have a bad time there.

Although...that only covered the tastes for the average human male.

Elven men of the same species could tell how old an elven girl actually was from their flow of mana. Because many human men found the women attractive, there were actually a lot of elderly elven succu-girls who were even older than Zel’s mom. An absolute nightmare from his standpoint.

“At any rate, we should probably head for one of our fail-safe joints today.”

Kanchal practically leaped from his chair.

“Do you have a quality spot in mind?”

“Recently, a place featuring rabbitgirls opened up not too far from here.”

“Bunnygirls, eh? Not bad, not bad at all... They’re really cute, enthusiastic, and down to get nasty, but...”

“...Literally all they think about is pleasure, so they usually lack polish in the performance department.”

Stunk and Zel were hesitant, but they caught a glimpse of Crim and reassessed.

“Bunnygirls...with those long ears...”

Crim’s cheeks were flushed red as they squirmed, inadvertently rubbing their thighs together like a bashful schoolgirl. The massive great sword in between their legs was probably twitching like crazy.

“Well, in that case, let’s all head over there now. How does that sound, Crim?”

“Yeah! You gotta sample all the world’s delicacies while you’re young!”

“Um, but...I’m still working...”

“Meidri can cover for you, so you’re fine. Hurry up!”

And so the conspirators Stunk, Zel, and Kanchal deftly stole Crim

away from Ye Pubbe.

None could resist the call of nature.

When the group arrived, they saw many adorable bunnies drawn on the establishment's signboard.

COME GET LUCKY WITH THESE RAUNCHY RABBITS! LET'S BOUNCE-BOUNCE!

The joint's naming sense was immediately apparent. The second they entered the shop, they understood. All the bunnygirls' ears were bounce-bouncing like crazy. When they realized that new customers had just entered, they swarmed them at once.

"Ooh, customers!"

"And four of them, too!"

"Tee-hee, play with me! Play with me!"

"Let's do it till the sun comes up! You'll feel soooo good!"

Bunnygirls with long ears and short tails were glued to Stunk's party the second they passed by the reception desk. The bottoms of their ears all reached lower than Stunk's chin.

"Whoa, they're all so tiny..."

"Holy shit, it's a *dwarf*-rabbit specialty joint..."

"Damn, I definitely didn't do my homework. Just like Samtahn said..."

Dwarf rabbits were a subspecies of European rabbits. As their name suggested, their defining trait was their diminutive bodies, and from their looks alone, it was impossible to tell the older women from the younger ones. All employees were above the age of consent, of course. A succu-joint was no place for kids.

That being the case, the innocent way that they latched onto the men must have been an act. It could be considered a form of service. The majority of patrons who came to dwarf-rabbit specialty establishments were likely interested in...*that* sort of thing.

"They're cute, but...not really what I had imagined..."

Crim seemed a bit dejected. They must have imagined average-height bunnygirls who were bursting at the seams with lust. They hung their head dejectedly just as one of the bunnygirls came and clung to them.

"C-can I help you?!"

"What's the matter? Feeling down? Wanna get *up*? Wanna bounce-bounce with me?"

"Y'knooow, at this shop, we have a huge variety of costumes we can use!"

"You'll be hooked after a single bounce sesh!"

"A little bouncy-bounce here, a little schlick-schlick there, what could be better?!"

Crim, who was a late bloomer, remained silent at their overt

proposals.

“What’s the matter? Don’cha wanna play with us?”

“That’s not it! Everyone has those uncontrollable urges sometimes... Even me.”

“That’s the spirit! Let’s do it, then! Let’s bounce our brains out!”

“Yeah! Let’s go already! I can’t wait any longer! To the bedroom!”

The tiny bunnygirls gathered around the men while heaving ragged breaths, all eyes ravenously locked on their crotches.

“Hmm, these little bunnygirls...must be middle-aged, and in heat by the looks of it.”

They weren’t the statuesque, buxom bunnygirls Stunk had envisioned, but they were still easy on the eyes.

Well, since we’re already here, we might as well make the most of it!

Succubus joints came in many different shapes, sizes, and themes. Rather than hinge one’s enjoyment on personal preference, it was better to go with the flow and experience the things that made each shop unique. Visiting an establishment with an open mind not only increased one’s chances of having a good time but showed respect to the many succu-girls who took pride in their profession.

Beset on all sides by the hot, sweet breath of the bunnygirls, Stunk studied the room until he found *the one*.

“All right, I’ll pair off with this little lady for a bounce session.”

“Not wasting any time, eh, Stunk?”

“I’m just making sure I get my pick of the litter this time.”

Stunk chose a girl from the tightly knit fluff of bunnies, put his hands beneath her arms, and lifted her up.

“Yaaay! You sure know how to pick ’em, don’cha, big guy?”

Stunk’s chosen bunnygirl had curly pink hair, and her voice was as cute as her face. She was a bit heavier than her height led Stunk to believe. But picking her up wasn’t an issue, considering his warrior strength.

He could hear her fellow bunnygirls all gasp at once.

“Um, just so you know, I, Chimina, have the biggest boobs in this whole place!”

Sure enough, each of her breasts was easily larger than her face. She had been buried among the bunnies before, but now a certain part of her was bouncing up and down spiritedly, making her incredibly hard to miss.

Stunk was able to pick this hidden gem from the crowd thanks to the vantage point granted by his height.

I don’t mind the loli type every once in a while, but today, I was really in the mood for some heavy handfuls.

No matter how good the prospect, if the girl was the polar opposite of a man’s expectations, his sword could go into hiding. This

compelled Stunk to go for a compromise—a tiny girl with a massive rack.

Stunk was excited now, and he cradled Chimina in his arms.

“Wow, I feel just like a princess! Tee-hee!”

“Well then, let’s have you don your princess regalia and get our bounce on.”

“Okay, sure! We could also just fuck right away if you want!”

“You sure don’t talk like a princess...”

And with that, Stunk and Chimina hurried off to the playroom.

The sex work of succubus girls was recognized by the kingdom as a legal occupation. These girls offered patrons pleasure and received monetary compensation as well as life essence in return. This essence was a nutrient that succubus girls needed to survive. Denying them that would be the same as denying them the right to live. That said, allowing them to freely indulge in their preferred pastimes would cause widespread degradation of public morals. The advent of succubus joints gave the kingdom an easy way to manage their activities.

However, this came with a certain pretext.

Put simply, the majority of the employees at succubus establishments were not actual succubi. Most intelligent species had one or two pureblood succubi mixed into their family lineage. This meant that a percentage of the working girls had genuine succubus ancestry, and this was the official pretense that they offered sexual pleasure under.

In spite of all that, it should be noted that middle-aged dwarf-rabbitgirls manifested a far greater sexual appetite than even pureblood succubi.

Chimina was all too eager to stick out her plump posterior and bounce up and down on her tiny little paws with abandon.

“I’m all dressed up! Now let’s get to bouncing, sucking, and fucking!”

“I’m not one to ignore the call of nature, but aren’t you being a little *too* direct?”

“Well, that’s just because I love, love, *love* what I do! I wanna feel good all the time. Come on, put it in me! Give it to me good and hard! That’s what this place is for, so hurry up already... Please?”

“For starters, you gotta make that costume at least halfway believable! Come on now.”

If this spot was offering roleplay along with their cosplay, Stunk wanted the full experience. If he didn’t care about sampling something new in its entirety, he would’ve just visited one of his favorite spots.

And although it was probably rude to say so, this was still just a

succubus joint. The dress that was supposed to pass for princess regalia looked cheap as hell, and it had holes in it. What kind of princess was Chimina supposed to be exactly?



Stunk's mind suddenly shifted gears. He had a new idea—he could just combine pieces from a number of different costumes and craft the image of a noble girl sneaking out for a night on the town.

He chose a white, frilly blouse and a corset skirt with short boots. The new custom costume would be easy for Chimina to move around in and didn't look completely inelegant. The skirt was just the right length to be alluring. Additionally, the corset had the added effect of tightening her waist and making her chest stick out even farther. It was the perfect outfit to accentuate her ample bust.

“Okay, I need to act like a princess... Like a princess...”

Chimina massaged her temples with her index fingers as her long ears bounced. This must have been her thinking pose. Then she nodded abruptly, and her soft breasts jiggled.

“Well then, good sir, wouldst thou plunge thine chivalrous cock into my royal highness?”

“No need to overdo it... Just focus on tightening up the speech a little, and you'll be perfect.”

“Oh, I've got something tight that we can focus on!”

“Hell yeah, that's the spirit! Next, let's consider the setting. Don't worry, you're doing great.”

Stunk was well aware that Chimina wouldn't be winning any awards for her acting. He would just have to tweak their roleplay scenario to cultivate the necessary ambience naturally.

He wanted at least the bare minimum of modesty from her. Something that said, *Wow, this snooty noblewoman is a hidden freak, heh-heh*. That way, he could fulfill the role of a lowly commoner dominating the high-class snob.

“First, you should enter from the side of the room with your chest held high and stop just in front of me...”

“Mm-hmm, mm-hmm... I see... I'm with you so far.”

Stunk had no choice but to forgive her for staring directly at his crotch as she spoke. He finished explaining the scenario, and the two of them walked to their respective edges of the room.

Chimina arched her back and walked toward him. Her twin peaks swayed rhythmically with every step.

They're seriously huge... I bet even an average-height human woman would have back problems if she had to haul those things around all day...

Breasts aside, she had a great body that was perfectly proportionate to her height. Her waist was nice and trim, and her legs were slender enough that they didn't look much different from a human woman's, either.

Even though her massive breasts seemed like they would throw off her center of gravity, her posture remained perfect.

Her torso was definitely a lot stronger than it seemed. She was certainly suited for this line of work.

“Ah, you there, lowly urchin.”

When Chimina stopped, the residual momentum caused her breasts to bounce nearly to her mouth. Stunk was dumbstruck.

She arched her back as much as she could to look up at him, drawing even more attention to her chest. Just...wow.

Stunk's heart beat wildly as he looked down on her.

“Hmm? What can I do for a beautiful princess?”

“Oh, I'm beautiful, am I? Tee-hee, it's been so long since someone called me beautiful instead of cute.”

“Don't forget you're acting.”

“Ahem.” After an obviously fake cough, Chimina resumed the act. “It appears I've lost my way. Be a dear and escort me, won't you?”

“Of course, milady. You can count on me, a humble adventurer. Geh-heh-heh...”

Stunk turned his performance up a notch and assumed the role of a filthy urchin with an ulterior motive. One could argue that at this point, he was just being himself.

“Oh, thank you so much. Well then, please lead me to a place where I can have se—h-have a rest. I want to su—sit down, relax, and then perhaps fu—PLAY...a game.....naked.”

“...Of course, milady.” Stunk could see she was trying her best, so he chose to overlook the hiccups. “Well then, do allow me to lighten your load. If you'll excuse me... Geh-heh.”

Stunk stood next to Chimina and slid his hand under her arm. His fingertips were completely ensconced in her breasts, and the warm, plush sensation traveled from his knuckles to his palms. His brain trembled. Massive tits couldn't be beat!

“I'll support you like this, so please try to relax, even if we enter a crowded area, milady.”

“Wh-what a robust lead! Very lecherous, I approve! Oh-hoh-hoh-hoh!”

“...Geh-heh-heh.”

Stunk decided to just laugh it off instead of giving her a hard time. Their destination—the bed—was just in front of them.

“We've arrived!”

“Oh boy, it looks like this place is a bit dirty. Fortunately, I've got the best seat in the house right here.”

Stunk sat on the edge of the bed, spread his legs, and slapped his thigh, inviting the princess over. She eagerly complied and sat on his lap.

“Ah yes, a fine seat indeed. It's so firm against my rear, and warm besides... Whew, oof, hee-hee... Oh god, it's so hard...and big, and

hot, and—Oh my, I'm so nervous, and out of sorts...hnnng..."

The bunny princess was now breathing raggedly and slurping up drool. She had put on perfume to try and up the elegance of her costume, but her current level of sexual arousal was dispelling the illusion.

She had her instincts to thank for that, so there was no helping it.

No need to get so hung up on the act, Stunk. Just go with the flow and be the best scumbag you can be!

He loosened the string on his pants and chortled again—*Geh-heh-heh.*

"This here is my special massager. Depending on how I use it, it can explore your *every* nook and cranny."

Stunk flexed his left and right buttocks alternately. The bunnygirl yelped with glee and bounced atop his lap.

"Ah-ha-ha! So bouncy! What fun!!"

"Yeah, you're definitely bouncing like crazy."

Anyone could see that Chimina was getting quite the chest workout, even Stunk, who was behind her. The heft, shape, and pliability of her perfect pair made it obvious that she committed herself fully to regular exercise and a healthy diet. Stunk now viewed her body as the ideal complement to her first-rate bust.

"Milady, I simply must attest. The immaculate swell of your chest is second to none."

"You're not the first to tell me so... Everywhere I go, my royal bosom seems to arrest the attention of all men in the vicinity. What's a princess to do?"

Chimina put a hand to her cheek and squirmed, looking positively delighted. She was massaging Stunk's groin with her supple bottom. His lewd sword was more than ready for battle. It was currently enduring the pressure created by Chimina's weight, as well as the friction from her grinding against Stunk's crotch. It all felt incredible.

In addition to the throbbing between his legs, his fingers were itching to get to work.

"If you move around too much, you might fall, milady. Allow me to hold you steady."

"Yeah, baby, that's what I've been waiting for! ...Um, do go on."

"You speak with such gaiety, Princess!"

Stunk had to give her a bit of a hard time, or he'd lose himself. He had reached a breaking point, and as a torrent of lust swept him under, he snaked his hands around to Chimina's front. Naturally, his target was her heaving chest.

He cupped her breasts with both hands.

"Unff!"

Chimina tightened her shoulders. Her bosom was now constricted

between her arms and pushed back against Stunk's hands. They were so heavy. Their weight caused Stunk's fingers to sink into them as if he were kneading dough.

But Stunk would not be bested. He would not allow her all-encompassing bust to swallow his hands.

"Now seems like a good time to massage this area as well."

Stunk tactfully diverted the weightiness closing in on his fingers, and Chimina's chest bounced vigorously, spilling forward. He then got to work with his palms.

"Ah, oh, oh my! That tickles!"

"First and foremost, we need to rub you down all over to get your blood flowing. Bear in mind that this is only a massage. No need to worry."

Stunk brushed his fingertips over her skin from top to bottom, side to side, with pressure as light as a feather. His goal was her pleasure, though he was also enjoying himself quite a bit.

Chimina was all giggles, but it wasn't long before she began moaning in ecstasy.

"Mnn...hahh...hff...ah, ahh—"

Nerve endings linked to erogenous zones existed just beneath the skin. If Stunk could light her fire with delicate, near-imperceptible touching, then her sensitivity would heighten.

"Hup."

As she writhed around on his lap, Stunk used his palms to hoist her breasts from below. He could feel their entire weight on his arms.

The massage served the ulterior purpose of gaining a full understanding of the sheer magnitude of her bust. The weight matched their size, no question.

Chimina, meanwhile, was enjoying the product of the deep-tissue analysis far more than Stunk was.

"Ah, ahh...my boobs have goose bumps...!"

The whole of Chimina's petite body was trembling, and her bunny ears twitched. This was irrefutable proof of her heightened sensitivity. Further evidence manifested in the form of two small, stiff peaks rising on her areolae.

"Well, well, what do we have here?"

Stunk pressed into the pale, pink flesh with the pad of his thumb and moved it around in a spiral.

"Mmm... M-my nipples, ahn—"

"I see, I see. Damn, they're really firming up. They sure seem to love the teasing."

"N-nooo... No teasing... Spoil me rotten..."

Chimina puffed up her cheeks in protest. Stunk wasn't sure if this childish expression was natural or part of her act, but it perfectly

suiting her youthful face.

At this point, there isn't much difference between teasing her and fawning on her.

Explaining things to her would just kill the vibe. Stunk continued to go with the flow.

"As you wish, Princess. Then allow me to give some extra-special attention to your bountiful bosom."

"Tee-hee... I love being spoiled!"

Just as she requested, Stunk grabbed her nipples lightly. They were getting stiffer by the second, erect to the point that *cute* didn't seem to fit anymore.

"Ah, ahn... They're throbbing...!"

Chimina's once-neutral face had been totally eclipsed by her lustful expression. Stunk absolutely loved it when a girl had that sort of gap in personality and engagement. Whether they looked pure and chaste, haughty and arrogant, or stalwart and defiant, the second those expressions melted away, he felt a sense of pride as he watched them succumb to desire.

Stunk's blade grew even further from the heightened passion. Without releasing his grip on her nipples, he began massaging her breasts more roughly.

"Ah...ahh...! Good sir, your touch is...incredible...! So strong! You're like a gorilla...!"

"In the battlefield of the bedroom, these fingers have even tamed a mighty ogress, milady."

Stunk could lay siege with only his pinky fingers. In terms of sheer dexterity, he might fall short of the halfling Kanchal, but he had confidence in his raw power.

Chimina's shirt became wrinkled from Stunk's aggressive massaging. At the same time, he started squeezing her nipples harder and used the palm of his open hand to knead them in all directions and the pad of his thumb to swirl them around.

Then he grabbed them and twisted as hard as he could.

"Mmmmm...! Ngh...! Annnh...!"

Chimina's modest behind shook vigorously atop Stunk's lap. Her sensual writhing had graduated to thrashing.

Stunk had earned himself a small victory, but the war was far from over.

"How did you like this lowly peasant's massage, milady?"

"I-it was so good... Tee-hee... I especially loved how rough you got toward the end... You have my thanks."

Chimina's feeling of appreciation was also communicated by her eagerly rubbing her bottom against Stunk. A moan of his own slipped out.

“What’s this? It seems you’re capable of making some cute sounds as well, lowly peasant.”

Stunk had lurched forward when he moaned, but when he met Chimina’s eyes again, she was looking back at him with the gaze of a hungry predator.

“What’s the matter, peasant? You’re breathing so heavily.”

Chimina switched to grinding her hips forward and back against Stunk’s crotch, deftly pulling his pants down a little more with every motion.

Many customers before Stunk had likely thought to rest Chimina on their laps. He surmised she’d developed this special technique—removing his pants without using her hands—as a special service.

No matter how youthful she seemed, Chimina was a seasoned succu-girl, after all.

Well, I kinda planned on this happening one way or another. That’s why I preemptively loosened my pants.

Stunk was the sort of person who poured the majority of his earnings into succubus joints. He knew how to ascertain what kind of behaviors his companions were capable or incapable of just from looking at them.

Boing—!

Stunk’s sword flew free from his pants and poked its head out from between the bunnygirl’s thighs.

“Whoa...! Look at how hard it is...!”

“This is the special massaging device I mentioned earlier. What do you think, Princess?”

“It’s...incredible... I’m drooling... It looks so good, I could just swallow it whole right now...”

“Slow your roll, Princess. Just settle down, will ya...?”

Stunk implored her to restrain herself but, at the same time, continued massaging her relentlessly.

“Mm, ahn... I want it inside me right now... But, dear peasant, you’re quite the talented breast masseur... Please allow me to treat you to a different sort of breast massage.”

Chimina leaped off Stunk’s lap and twirled around to face him. Her bosom swayed heavily. Now that he was staring directly, he was able to reaffirm their size with his eyes.

“Be a dear and stand up, won’t you, peasant?”

Immediately aware of her intentions, Stunk stood up in a flash.

He was quite tall for a human male, and Chimina was very short. When they stood facing each other, his waist perfectly lined up with her chest.

“Hee-hee... Consider this a reward for your excellent service!”

Chimina undid two of the buttons on her blouse. Her enticing

cleavage burst into view.

“Get ready!”

Chimina took a half step forward, and Stunk couldn't look away, though he did at least try to pretend he wasn't gawking. The tip of his blade just barely poked out of her cleavage. The liquid that oozed from his tip and mixed with the sweat on Chimina's breasts became a form of lubricant.

Schloop—!

Stunk's most sensitive body part was swallowed whole by the intense pressure that he had been eagerly anticipating.

Oof, these tits are even more lethal than I thought... I can barely hold on...

Barely contained by her blouse, Chimina's breasts thoroughly massaged Stunk's member. Each undulating sensation was perfectly in time with Chimina's hot breath, which added to the torrent of ecstasy. Stunk's hips nearly went numb with pleasure. If he wasn't careful, he would blow his load right away.

“Hee-hee, this is so fun. Are you enjoying yourself, too, peasant?”

Chimina squeezed her breasts together from the right and left. The pressure continued to bear down on Stunk.

“Ungh, yes, I am...”

“Whenever I give my customers this sort of treatment, they lose themselves to lust.”

“I—I can see why... I've never had this done by a girl with such a drastic height difference...”

“We're not done yet! In fact, we're just getting started! Bounce-bounce!”

Chimina leaped in the air, and her breasts rushed toward the heavens. She went up on her tiptoes and came back down quickly—this tiny motion brought forth a respectively minute sensation.

“Okay, let's keep going! Bounce-bounce!”

“Ohhh! You're rocking me to the c-core...!”

“Bounce-bounce, bounce-bounce!”

“Ooooh! Ungh! Hnnngh!”

The lively rhythm of Chimina's special massage was out of this world. Of course it was. Normally, the provider could only service their partner with their chest. However, Chimina's special variation allowed her to employ her entire body. The way she added in movement from her heels and knees created a sensation that was simply unparalleled.

Chimina's weight distribution meant that her massive mammaries were built to not waste any of this effect. Also, the blouse was keeping her breasts tightly contained, so she didn't even *need* to push them together. It was this single defining act that likely gave the joint its

name.

“This bounce-bounce titty-fuck is insane...!”

“You haven’t seen anything yet! Now let’s go from side to side! Take this!”

“Gahh! That feels sooo good.”

“And now bounce from front to back!”

“Unnnnngh!”

“Freestyle bouncing!”

“God! Yes! More! Nnnngh, I’m not gonna give in...!”

Chimina’s white blouse was splattered with Stunk’s precum, and he was fit to burst. It wouldn’t be shocking in the slightest if he erupted at any moment, but he wanted to hold off for a bit longer. It would be a waste not to.

The rare opportunity to stare directly into a girl’s eyes while enjoying a drastic height difference—the product of this one-of-a-kind breast massage—was too good to pass up.

The true allure of any interspecies succubus joint was the promise of an experience you wouldn’t find anywhere else.

“P-please keep bouncing! Don’t stop, Princess...!”

“Not a problem! When someone who made me feel good gets caught up in their own pleasure, I get really happy. So that’s why...”

Chimina grabbed Stunk’s hands. Her delicate fingers became interlaced with his gorilla digits.

This was the start of her supreme bounce-bounce assault.

“Bounce-bounce, bounce, bounce-bounce!”

Chimina’s breasts undulated with increasing intensity, but her every motion was controlled chaos. She was expertly gauging their reach without bringing him over the edge. At no point was Stunk able to dispute the fact that he was dealing with a professional.

His sword was trapped in the decadent flesh prison, and he could do nothing to resist. His entire body was aflame with the heat of his euphoria.

“God, this bounce-bounce is the best!”

Stunk resigned himself to his fate and let loose with a primal roar.

And then he could hold back no longer.

His thick, sticky nectar of defeat shot forth in epic geysers for what seemed like minutes.

“Oh my, it’s so warm... I love this feeling...so much...hee-hee. It’s so goopy and sticky, and it feels amazing, peasant.”

Chimina had sweat on her brow and laughed innocently. Still, she didn’t forget to milk every last ounce of dignity from Stunk, pushing her breasts together with her hands all the while. Once the raw smell of it spread over her entire blouse, she finally squirmed in anticipation.

“It seems you’re still quite lively down there, peasant. I demand we do it this instant!”

“Do *what*, Princess?”

“You know very well *what*! From this moment forward, I hereby declare it super-slutty sex time!”

It was then that Stunk both won and lost at the same time. The true battle was about to begin.

With extreme deference to the princess’ physique, Stunk couldn’t imagine any other position than letting her ride him cowgirl. He quickly stripped off the rest of his clothing and lay on the bed faceup. Chimina straddled him, still in her princess gown.

“Hee-hee... Finally!”

Unwilling to wait even a second longer, Chimina grabbed Stunk’s blade and teased her small slit before plunging him deep inside. Though there was the initial tight squeeze, she seemed determined to take him to the hilt.

The bunnygirl was so small that it was a wonder she wasn’t in pain, but as if to dispel that thought, Chimina exclaimed, “Ahhn, it’s so thick!”

“Heh-heh, you like that, Princess? What do you think of my humble offering?”

“It’s anything but humble! It hits every spot and then some! M-mm, mmm, it’s so deep! It’s massaging me from the inside! ... Mmmph...unngh... Are you sure I can have it all to myself?”

“It’s all yours, Princess. Geh-heh.”

“Wow, I’m so lucky! What a feast! I’m so happy I took this job!”

Chimina’s glistening lips touched down on Stunk’s crotch. She seemed somewhat unsatisfied even though he was practically in her stomach, and she bucked her hips and further ground her pelvis into his.

A relentless twisting motion allowed her to relax her insides as much as she needed. And though the main event was still hidden by her skirt, a lewd, squelching sound helped paint a vivid mental image.

“W-wow, you’re pulling out all the stops...!”

“Mm... Mnn, unngh, oof... This is how...how I...how I taste my clients...down to the last drop. It makes my tummy happy and, ah, ahh, unngh—this is the best!”

Chimina’s attack was gradual and focused, her taut muscles never once allowing Stunk a moment of reprieve. Her tiny body was not a weakness. Rather, it was a strength that allowed her to overwhelm anyone foolish enough to underestimate her skill.

Do all small-statured species have this level of hidden potential...?

In Stunk’s experience, all sorts of diminutive succu-girls could

open up much wider than their appearances suggested. Perhaps it was a feature of their succubus heritage. Or was there another reason? Of course, there was a limit to all things. When it came to doll-sized species such as fairies, there were only a few Stunk had encountered who could take him even partway inside.

On the other hand, he now knew that the dwarf-rabbitgirls—who were no bigger than halflings—weren't a problem at all. They were far from a problem, in fact. Chimina was clearly enjoying the ride as she rocked her hips back and forth.

“Ahhh...this is so good...! I'm floating! Flying! Bounce-bounce-bounce!”

Chimina showed no signs of slowing down anytime soon. The two of them couldn't resist shuddering intensely as they changed positions.

“Holy shit, you go above and beyond! I thought you were supposed to be a princess...!”

“That's because I *loove* rough, dirty sex. Unless I'm asleep, there isn't a single second of any given day that I *don't* want my back blown out! I may be a princess, but I'm also not shy about what I love!”

Chimina's princess persona had all but flown out the window. All that was left was the vigorous hip-thrusting of a professional succu-girl.

Over the course of their full-body embrace, the rhythmic swaying of her chest gave Stunk something to focus on when he would have otherwise been robbed of his senses.

“That's quite the lecherous look on your face, peasant... Here, I'll show you something nice.”

In the next moment, Chimina flexed her breasts, and—

Pop! Pop! Pop!

—the remaining buttons on her blouse came flying off, and her breasts, now slathered in love nectar, were fully exposed. Her breathtaking bust seemed even larger now that nothing was holding it back, and of course, both of her nipples were red and fully erect. Finally released from her constricting blouse, the swaying motions of her breasts became all the more hypnotic.

“Peasant or noble, all men love seeing a nice pair bounce up and down, do they not? Ngh, mmm... How about this? What do you think? Ohhh yesss...”

“Gah, that feels so good...! I can feel the full weight of them bearing down on me...!”

“Ah, hahh, and I can feel you twitching deep inside me! It's massaging my walls in all the right ways...! Ah, ahh, ooof, ohhhh—!”

The pair's offensive and defensive strokes caused their breaths to quicken. As their bodies gave off more and more heat, the temperature in the room continued to rise, and their sweat added to

the humidity. They were both drenched down below, and beneath them, the dark spot on the bed grew larger with every passing second.

At this rate, the war might end in a stalemate... I can't let that happen!

Stunk's sword seemed to be an even match for Chimina's ravenous monster, but he still had an ace up his sleeve.

"Okay... How about this?!"

Stunk grabbed both of her nipples, rolled them in between his fingers, and twisted hard.

"Ah, ahh! Ungh! Oof! Oh, I love that—I love when you focus on my nipples! Yes...yes...! You make me so happy...!"

Chimina was elated and continued to bounce around on Stunk. Her breasts were dancing in rhythm, almost like they had a mind of their own. The pinching of her nipples in combination with her heavily swaying breasts were enough to generate a considerable amount of pain, but for Chimina, this sort of thing only stoked her fire further.

"You're amazing, peasant! So amazing...! The bounce-bounce will never end! I'm so happy that you love my boobs! Let's bounce-bounce forever!"

"I can't get enough of them, Princess. I have no choice but to show my love for them even more... Take this!"

He continued to twist and pull on her nipples as he went in for some surprise hip thrusts. Chimina squealed in pleasure as their opposing forces—his highest peak and her deepest valley—collided in agonizing ecstasy.

"Ah, ahhhhh!! S-so good, oh my god, I love it...!"

The fact that Chimina could convert a certain amount of pain into pleasure was due to her mature tastes. Additionally, because she loved the attention Stunk paid to her nipples, he didn't feel the need to restrain himself.

His twisting fingers and thrusting hips became even more spirited. He pumped wildly into Chimina and tweaked her nipples this way and that. He could tell she was getting drunk on the harmony of pleasure and pain. Her body twitched and spasmed with his every motion.

"Ahn... Ohhh... No more...! I'm the happiest bunny ever...!"

"Do it, Princess! Hold that pose and lose yourself to the feeling! Let it all out!"

"Oh, I'm gonna...! Ah, ahh, *ahhhhn*...!!"

Chimina bounce-bounced even more vigorously. Stunk responded with a single, full-body thrust.

Slam!

Stunk delivered the finishing blow and gave Chimina's nipples one last tug.

A numbing sensation spread from the tips of bunny princess's long ears down to the rest of her body.

"Nnnngh...nnnnaaaa... I'm *cummingggggg!!*"

Her cries of passion were reminiscent of a beast in heat. Her breasts couldn't take much more, and her clean-shaven slit was twitching violently. Stunk could sense that the end was near.

"Here comes the parting shot!"

Stunk loosed a proclamation of victory from the tip of his manhood. Every synapse in his brain was lit up like a fireworks display as he climaxed. His muscles spasmed in their exhaustion. Deep within the dwarf rabbit, thick, warm fluid flowed freely until it filled the compact crevasse to the brim. *Pshuu...pshuu...pshuuuu...* Was there really any greater sense of satisfaction?

"It's s-so much...! Oh my god...! You filled me right up!"

A line of drool trickled from the corner of Chimina's mouth as she gave a languorous smile. Having a man finish inside must have been the height of pleasure for her.

A passionate succu-girl really is something else... She completely dropped the act right at the finish line, though...

Stunk gently massaged Chimina's breasts in lazy satisfaction, and she put her small hands on top of his.

"Oh, peasant...you know we still have time left...right?"

"Is that so? Well then, what would you say to round two?"

"You read my mind! Yes, please!"

Even though exhaustion was plain on their faces, they weren't done with each other yet. Stunk went on to blow another load, this time straddling her chest as he sandwiched his member between her breasts yet again. He plastered her face with one more hot, sticky load.

He then brought her to climax twice in doggy style before finishing inside her in missionary.

Unnnhh... Chimina, I think you won the war.

Even while he admitted defeat to the bunnygirl, Stunk's face was glowing with satisfaction.



REVIEW

LET'S BOUNCE-BOUNCE TOGETHER

◆HUMAN	◆ELF	◆HALFLING	◆ANGEL
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Crimvael
9	3	6	4
Dwarf-rabbit girls are a species who look young no matter how old they get. You might be confused if you enter expecting the more typical sort of bunnygirl, but this place is filled to the brim with super-horny chicks who love to fuck like...rabbits. If you're looking for a place where the girl is absolutely crazy for you, look no further. There's a huge discrepancy in bust size across all the girls. I was lucky enough to nail a rare one with a humongous pair! A petite body with huge tits—what a combo! I couldn't ask for more.	This place offers a cosplay service, but the girls have zero acting ability. They're so tiny, and all they want is to get down to business right away. We were supposed to be role-playing as elite mages, but my girl said, "<i>Okay, lemme magically hump your brains out.</i>" I didn't feel bad about insulting her acting. Bunnygirls aren't even magically gifted to begin with! Why the hell did they have mage outfits available?! Come on!	The bunnygirls here are the same size as us halflings but seem far more immature on average. However, they were very direct in terms of sexuality, and my girl squealed with delight the whole time we were doing it, which was awesome. They're reeeeeeally overeager, though. The art of seduction is totally lost on them. Opinions will be divided. The biggest problem for me personally was that my girl started crying the second I flipped on the sadist switch. I wouldn't recommend this place to anyone even a little bit deviant.	My partner and I were on two completely different wavelenghts... Even when I asked her to be patient, she denied my request and would constantly bounce from one position to the next. More assertive types might enjoy this sort of place, but it really wasn't for me...

A few of the patrons were practically salivating at the dwarf-rabbit specialty joint review. Meidri stood and watched them, squinting derisively.

"I guess it's not really a big deal if people are into petite species, but...don't you get the feeling that too many of these guys are into girls who actually feel young on the inside, too?"

"Yeah, it's obviously not okay to be into *that* sort of thing. But if those weirdos wanna satisfy their urges by getting with a mature lady who only *looks* young, that's technically fine, right?"

Stunk was speaking with a mug of ale in hand.

Succubus joints were incredibly effective as a means for reconciling immoral behavior or taboo desires. And there were also joints that offered a safe means of satisfying violent tendencies that would normally lead to bloodshed.

It was easy to punish immorality, but if all those joints closed, what would the problematic customers do then? Without anywhere to go, they'd turn to crime, which would ultimately be worse for society.

"It's not that I don't understand your logic, but I can't really support that mindset."

"I've got no beef with people who take ownership of their uncontrollable urges. Sounds like a strong libido to me."

The blunt weapon in Meidri's hands—her trusty serving tray—traveled at light speed and found Stunk's face yet again. Having taken the bunny-slaying swordsman out with a single blow, she heaved a deep sigh.

"Everyone has their quirks, and I don't have the power to change anyone...but really, I wish some *respectable* customers would show up every once in a while."

At the exact moment Meidri was voicing her complaints...

...the doors of the bar swung open, and an impossibly gorgeous face began turning heads.

"Excuse me—"

He had the voice of a monk and wore a Zen expression. However, his face was shapely, and his eyes, while manly, were all too serious and gave off a curious aura.

The most notable thing about him was his blue skin. His skin color was common among demons, but he didn't have any horns.

He did have three right arms, however. His left side was hidden by a cloak, but he must have had three arms on that side, too, Stunk thought as he peered at the man curiously.

"An asura."

The rare-species gentleman took note of Stunk's presence, his face growing solemn. He walked directly toward Stunk. Then, while

standing next to him, the sound of clattering steel rang out from beneath his cloak. In no time at all, he was pointing a curved blade at Stunk.

"I heard you were a swordsman. My name is Vilchana. I challenge you to a duel."

The man's keen fighting spirit had been expertly honed and was now being communicated through his blade. In their homelands to the far east, asura were also known as *shura*, or "war demons." This word was a common noun over there, denoting that an individual could only find fulfillment on the battlefield.

Among their species, there were also unique, war-crazed asura.

Vilchana must have been one of them.

"A duel, huh?"

Stunk took one look at Vilchana's eyes, glinting like the blade of a katana, and set his mug down on the table.

"No thanks."

"...Why not?"

"Seems like it'd be a pain in the ass."

Stunk spoke flatly and picked up his mug for another swig. Vilchana furrowed his brow, incapable of understanding this behavior.

"You are a man, yes? Do you not seek to hone your blade by defeating formidable foes?"

"Nope, not really."

"Hey, Stunk, I got the scoop on a wild new succu-joint!"

"Oh? Tell me everything."

Zel invited Stunk to the next table over, and he gleefully joined the succubus-joint conversation.

"Wait, Stunk, was it? I wish to become stronger through combat..."

"Yeah, good luck with that. I suggest heading to the Giant Cave off to the east. There's a ton of strong monsters there. I'm sure you can handle it, champ. Believe in yourself and fight well! Later."

Vilchana tilted his head, befuddled. It was clear from his facial expression that their exchange had not ended the way he thought it would.

It was hard to tell if this sort of personality was typical of easterners, or if it was unique to him. Regardless, for Stunk, those kinds of people were among the most annoying.

Having a duel in the middle of the street would probably land me right in jail...

Interspecies Town wasn't a lawless land. In order for so many species to coexist, lots of rules had been established long ago. If you were in the business of taking lives, you'd have a much easier time in the mountains or the wilderness, but definitely not the city. This was

just common sense.

Stunk had no desire to be a criminal. As far as duels were concerned, he would much rather throw down in the bedroom. He directed the pub staff's attention to the mysterious visitor.

Meidri poured on the charm and wore a great big smile as she addressed the asura.

“What will you have, weary traveler?”

“Honing one's blade requires absolute presence of mind. I'll have water, please.”

“One ice water!” Meidri called to the back.

The everyday hustle and bustle of Ye Pubbe had been restored.

The asura swordsman simply stood in place, utterly flummoxed.

CHAPTER 2
MINERVA

“I’m so dead.”

Nalgami groaned from his place at the table before popping a chicken egg into his mouth. He swallowed it whole, and there came an audible cracking noise as the shell broke in his throat.

The taste of his favorite raw egg seemed to revitalize him, and he exhaled sharply. The lower half of his body was loosely coiled on the floor.

As a refresher, Nalgami was a lamia—a humanoid species with a serpentine lower body. Their dietary habits were the same as snakes, meaning they generally swallowed all their food whole. Unlike humans or elves, they could easily dislocate their jaws much like snakes could, and their esophagi were incredibly flexible.

Nalgami gulped down another egg.

“Gehhh—”

Meidri let out a repulsed gasp. As an oviparous winged species, it was hard for her to stomach the very existence of someone who swallowed eggs whole. Even the famed brutish barmaid of Ye Pubbe had things that creeped her out.

At the moment, however, Nalgami was in a far worse state.

“What the hell happened?”

Stunk slurped a sunny-side-up egg off his plate. He chewed before swallowing, of course.

“Well, a lamia friend of mine asked me to do him a favor...”

“What sort of favor? Was it related to adventuring or reviewing?”

“Reviewing. He said he’d pay me to review a joint he was curious about.”

Stunk and the others had built up quite the reputation as Interspecies Reviewers by now.

They had become professional patrons of succubus joints. Tenacious thrill-seekers. Brazen perverts who regularly embarked on sexual exploits and made pocket money in the process. The natural enemies of women far and wide. “*Stop having dirty conversations in public and drop dead already!*” They had heard it all.

They were often asked to take one for the team and find out whether a joint was a hit or a miss. Of course, they rarely took on these requests for free. At the very least, they would have the joint’s service fees covered, but that could be negotiated, too. Especially if the place in question catered to the interests of the reviewer.

“Okay, so what kind of place are we talkin’ about?”

“It’s...a winged-person specialty joint... Specifically, birds of prey.”

“Oh man. For a snake like you, it must feel like you’re going face-to-face with your natural predator, huh?”

Winged species came in an impossibly wide variety. While normal winged people were instinctively disgusted by lamias' dietary habits, birds of prey were another story. They tore through the air on powerful wings and snatched up snakes and other prey animals, devouring them effortlessly. They had characteristics akin to eagles and owls and were formidable hunters from a lamia's perspective.

"What's it like having a natural predator? It's kinda hard for me to put myself in those shoes."

"Even humans freak out when they see a cockroach, right?"

"I mean, I do get a little grossed out, but it's not like I fear for my life..."

To try and see things from Nalgami's perspective, Stunk imagined a roll in the hay with a cockroach girl.

His whole body became prickled with goose bumps.

"...Yeah, when you put it like that, there's no way I could go through with it. What kinda stuff is your lamia friend into anyway?"

"He's a masochist."

"Oh...well, that explains it. He'd have to be."

Stunk was familiar with soft masochistic play, but the more hard-core stuff was off the table. For him anyway. He wouldn't deny anyone else their fetish. If anything, he was interested in how it could make one feel.

The elf Zel nodded rigidly, as if he understood.

"Masochists are those who are devoted to defying the laws of nature. Or maybe it's more like they become aroused when the fear of death urges them to leave behind offspring...maybe."

"Hmm, but really, isn't a hard-core masochist just throwing themselves to the wolves without a second thought?"

The halfling Kanchal spoke up, arms folded and head cocked to the side.

"Is there really any reason to ask Nalgami to try the place out?"

"Probably... Hard-core masochists are really picky," said Stunk.

"Yeah, and there are other pain-in-the-ass customers who give girls doing princess roleplay super-detailed acting instructions and then get pissed off when the girls can't get into it..."

"Stunk, you hit the nail right on the head... This guy is fine with the sex being more hard-core than he expected, but if the experience is too soft, he'll flip. He's been banned from a few joints for getting upset and constricting the girls too hard."

"Maybe you shouldn't be friends with this guy..."

"I remember him being a really nice person when we were kids... He once found an injured bird and nursed it back to health! Without eating it! He was full of affection and kindness... Why did he have to turn to the world of interspecies lust...?!"

Nalgami slapped his hand against the table and bowed his head low.

“Please come with me! He made the request to me personally, so I’m only getting covered for one, but I’ll pay for half of everyone else’s fee! I’ll be completely honest. The whole idea of this trip scares the shit out of me. I don’t think I can go alone!”

“That’s not an issue. I’ve never been with a bird of prey, and I’m interested.”

“Okay, well, I guess I’m in, too.”

Stunk and Zel took the assignment on without issue.

“I’ll pass. I have to work tonight.”

Kanchal chugged the rest of his ale. It was midafternoon.

Nalgami looked around the room for anyone else who would join them. He was terrified, after all. On the verge of tears, even. Just then, a shining pair of fluttering wings entered his field of vision.

“Crim! How about you?! Whaddaya think? Please bestow your angelic benevolence on this poor, pathetic lamia!”

“I’m still in the middle of my shift...”

“Birds of prey are sexy, though! Um, um...like, they...pick you up with their powerful talons, beat their massive wings, and take you on a magical trip through the sky... Ugh, I’m already shivering.”

“You shouldn’t force yourself...”

Crim looked at Nalgami with pity and furrowed their brow.

“With a predatory bird’s strong wings and legs, midair sex isn’t impossible, is it?”

“Are you serious, Zel? That means your jizz would be raining from the sky. That’s worse than acid rain! Ew!”

“I’m pretty sure Stunk’s imagination and phrasing is the grossest of all.”

Crim took a cold jab at Stunk while averting their gaze.

“Getting it on...while flying through the sky...hmm...”

“Okay, so it’s settled!”

“Umm, well, that’s not really what I meant, Nalgami...”

“Awesome! Let’s all go! We’re all super-good friends, right? Come on, please...!”

“Don’t run home crying with your tail between your legs! To be honest, I’m legitimately terrified of this one! M-Meidri, please say something!”

“Crim is getting on my nerves. Take him with you. Today’s a slow day, so I can handle things myself.”

“Meidri...!”

And so Crim was dragged outside.

“Okay, let’s go rain our love nectar from the heavens!”

“But really, how possible is that from a legal standpoint? Some

regions have super-strict regulations on outdoor play. I mean, I guess we should be fine above a certain altitude...”

Stunk and Zel threw their money on the table and chased after the crew.

The place in question was a leisurely two-day journey from their base in Interspecies Town. It had been a half day since they found an animal trail running through some thick brush, and they could finally see a building peeking through the dense greenery. They were really bushwhacking this time.

THE BEST GIRLS FLY HIGH—MINERVA

With their destination finally in sight, the crew breathed a collective sigh of relief.

“They really put this place in a troublesome location.”

“Maybe they have a lot of avian clientele?”

“Good point. It would’ve been easy to get here if we could fly.”

Even after trudging along the animal path, the crew still had plenty of stamina left. Stunk was used to traveling thanks to his adventurer experience, and elves originally hailed from the mountains and forests. As for angels, they were always floating anyway. Lastly, the lamia Nalgami was able to skillfully slither along, but—

“Whew... Hrk... Urgh...”

—Nalgami’s breath was ragged as his forked tongue flitted in and out of his mouth.

“I can do this... I’m the real deal! I’m no chicken! Let’s go!”

“That’s right, Nalgami, you’re the genuine article. C’m on now.”

“W-wait, Stunk. Already? Can’t we get our bearings at that pub first?”

“Come on, big guy. Have a pep talk with the snake between your legs and get in there.”

“The snake between my legs is currently hibernating.”

Nalgami had a deathlike pallor on his face. His species didn’t have great color in their faces to begin with, but he was about five shades paler than usual, and his tail was twitching much like the average man’s other *tail* did when it was excited.

“Look, I realize they’re your natural predator, but when we passed a group of predatory birds in the past, you didn’t even bat an eye, right?”

“Simply passing by and stepping into their lair are completely different... For example, think back to the cockroach metaphor...”

“If you don’t give that a rest, I won’t be able to get it up once we’re inside.”

Nalgami’s entire body had gone hard as a rock. Everyone was pretty sure he wouldn’t budge an inch.

Despite all this, he was still a man with a sword between his legs. What's more, snakes had two swords.

"...I really don't have a choice, do I?"

Shaking like a leaf, Nalgami strode forward, both swords at the ready. He slithered forth for the sake of his duty.

What could his natural predator do to him, really?

"I already knew, Nalgami... You and I, we're the same sort of animal."

"It's eat or be eaten. You've gotta show 'em what you're made of, Nalgami."

"Stunk, Zel. Why do you both look so smug?"

"How could we not smile at the sight of our buddy laying it all on the line? The first time we introduced you to a succubus joint, we were smiling to motivate you back then, weren't we?"

"Seems a lot more like smirking to me..."

In that moment, Stunk's flippant expression was...instantly wiped from his face by the drawn blade extended toward him just in front of the establishment.

A blue-skinned, Buddha-faced brute with six arms blocked their path, staring down Stunk with a solemn smile.

"Swordsman Stunk. I challenge you to a duel."

The asura swordsman Vilchana meekly challenged Stunk, who stared back at him without hesitation.

"...No. We're heading into this succubus joint."

"Why...? Why won't you draw your sword?"

"I'm about to draw a different kinda sword if you know what I mean..."

"Hmm? You would deliberately tell me of your concealed weapon? ...How intriguing."

"No, that's not it. Really, though, how many times have you asked me, man? I've said no at least ten times."

"Ever since the day I first held my blade, I have been on a ceaseless quest to meet my match... Any man would say the same."

His fancy footwork blocked Stunk from passing through the front door.

"I prefer to have someone else grip my blade."

"A move of deference in swordplay? Responsive initiative, perhaps? ...Intriguing."

"I like to bring the pain, too. Getting in deep and making my opponent cry for mercy definitely works to a man's advantage."

"So...maintaining consistent attacks and landing a decisive blow when the time is right... Intriguing."

"Do you really think you can just say 'intriguing' in response to everything and call it a day?"

The way he paused before he said it each time was really getting on Stunk's nerves.

"Umm, Stunk, we're gonna head inside."

The other three walked straight past Vilchana and headed for the entrance.

"W-wait up! I'm not gonna let you choose the best girls first!"

"Stunk, it looks like fate has already chosen your opponent for you."

"That's not the kind of adversary I'm after, Zel! Use your magic to put this guy to sleep or something!"

"Everyone says asuras have really high magic resistance..."

"This is true. There aren't many of us who wield the dark arts, but our resistances are second to none."

"What the...? *Dark arts?*"

Stunk couldn't exactly put his finger on it, but he was getting flustered and quickly feeling uncomfortable.

I think this guy showed up in the wrong world.

As if giving substance to Stunk's very doubts, Vilchana was now brandishing three swords—a lightly curved katana in his middle pair of hands, a short, blunted dagger with a blunt end in his top pair, and an off-putting crescent-moon blade in his bottom pair.

"The time for talk is over. Let us speak with our swords."

There was no spark in Vilchana's voice, nor bloodlust emanating from his tempered gaze.

All he wanted to do was improve his swordsmanship. He was stoic and pure, almost to a fault.

Fwhoosh—!

The tip of Vilchana's long sword tore through the air, followed by arcing slashes from his dagger and curved blade. The three strikes came at varying speeds, yet they were all delivered quite seriously. Avoiding one strike made another that much more likely to land. This was a style of sword fighting that prioritized dispatching one's opponent quickly and thoroughly.

"Hey!"

Stunk let his knees go slack and backstepped, kicking off the ground with the tips of his toes and doing a back handspring to avoid the attack. He grabbed a fistful of dirt and threw it in Vilchana's face as a diversion before standing up and distancing himself appropriately.

Vilchana didn't even crack a smile and looked satisfied before saying, "Exceptional... My intuition was right about you after all."

"You should spend less time thinking about other men. You need to broaden your horizons!"

"What...?"

Suddenly, razor-sharp talons dug into Vilchana's neck and waist. Hovering in the air, wings flapping, an eagleperson in a military police uniform had apprehended Vilchana. Just as Vilchana swung his blade, the eagleperson swooped down upon him with blinding speed.

"You will not brandish deadly weapons within city limits. Come with me."

"You dare interrupt my duel?"

"You will be fined for attempting to shed blood in a civilian area and impinging on a business. Would you like to add obstruction of justice to your charges?"

"I don't have any money."

"...In that case, you'll have to work off your fine."

"I have no interest in picking up anything but a sword."

"Your time in custody will be extended for any work delays."

Vilchana quickly fell silent.

"It looks like our duel is being put on hold, Stunk. Until we meet again."

Vilchana wasn't enough of a madman to go blow-for-blow with a city official. Stunk waved Vilchana and the eagle official off as they disappeared into the sky.

"Good-bye and good riddance!"

"Those talons... They really freak me out..."

Each group member clapped the shuddering lamia on the back, and they all headed into Minerva together.

Predatory birds all had unique characteristics relative to their eyes. Eagles generally had sharp, piercing eyes, causing them to appear harsh or aggressive more often than not.

Many owls had large eyes that were so round, they seemed almost mechanical, making their thoughts impossible to read.

Both types were whittling down Nalgami's nerves as the girls stared at the men from their waiting room on the other side of a glass partition.

"They're watching us like we're their prey... Ha-ha, great... This is really happening, isn't it...? Might as well just go for it!"

"Whoa, settle down, Nalgami. Every establishment makes sure to be conscious of their clientele; they're not looking at you with brutish eyes. Right, Zel?"

"There's nothing I can say to follow that. I doubt there's any way to suppress instinctual fear through logic. Even Meidri said she can't stomach the fact that lamia want to eat the unfertilized eggs of winged creatures, all logic aside."

"Please, Zel, don't get me down any further at a time like this."

Nalgami wanted to be strong, but he was trembling down to the

tip of his tail, which only seemed to increase the predatory-bird girls' interest in him.

Are they...worried about him? Stunk brushed the thought aside. Right now, rather than change his initial approach, he needed to channel his inner conqueror.

"Listen up, Nalgami. What is a man's most defining trait? That's right! It's the weapon we all have dangling down below: our sword. And for that matter, you have *two* swords, don't you? That means you're twice as strong as me or Zel."

"I'm strong...? Twice as...strong?"

"You're goddamn right you are! I'm super jealous of you! You're a dual wielder!"

"I understand you're trying to encourage him, but it's starting to sound a bit like complaining, Mr. Lady-Killer."

"Crim, if you had *two* of those great swords, you would literally kill people."

Stunk and Zel looked at Crim coldly.

"W-well, I was born this way! What am I supposed to do about it?!"

Crim's face turned beet-red. The youthful angel sounded cute even when they were yelling. However, after a round with their demon blade, it wouldn't take long for any predatory bird they picked to become the prey.

Nalgami stifled a laugh and relaxed his shoulders some.

"Yeah, that's right... Crim, your anaconda would swallow these birds whole. But I'm a man, too! Or rather, I'll see this request through and become a real man!"

The lamia made up his mind and pointed at a girl through the glass partition.

"I choose that girl! The biggest eagle here!"

"This guy just walked straight into hell without flinching."

"It's all up to momentum now."

"Nalgami...make sure you come back alive..."

Nalgami's serpentine tail disappeared into the playroom.

"Now it's our turn."

It was time for Stunk and the others to choose their companions. This was one of the most thrilling moments at a succubus joint. Girls who made it their job to show you the time of your life were at your fingertips. Stunk always believed this to be an invaluable experience for men. Your enjoyment hinged on the resolve it took to make the right choice—potential hours of pleasure were decided in an instant.

"Okay, I'll go with that bald-eagle girl."

Zel made his choice, and then it was Crim's turn.

"I choose...that large lady there."

And lastly, the anchor, Stunk. It wasn't exactly a case of *last but not least*, yet there was a girl remaining whom Stunk was interested in.

"You there, the short-eared-owlgirl. Haven't we met somewhere before?"

This wasn't a classic pickup line. Stunk really did feel like he'd seen her before. She had unbelievably large, round eyes and tufts sticking from her head that looked like real ears. She also had wings sprouting from her upper back, as well as powerful talons. In reality, these were characteristics that likely applied to all short-eared owlpeople...

".....?"

She must have realized Stunk was looking at her through the glass and cocked her head to the side. Or more accurately, she spun her head completely around.

Her chin traded places with the back of her head, and Stunk reflexively let out a yelp of surprise. Owls' neck joints had a frighteningly large range of motion. Stunk recalled being shocked by this in the past.

"Well, whatever. I'll go with her."

Stunk spoke to the receptionist and had the short-eared-owlgirl called over.

When it came to how good of a time you would have, actions spoke a hell of a lot louder than words.



When they entered the playroom, Stunk's owlgirl bowed at the waist—a perfect ninety-degree angle.

“My name is Mimiru.”

There was no inflection to her voice, and she suddenly twisted her neck around to look back up at Stunk.

“Whoa! I'm never ready for that.”

“I always thought my clients enjoyed it.”

“Is that your go-to technique with avian clients...?”

The girl named Mimiru remained emotionless even when questioned. Her eyes were wide to the point that the whites were visible around the total circumference of her pupils. Even so, she had an understated charm to her face that Stunk couldn't be mad at. She had freckles at the base of her nose that were somehow familiar to him. He was sure he had seen this expression before.

“Are you sure we haven't met somewhere?”

“Are you hitting on me? In this prepaid situation?”

“No, I know that's not necessary, but—”

“If you're not hitting on me, then you might actually be thinking of the twins. I haven't seen them for a while, but I heard they're working as receptionists who take on clients every once in a while.”

“Oh, you might be right! Although I would never forget a girl I've been with before.”

Stunk took a moment to study Mimiru's body again. She was about average height by human standards, and her build was the same as an adult female's. She was pear-shaped with a slender waist. Her bust was voluminous, perhaps due to her shoulders and chest muscles being developed enough to support her winged arms. She also had alluring hips that had graceful curves, supporting her legs, which ended in powerful talons.

Her “outfit” left little to the imagination and could barely be considered clothing.

She was only wearing a buttoned collar, a skinny tie, and lacy black panties. If her feathers weren't covering the bottom half of her bosom and her crotch, she would have looked even more suggestive.

This level of exposure is totally my speed.

Stunk could see that Mimiru was already wet. She remained bowing but looked up with intense interest.

“Wow, that's quite the bulge you've got there. I bet it's really impressive.”

“Stop craning your neck at such extreme angles just to look at it.”

“You secretly love this, don't you?”

“...You have keen instincts.”

Not wasting another moment, Stunk let his sword fall free from its scabbard. It was well-worn and slightly tarnished from its many battles.

Mimiru cooed in awe, verbally stroking Stunk's ego.

"Go ahead, feast your eyes. Sometimes, I swear this thing has a mind of its own."

"Fuuu..."

"Hnng..."

Mimiru blew on Stunk's tip, causing his blade to twitch.

"He's rather well-behaved, isn't he?"

"No, he's anything but. He's a bad, bad boy that's been the terror of many playmates before you."

"How about some feather play?"

"Hnng... Unngh—"

As Mimiru's soft feathers traveled across its length, a shudder traveled from Stunk's bad boy all the way up his spine. The delicate sensation was particularly hard to endure. If a giant swung a battle-ax toward him, he could parry the attack, but a feather floating on air could effortlessly evade his sword swings. Mimiru's affectionate foreplay was on the same level.

Tickle, tickle, blow.

Twitch, twitch, oof, hnng...

Stunk had no hope of stifling his moans.

This owlgirl is talented as hell...!

Mimiru continued using her feathers and light breaths to tease Stunk into submission, causing him to edge along the border of frustration. His pleasure intensified as his stone pillar towered higher and higher. There were tears in his eyes—the tears of a father who had watched his son grow into a fine man.

That said, each delicate stroke was so faint, Stunk didn't think he would be able to finish this way, which was a problem.

"Wow, it's gotten so red, just like a newborn baby. Ohh, you're so cute, you trembling little thing..."

"W-wow, you're really treating my delinquent son like an infant...! Mmph, hnng, unngh... But you'll never be able to reform this ruffian with just your feathers or breath!"

"Smooch."

"Mmmmmmph..."

Mimiru suddenly kissed Stunk right on his tip, causing a drop of dew to bubble forth. She kissed it again and again with a defined rhythm, picking up energy each time.

Smooch, smooch, smooch, smooooooooooh, smooch.

Now she was aiming directly for his most sensitive areas on purpose. Normally, this wouldn't be the strongest stimulation, but

now that he was used to her ticklish caress, his nerves were hypersensitive.

“Oof, hrk, unngh, it’s no use! I can’t hold on...!”

A tidal wave of pleasure engulfed Stunk all at once. His legs and hips shuddered, and the shaking only served to further stimulate his swollen member. Stunk felt like he was boiling over as he succumbed to defeat.

His bad boy threw a veritable tantrum and erupted. His love nectar shot out like a geyser, wild and free.

“Mmm, well, well, you certainly have stamina. Excellent.”

Mimiru took Stunk’s load of defeat on her face without flinching. She didn’t seem to mind. She chose to keep her large eyes open the entire time, and when any of the liquid threatened to get near them, she simply craned her neck to redirect the flow.

She had the technique of a professional who had taken it on the face more than a few times without ever getting it in her eyes. As further proof of her presence of mind, she assaulted Stunk’s member with even more kisses before he had finished spilling his seed.

“Hoo... Mmm... Nnf... Gah...”

“My, you’ve got quite a bit of energy. You’re not done yet, right? *Smooch.*”

“*Hnnnnng...*”

Although Stunk thought he was calming down, he felt himself surging up yet again. He continued blowing his load in voluminous spurts, to the point where he was convinced he would be drained dry. It went everywhere.

“Wow... I’m covered in it.”

Mimiru’s expression remained neutral the entire time. Her eyes were the only part of her body that weren’t drenched. And although she still seemed levelheaded, Stunk thought he noticed her breath becoming a bit feverish.

Stunk lost the first round soon after they met, but for round two, he believed he held the advantage. The battleground would be the bath area in the back of the playroom. The pair sat down on an inflatable, waterproof mat.

“Do you want to wash my cloaca? This service is included in the standard price.”

“Yeah, definitely. I’m here at a bird-of-prey specialty shop, after all.”

The majority of avian species had only one hole between their legs, and it served all purposes. Of course, this meant it often needed cleaning, and some avian women, such as Mimiru, had winged arms, making the task rather difficult at times.

This meant that the chance to wash it was considered a special service.

“Okay then, please go ahead and clean all you like.”

Mimiru spread her legs and pulled her black panties to the side, revealing a glistening red vertical slit between the folds of her feathers. Compared with those of human females, her vulva seemed a bit thicker and softer.

“Hmm, at a glance, I can’t really see any spots that need cleaning.”

“That’s because I washed myself with a special device beforehand. I wouldn’t want any part of your experience to be off-putting.”

“The device you used... Is it a long, protruding instrument?”

“It’s a bit more unique than that. Would you like to try it?”

“No, I’m fine using my hand.”

Using a tool would only diminish Stunk’s sense of revenge. The disgrace of giving in so quickly in round one had transformed into motivation for a successful retaliation.

I’ll either even the score and get her moaning, or just take my losses and enjoy some soft-core masochism.

Really, Stunk would be fine either way. He was an absolute hedonist in the end. That said, he wasn’t so foolish that he’d simply wait for the decision to be made for him.

Victory and defeat were two sides of the same coin, and in the end, everything was up to chance.

Stunk had already thrown his clothes aside. He was ready to quite literally leave it all on the battlefield.

“Okay, no time like the present!”

Stunk scooped up some special cleaning slime and lathered up his hands before reaching for Mimiru’s cloaca. He formed a spear with his middle and forefinger and slid inside her.

“Mmmm...”

Her warm, wet muscles gripped his fingers tight, but that didn’t stop him from going farther. He could feel a number of ridges inside, all plump and pleasant to the touch. Just to ensure he left her squeaky-clean, he used his fingers to massage the slime in and around each ridge.

“Mm...ahhn...mmph...”

Though her expression remained unchanged, Mimiru’s moans became more and more passionate.

“My impression of avian girls is that they get off really easily, but is that not the case for birds of prey?”

“Oh, I’m definitely getting off. Just look, I’m sopping wet.”

“Oh wow, you’re right. It’s hard to tell just from your voice or your expression.”

Mimiru was a worthy opponent, which excited Stunk all the more.
I better start looking for her weak points.

Stunk unfocused his eyes as if he were looking at something far in the distance. He was fine not being able to see the expression on her face. He re-created her entire visage in his mind's eye. This was the same mental image he would rely on once he was busy with his bladework.

Stunk traced the inside of Mimiru's cloaca slowly and carefully, swirling his fingers around and around.

"Mmf...whew...ohh...that's so good..."

The moment her voice got louder, her shoulders and knees trembled. If Stunk had been focusing his vision on a specific part of her, he might have missed it.

"I see, this must be it."

Stunk used a fingertip to press down on her lower abdomen, and her shoulders and knees shook again. Then he rubbed the corresponding spot inside her while applying pressure, and her jaw twitched.

It was definitely a weak point. Stunk decided to focus his efforts there for a while, returning his attention to her face so he could check her expression.

"Mmm, ohhh wow... You already found my weak point? I'm impressed..."

The only real change in her expression that Stunk could ascertain was her eyelids dropping down about halfway. In addition to that, her cheeks were flushed red, and her voice was honey-sweet. Stunk was more than pleased with the result as he smirked.

"You might act curt, but you really do get off easily, don't you?"

"If anything, all the other girls say I show it in my face the most."

"Does that I mean I've already seen you fully aroused? Are you saying you're really, really turned on right now?"

Stunk inserted his fingers again and rubbed her weak point—quicker this time, and with a twisting motion.

"Mm, ohh...mmph, ohhh..."

Neither Mimiru's expression nor her voice had really changed, but the bucking of her hips increased in tempo. Then, without warning, her trembling legs flew up, and... *Snikt!*

Mimiru's talons seized Stunk's shoulders and waist.

"Wh-whoa! I was not expecting that!"

"Hnnng, oh, I'm sorry... I just got really into it, and I wanted to grab onto whatever was nearby... Um...normally, I would be grabbing onto a tree branch or something during sex...mmph..."

"Okay, if you're reacting because it feels good, that's no problem."

Stunk was shocked, but he wasn't hurt. He adjusted his position so

that Mimiru's talons weren't directly digging into his flesh. The way they steadily closed around his body was actually rather stimulating. Mimiru was in the throes of ecstasy now, unable to endure and clutching onto Stunk for dear life.

"Are you getting off that intensely? Hey, hey, what's wrong? Can you hear yourself gushing?"

"Yes...I'm soaking wet... Mmph, ohhh, ahh, that feels so good."

Stunk swirled his fingers in and out of her, and she was leaking all over the mat. Her cloaca had begun twitching, and Stunk could tell she was nearing her climax.

"Take this!"

Stunk pushed down hard on her weak spot.

"Ahhhn!"

Mimiru's hips thrust hard into the air, and her talons wrapped around Stunk. Her squirming had turned into convulsing, and Stunk's fingers felt as if they were in a molten-hot vise. There was no mistaking her satisfaction.

This brought the scoreboard to one win and one loss for Stunk. Just as he was getting ready to bask in the limelight of his victory—*whoosh*—Mimiru whipped her head around a hundred eighty degrees to stare at him.

"Yikes! Once again, you damn near gave me a heart attack..."

"That felt so good, I wanted to treat you to my special service, so I whipped my head around."

"I don't really think that's a special service!"

"At any rate, let's move on."

"Why do I get the feeling that nothing fazes you? Is that neutral face more than a gimmick?"

Stunk had been freaked out, but he succeeded in his mission. He might have been battling himself, but he didn't mind. A man's ecstasy was often rooted in the battle against the self. Thinking about it logically, such a battle was always doomed to eternal stalemate.

Mimiru and Stunk decided that instead of the bed, they would do it on a perch jutting out from the wall. The most natural position for avians wasn't missionary, doggy style, or cowgirl, after all. For them, they felt most comfortable while perched on a branch.

Mimiru grabbed the perch with her talons, bent her knees, and lowered her rear end.

"Mmm. You've definitely mastered that position. It looks so natural."

Stunk rotated around behind her and cranked a lever on the wall to adjust the height of the perch, aligning the height of her backside with his crotch. Her tail feathers rose, inviting him in.

Drip, drop. Stunk could hear the evidence of her arousal hitting the floor.

"I would appreciate if you put it in immediately. I'm very wet right now."

"I dunno how to react to you demanding it so matter-of-factly..."

Yet Stunk recognized the way she felt, grabbing tightly onto her ass as she leaned forward to stick it out. He rubbed his towering member against the plush lips of her entrance.

"Mmmnn..."

Mimiru's voice escaped through her nose and escalated in pitch. Maybe it was actually a good thing that Stunk couldn't see her face from behind. This allowed him to not be distracted by the lack of expression on her face and gauge her level of pleasure from the way her body reacted.

He thrust his way deep inside and stopped for a moment, at which point she seemed unsure how to react as she clung to him.

"Heh, that's a cute reaction."

"My cloaca is not actually built for penetration."

The majority of avian men did not have penises. Most of them had cloacae, just like the women, and intercourse mainly consisted of both the male and female rubbing them together. Exceptions included terrestrial avians such as ostriches and emus, or waterfowl such as ducks. In other words, avian species who made their home in the sky did not have members swinging between their legs.

So most male birds don't have to deal with their cocks flapping in the wind when they fly. I see.

However, not all avians had the same reproductive functionality. That said, the hole Stunk was engaging with now was meant to interact with another cloaca.

The feeling he was currently experiencing must have been a sort of peristalsis that the cloaca used to push out foreign objects. Nonetheless, the intense moisture was proof that it was also demanding pleasure.

"If it's not made for penetration but you're still getting off on me being inside you, that means you can't get enough of interspecies sex, doesn't it?"

Stunk added in a "geh-heh" for good measure.

Mimiru bashfully shrugged.

"Mmm...if I hated it, I wouldn't have taken this job."

"You love it, don't you? You have to answer me clearly, or this thick, hard cock won't budge an inch."

"Yes, I like it; that's correct. I love interspecies sex, hip hooray."

"That was pretty dry, but you did admit to it, so that's good enough for me!"

Maintaining a good vibe was important, so Stunk decided to roll with the punches, even though she didn't actually *sound* that into it. He started moving, slowly at first, then increased momentum.

As Stunk explored the inside of Mimiru's cloaca with his massive member, she arched her back while being racked with spasms. Her muscles were taut from flying every day, and now they squirmed and stretched in response to her pleasure.

"Mmm...ohhh...ahhh...annngh..."

Mimiru's sweet moans graced Stunk's ears. If the feeling of pushing a foreign object out from the cloaca was comparable to laying an egg, Stunk surmised that this must have been very satisfying for Mimiru.

Each time Stunk nearly exited her completely, he counterattacked this resistance, increased his tempo, and pushed in again.

"Hff...hff...hff..."

Mimiru seemed to be gasping for breath, but the flow of her love juice had only gained momentum. She was deriving pleasure from the amoral sensation that her cloaca was ignoring its given bodily function.

From a succu-girl's standpoint, she was a natural-born deviant. Stunk moved slowly and deliberately, patiently stoking her furnace.

With each full stroke, Mimiru's reactions were getting more intense.

"Oooohh...ahhhh...mmmm...unnnnnngha!"

"Yes, that's it... Let's pick up the pace bit by bit. I'm gonna work you over nice and slow. You'll be a twitching mess by the time we're done."

Stunk didn't have Kanchal's level of finger dexterity, he couldn't magically gauge his partner's pleasure like Zel, and he definitely lost the battle of sword size to Crim.

Still, Stunk was a swordsman, and he was proud of the many encounters his weapon had seen him through. Whether a battle called for his steel sword or the one made of flesh, he had no intentions of losing with either.

"Oooohh...ahhhh...mmmm...annnh...ooooh...you're right... This is definitely next-level!"

As the rhythm of Stunk's pumping exceeded the tempo of his pulse, they were both sopping wet below the waist.

Stunk increased the pace even more as he twisted and turned inside Mimiru. With each squelch that came from between her thighs, Stunk grew more and more excited.

There really was something instinctual about slamming into someone else with your hips... What would you call it...? That certain something... *Something*...

Sex was an act carried out by two or more people—at times, for the purpose of procreation, but more often than not, done exclusively for pleasure. In other words, it felt damn good.

Mimiru's cloaca only became hotter and wetter. Stunk wanted nothing more than to lose himself to lust...but he couldn't. Not just yet.

"By the way, I heard you guys offer a midair sex service."

"Oh, well, that's...ungh... Well, since you're so big, mmm, ahhh—One second, I'm going to cum...ohhhh..."

"Um...please don't cum as casually as a person would cough."

"Mmm, oof...s-sorry, it's just that it feels really good, so..."

Mimiru's entire body shook as she immersed herself in a brief climax. She waited for the trembling to stop before she spoke again.

"Since you're so big, midair sex would be quite dangerous. But if you don't mind signing a liability waiver, which would absolve us of responsibility for any injury sustained during landing, then maybe..."

"No, it's fine. I'm good."

"Also, for the record, cumming during midair sex is strictly prohibited. If you do and it lands on a residence or a pedestrian, you, as the customer, will be liable for—"

"I said I'm good! Doing it like this is more than fine!"

Stunk sped up his thrusting as if to drive the point home. He attacked her with a flurry of vicious, squelching thrusts.

"Mmm...ahh, that's a relief, then...ohh, ahhh... You're so incredible, I didn't want to fly, but rather...mmm...just enjoy you to the fullest right here...ohh, ahh, mmmm..."

As Mimiru moaned in pleasure, beads of sweat formed on the parts of her skin that weren't covered by feathers.

"Ohh, ahh, mmmm...our species finds it easier to lay eggs when our cloacae are properly stimulated... Mmm, ahh, ohhh...I've laid so many unfertilized eggs..."

Mimiru turned her head to show Stunk her profile over her shoulder. Her half-lidded eyes looked like they were melting. Stunk could see she was drowning in lust.

"I think my body is telling me to have my eggs fertilized by the one who's making me feel this good..."

With that simple statement, Stunk's libido was thrown into overdrive.

Instead of holding on to her hips, he grabbed her arms like reins and lay into her with frenzied hip thrusts. His sole thought was to drill as deep as he could.

"So you really want to lay fertilized eggs, do you? *My* fertilized eggs? Our relationship is purely physical, but you want to make a nest, lay my eggs, and keep them warm, don't you?!"

“Ohh, ahhh, mmm...hnnng... I wish this contraceptive magic would wear off...! I want to lay eggs, mmmm, ooooh... Ye-ye-yes, I want *your* e-e-eggs...!”

Did bedroom talk for an avian get any more passionate than this?!

Conversely, for a man of a different species, could a woman wanting to have his babies be any more of an ego boost?

The impetus rising explosively from Stunk’s lower belly pulsed and entered his sword, causing it to shudder violently.

“Then lay your eggs! Lay them all!”

He didn’t actually want to father her babies, of course. It was just sex talk, but he said it in the heat of the moment... Typical Stunk.

Mimiru’s cloaca contracted around Stunk’s manhood as she came.

“Ohhh, ahhh, mmmmmm—”

Her entire body shuddered violently, both inside and out.

Victory!

A feeling of triumph washed over Stunk, and he was about to explode inside Mimiru when—

Whoosh!

—the back of her head was replaced with her face.

“Goddamn it, that’s freaky!”

The shock of the poorly timed (or purposefully timed?) head twist pushed Stunk over the edge and... Pshu...pshuu...*pshuuu!*

“Why couldn’t you just let me cum without scaring me half to death...?”

“We should kiss while you climax. It feels good.”

“Well...you’re not wrong. C’mere.”

Stunk was desperate.

Their lips met, their tongues intertwined, and saliva was swapped. Stunk couldn’t deny that it felt good. However...

...he also couldn’t get that unfortunate ending out of his mind.



REVIEW

MINERVA

◆HUMAN	◆ELF	◆ANGEL	◆LAMIA
Stunk	Zel	Crimvael	Nalgami
6	8	9	0
I thought all aviangirls would act like little birds, but you're in for a totally different experience if you go with an owl chick. Their expressions barely change at all! That said, her cloaca was tighter than the other aviangirls I've been with, and it felt amazing. But there's one thing I need to get out. They really need to stop whipping their heads around a hundred eighty degrees at the worst possible times! I was so surprised that I blew my load early!	I opted for the midair raw sex special! To be honest, the actual penetration is the last thing on your mind while you're up there, but the wind spirits in the atmosphere were super invigorating. I felt really refreshed. We went back to the playroom for a proper toss in the sheets while I was still riding the high. I had a great time!	I chose the aerial intercourse service. I'm not able to fly very well on my own right now, and soaring through the skies with my partner felt a lot like a date. It made me nervous... but it was a wonderful experience. However, you have to be careful of cumming while in midair, which is forbidden and will incur a fee. That said, I almost wasn't able to resist...	Kill me.

Once again, the curious patrons of Ye Pubbe swarmed the new review posted on the wall. Among them was a peculiar lamia breathing heavily through his nose. It was probably Nalgami's masochist friend.

Having barely survived the trip to hell and back at his friend's behest, Nalgami was slumped over a table.

"How could you possibly enjoy that...? I was paralyzed with fear the whole time..."

"Didn't you feel the thrill of the hunt from the prey's perspective?"

Meidri laughed mischievously and put an ale down in front of Nalgami.

"Um, I didn't order anything."

"It's from that guy over there."

Stunk waved from a seat at the counter. He sent a wordless expression of gratitude to his compatriot who had overcome the test of will, and Nalgami narrowed his eyes at this odd act of consideration before downing the drink in a single gulp.

"I really did try my best. I even went for the midair sex experience."

Next, Zel spoke from the seat next to Stunk.

"It seems like Nalgami didn't have a good time...but I actually enjoyed myself quite a bit."

Crim narrowed their spellbound eyes behind the counter.

"My wings are still unstable, so I can't fly to high places...but with the girl I chose, I could fly higher than ever... My soul felt cleansed..."

The halo above Crim's head was broken in one place, and this was the reason that their angelic powers were weakened. If they didn't find a way to fix it, they would never be able to return to Heaven. For Crim, this was apparently a serious problem.

Crim sure seems to be loving our succubus-joint visits, though...

Crim may have had an adorably pure face, but their soul was gradually becoming as tainted as the rest of the group's. Seeing them smile so widely, Stunk couldn't resist teasing them a little.

"So, Crim, how did it feel to spread your seed from the heavens?"

"Uh, hmm... Well, I can't deny that it felt amazing... I just wish I didn't have to pay that fine."

The angel's face turned beet-red. Crim realized the deviants around them were watching their blissful expression with huge smiles on their faces. They needed an out, which was why they flagged down Meidri as she passed by.

"Oh, by the way, did you go out that day, Meidri?"

"Me? Why do you ask?"

"When I looked down from the sky, I could've sworn I saw you

through a gap in the forest.”

Crim cocked their head to the right as their sentence cut off.

“Although that person’s skin seemed a bit darker than yours...”

“It was probably just a close resemblance. I was here all day, working. Anyway, there’s another request that arrived with your guys’ name on it.”

Meidri set down a sealed letter. It was addressed to the four of them: Stunk, Zel, Kanchal, and Crim. Kanchal was busy with a different job, so the remaining three opened it up.

The request was from The Sex Marionette.

“This is the golem joint from the other day, right?”

“Huh? Did you say something, Zel?”

Meidri remembered the specifics of *that* visit and immediately stared daggers at Zel.

Stunk threw his hands up in resignation and flashed his best flattering smile.

“We’re sorry, Meidri. Really, we are!”

“...Next time, you’re dead.”

With bloodlust seeping from every pore, the winged woman walked away.

“...Sheesh, that was close. If she knew what was written here, she would have freaked out for sure.”

Zel had already finished reading the letter and juttied his chin toward it, prompting Stunk and Crim to look it over as well.

All three of them gasped.

“...One of the Meidri golems went missing...?”

CHAPTER 3

LOVE BRINGER

Back at The Sex Marionette, three Meidris greeted Stunk and the others at the door. They weren't actually her, of course. They were the golems whom Kanchal had crafted last time. When they had soul cores inside them, they gained consciousness and started moving.

"These dolls are still here, I see."

The Meidris each gave Stunk's question an earnest reply.

"The golems you create become available as a default option."

"Customers who aren't able to create a golem themselves may choose from the default options."

"The default golems can be recustomized to a patron's preferences."

Stunk sighed to himself and folded his arms across his chest as he looked at the Meidris.

"So they've all been tweaked a bit, huh?"

Because of Kanchal's otherworldly crafting ability, the Meidri golems initially bore a striking resemblance to the real Meidri.

However, the three in front of them now had clear contrasts from the original.

One of them was a cat hybrid. Another was a centaur. And the last had breasts so big, they were practically hitting the floor.

It was obvious at a glance that they'd each been customized by patrons with rather specific tastes.

"Ugh, seriously...? If Meidri sees them, we're so dead."

The dog hybrid Brooz was the most offended. He was filling in for Kanchal and was the only one who hadn't actually experienced The Sex Marionette.

"Hold up, Brooz. If you had the chance to bang a sexy waitress you had never met before, wouldn't you jump at the opportunity?"

"You're not gonna make me an accomplice, Stunk."

"Shit."

The centaur Meidri coughed audibly, saying, "The golem who was taken from here was the fourth one of us. She was the one who previously had a session with the human in your party."

"And how much did the new customer change?"

"She was customized to be a dark-skinned lamia with horns."

"I see, I see. Why stick with a simple winged woman when you've got Meidri the dream girl as a base?"

"I'm not kidding, y'know. She really will kill us."

According to the Meidri dolls, the incident occurred during business hours one week ago. Six men entered the establishment, and three of them began to craft their own girls. Just then, a smoke screen suddenly erupted in the area containing the default golems.

As the staff rushed to open the windows for ventilation, they

realized that one of the golems had disappeared.

“And that was the dark-skinned lamia with horns?”

The Meidris all nodded in agreement.

“One of the customers who had been putting together a golem also disappeared.”

“Yes, the customer was a sickly lamia.”

“He was gaunt and had dark circles around his eyes, and his tail was in bad shape.”

It seemed like the suspect was in poor health.

“Hmm, interesting...”

Zel scratched the tip of one of his pointed ears as thoughts flooded his mind.

“The weight of one of these golems is about the same as that of a living person, right?”

“Yes, they are approximately the same.”

“That means that a standard bipedal golem would be pretty heavy, and she was a lamia, so the weight of the tail had to be factored in. A lamia in poor health wouldn’t be able to quickly take her out of here without being noticed.”

Stunk posed a query. “Couldn’t the culprit have used magic to pull it off?”

“This establishment has a magic-detection unit installed.”

“There was no detection of unnatural magic activity.”

“The smoke screen was also created from a chemical compound, from what we could tell.”

This meant there was no possibility of magic having been used to boost one’s strength or provide a means of teleportation. It was also unlikely that the suspect made themselves temporarily invisible, staying in place until he saw an opening to escape.

Crim raised their hand timidly and asked, “Is it possible that the golem got up and escaped on her own?”

“It is impossible for a golem to leave of their own volition.”

“Moving the body is only possible by inserting a core.”

“The core contains our individual identities.”

For golems, their bodies were nothing more than vessels. Their consciousness was in their cores, and their pay was also given to their cores. It was safe to say their bodies were nothing more than costumes that they used interchangeably.

“Is it possible that this particular Meidri’s core was in her at the time, and she was able to escape?”

“The number of cores that were active that day did not decrease. It is not possible that she escaped with her body.”

“Okay, well, what about the cores that weren’t active that day?” said Stunk.

“We questioned the succubus girls employed at this establishment immediately on the same day, but all of them had sound alibis.”

“To be honest, we are at a loss.”

“She was a very popular golem among the default options.”

Stunk and company asked further detailed questions and did a sweep of the scene, but they didn’t uncover any hard leads, aside from a pair of wings that were a part of the original Meidri golem; they had been cast off when she was made into a lamia.

“Brooz, we’re counting on you.”

“You got it.”

Brooz pointed his canine snout at the wings, took in their scent, and creased his brow.

“...There are a number of male scents present on these wings, including yours, Stunk.”

“Ugh, spare me *those* details, Brooz.”

“The many different scents are making it tough to find a lead, but...I think I detect the primary scent pointing far off in that direction...maybe.”

The burly dog hybrid gestured outside the window, and the crew began walking in that general direction. Once outside, they passed through a number of back alleys and questioned bystanders along the way, but they didn’t find any information in terms of witnesses.

“They must have at least used magic to mask their appearance. The detection unit becomes totally irrelevant once they make it outside anyway.”

The accuracy of Zel’s inference aside, the fact that they had zero leads wasn’t changing. As they came to the edge of town, Brooz threw up his hands.

“Going any farther will be no use.”

“I guess that means it’s a guarantee that the suspect managed to skip town.”

“Should we consult a spirit for good measure? I doubt they’ll recall any specific physical features, though...”

The three adult males were racking their brains at the current impasse when Crim spoke up.

“Umm, wasn’t this the way to the predatory-birds place?”

“Why, Crim? Are you in the mood for another midair sex sesh so you can rain your manna from the heavens?”

“No, that’s not it! I saw a girl who looked a lot like Meidri that day...and yeah! She had dark skin!”

Come to think of it, Crim told the same story back at Ye Pubbe.

It sounded almost too good to be true, but perhaps the group’s luck was a blessing gained from their close proximity to a divine being.

“Hmm, well, maybe we should head back that way! To the mountains that reek of Crim’s cum!”

“I bet angel jizz has divine properties.”

“Mountains rife with the smell of semen... That’s gross... No thanks!”

“Why are you all suddenly ganging up on me?”

Crim’s reactions only served to add fuel to the group’s sadistic fire, but the angel didn’t seem to notice that one bit.

When they entered the mountains surrounding Minerva, Brooz’s nose got to work again. Man-made scents were particularly conspicuous in places abundant with nature, he noted as he suddenly furrowed his brow in a scowl.

“The scent of Crim is...overwhelming.”

“G-grrrr...! I’m so sorry! Everything is all my fault! I read you loud and clear!”

“Chin up, Crim. Is this about where you saw the dark-skinned Meidri?”

“Huh, well, I wonder! I think it was around here, but thanks to my *scent*, I guess all our leads have been overridden, hmm? I’m sooo sorry!”

The angelic youth was sulking heavily now.

I guess we’ll have to treat Crim to a really nice succu-joint in the near future to cheer ’im up.

Stunk thought as he investigated the animal trail.

“Hey, Zel, doesn’t the way the grass is displaced down here look like the tracks of a big snake?”

“Ohh, I think you’re right.”

The endorsement of an elf, a woodland species, was more than trustworthy. Having gained a legitimate lead, the party marched forward without hesitation—that is, until they came to a mountain stream blocking their path.

“Woof, this is no good. The scent has completely trailed off.”

The river was about as wide as three Stunks laid end to end, and the current was as swift as the river was deep. Trying to cross without a bridge would earn you a one-way ticket to drown town.

“If this was a thoroughly planned escape route, the perp may have had a boat ready.”

“And we’re positive that the trail comes out this far? Let’s consult the spirit of the river.”

Zel plunged his hand into the water and began chanting to himself in a quiet, incomprehensible mumble. Some people say elves have particularly long ears to listen to the voices of unseen spirits.

“Hmm, hmm, I see... It seems that a large piece of timber may

have floated by here. However, I can't be certain of whether it was yesterday or a couple of years ago."

"That *water* spirit sounds like a bit of an *air*head..."

"Spirits inhabiting running waters leave everything to the ebb and flow of that area. It could just be a piece of driftwood, but we might as well investigate, right?"

"It sure beats standing here like a bunch of logs. And speaking of logs—"

"Whatever you're about to say, just don't."

"My bad, force of habit."

The crew followed the river down the mountain. The path included a number of signposts and was a breeze to keep up with. Even if they came to a dead end, all they needed to do was head back to the river. Without any signposts, getting lost in the mountains would cause rapid depletion of strength and energy. That said, with an elf along who could speak to spirits, they would be able to avoid the direst circumstances, at least.

Before long, the river led to the base of the mountain and flowed into the castle wall of the town nearest them.

"This is a naval town, for sure. Following that waterway would lead us to the Great River, so if we decide to go through with this, we're in for a rough ride."

"Stunk, we're not just talking about a rough ride. There are checkpoints at the entrance and exit. It's nearly nightfall, so the checks will be even more rigorous than usual. We might as well assume we'll be stopped dead in our tracks until tomorrow."

"Well, let's explore our options for tonight. I'm not so desperate that I *need* to take the path along the great river... At least, I hope not."

The sky had already grown dark. The crew swung around to the main entrance and passed through the checkpoint to enter the town. Soft candlelight filtered toward them from the homes of the residential district. In the mercantile district, there were magical lights burning from the eaves of the establishments, depending on their level of prosperity or business classification. Yet the most noticeably bright lights came from beyond the mercantile district.

"If we're canvassing at this hour, we better head for the pub or red-light joints."

"That's true, Stunk. To be blunt, we're looking for a suspect related to a succu-girl, after all!"

"Ugh, you guys just want to hit up a succu-joint, don't you...?"

"Um...yeah? We're already a step behind as it is..."

Brooz was in disbelief, and Crim chimed in, agreeing with half-lidded eyes.

“Certainly, collecting information comes first. But really, information has a price, right? In that case, we could pay for some companionship and then investigate while we chat with the girl.”

“And what will you do if you can’t get any information at the first place? My wallet is too thin to go on a succu-joint crawl.”

“In that case, we’ll just resort to old-fashioned canvassing at a pub. Let’s go!”

Crim was unconvinced, but Stunk was bent on forcing the issue. The street lined with succubus joints at the edge of town was a path rife with blossoming potential. The crystals serving as lights dangled from the eaves and burned brightly to entice the men sauntering there, and the shop signs on display offered every variety of play imaginable.

BURSTING WITH YOUTHFUL ABUNDANCE! HUMANS ALWAYS WELCOME!—THE ELVEN INN NO. 2

WE’LL KEEP YOU PURRING THROUGH THE NIGHT ♪ —DANGEROUS KITTY CATS
GET HARD AS A ROCK—THE GORGON’S GARDEN

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS? FRIED OR FERTILIZED?—THE EGG-LAYING
FOUNTAIN

NICE TO MEAT YOU! OUR GIRLS ARE RIPPED!—OGRE-ANIC BUXOM BEAUTIES
ONE LOOK, AND YOU’RE HOOKED!—THE WINDING SHANTY

Some of the taglines didn’t make any sense, but it wasn’t a bad assortment overall.

“The elf joint is an obvious winner, but catgirls are always nice, too.”

“I’m gonna pass on the elves. If a granny older than my mom showed up, I’d probably cry. I’m actually interested in the gorgon girls. I guess I’ll need to boost my resistance to petrification before I go in...?”

“Hmm...ogres... I like ’em thick, and muscles are no problem, but I quickly get bored with girls who don’t have much fur...”

Brooz was hemming and hawing about where to go, in the end. Crim was the only one who didn’t seem to care at all. However, they were looking down a different back alley toward another succubus-joint sign.

“Umm...what do you guys think that place is?”

The crew followed Crim’s pointed finger with their eyes.

“Living-weapon and magical-organism specialty shop—Love Bringer.”

The joint’s sign was cleaner than the rest and emblazoned with imagery of swords and armor.

“Whoa...a joint that specializes in living weapons... That’s super rare.”

Zel was awestruck and nearly pitched forward.

“Living weapons...? Like swords and armor that can move and speak? How do you make *that* sexy?”

“Sounds like a rock-hard experience, and not in the good way...”

“If they’re man-made constructs, they better look as cute as the marionette golems...”

The remaining three had complicated, yet not strictly negative reactions. However, Zel continued to react calmly as he spoke rapidly.

“To be honest, fetishes are fetishes. If you asked me if I’d get a boner from a sword or a piece of armor, I’d say *not a chance*. You’d have to be some sort of blacksmith fetishist of a dwarf for that. But high-level living weapons can materialize into another body, and if the shop also has magical organisms, then it’s not out of the question that they have something in the female form. Above all else, if we write a review of such a rare joint, the copies will sell like hotcakes, right?”

“You’re really getting into this, Zel.”

“And look at the prices! They’re actually lower than usual, too.”

Looking at the price list on the sign, the crew could see that it was about average for a low-priced succubus joint.

“If it’s rare *and* cheap, that smells like trouble to me...”

“Living weapons can be sourced with a low labor cost. They don’t even need to eat. What do you think?”

“If you’re going to go on about it that much, I have no qualms about tagging along...”

“I’ll follow you guys into that lake of poison...”

There were two types of incentive to visit new succubus joints: sexual appetite and curiosity.

In concept, they should both exist in perfect proportion, but in this case, the latter was unrivaled.

“Well, I guess you’ll never know unless you try.”

A man proudly swinging his sword was certainly a curious beast. Just this once, Stunk was able to lend a critical eye to his habits and reflect upon them...barely.

The lighting inside the shop was dim, and it wasn’t a moody, somber color on purpose. The source of the light was a lone candle. The orange glow illuminated a counter lined with weapons, defensive armaments, and more. They weren’t really lined up, either—more like stacked haphazardly.

“If anything, this place looks more like a shoddy gravedigger’s hovel.”

The crew might have been a bit rash. Stunk was regretting the decision already. Brooz and Crim narrowed their eyes, as if to say, *Just what I thought*. Even Zel was looking around at the items indignantly.

“Well, I can definitely sense magical power coming off all the items...”

Hearing Zel’s disappointed voice, the crew could tell that these weren’t particularly special magic items. Everyone started to anticipate this place being a total bust, with none of them going home satisfied.

“Ke-ke-ke—”

A rasping croak that sounded like it was forced out of a gecko reverberated throughout the small room. It came from past the counter that was heaped with magic items. The figure had a hood draped down over their eyes, and the corners of their mouth were turned up.

The voice and appearance of this figure suddenly appearing in this dim location was displeasing, to say the least. Crim was visibly creeped out, and their shoulders shivered.

Stunk assumed the figure was a woman from the tone of their voice and managed to force a smile as he asked, “Hey, are you the receptionist?”

The woman twisted the corners of her mouth even further and brought a sheathed sword out from her side.

“Welcome, valued customers! Might I recommend this intelligent blade, Speakalibur? Just listen to its lovely voice.”

“Ahh, ohhh god, I’m cumming—”

“Okay then, I’ll just put all four of you down for a group session with Speakalibur. Right this way, ke-ke-ke—”

“Hang on a sec! You have to let us choose first!”

The woman was speaking at a terrifyingly self-absorbed pace. Her word vomit ignored Stunk’s attempt to call her out and washed over the four of them again.

“Oh, I see you are quite the aficionado. I get it, I get it. In that case, the living weapon has no need to speak, yes? *Shut up, shut up, stupid inorganic matter.* In that case, how about this one here called Mutecalibur Kids’ Size! What do you say?”

“That’s...not even a living weapon. It’s just a dagger that you cast magic on to sharpen its blade, isn’t it?”

“You there, elf customer, you seem to have quite the discerning eye. Yes, that was something of a light joke; please look this way for something special. Ta-daa! This looks like a normal helmet, but once you put it on, you can never take it off, and you’ll hear an ominous voice in your ears that’ll say things like *Kill, kill, kill, I crave blood, rip them limb from limb!*”

“Holy—! Exorcise that thing! Right now!”

Zel forgot his easygoing, light smile and went red with rage. This was quite unlike the aloof elf who thoroughly enjoyed practical jokes.

Perhaps he was feeling guilty at having brought his companions to such a depraved shop.

“Um...at the very least, do you have something more geared toward beginners...? Something that at least looks human, although perhaps imperfect, or something with a cute face...”

“Ohh, is that what you’re into? Because you’re so cute, you’re looking for something cute to play with? Well, aren’t you just adorable, you angel, you! Oh my, a *genuine* angel! You’re so, so, so, so rare! Color me surprised! Wow, you really caught me off guard. Okay then, if you’re into something with a cute face, then how about this medushield...?”

“A shield...with a woman’s face on it... She is beautiful, but...”

“When she opens her eyes, her petrifying gaze will make you harder than ever before! But you’re an angel, so you must have some resistances! I know you do! Okay then, it’s decided. Off with the two of you!”

“Er, umm, could you not push me? Oof, umm, gwahh...!”

Crim was pushed from behind and forced into a playroom with the shield. The remaining three crew members collectively swallowed the lumps in their throats.

“This is bad, Zel... I kinda wanna leave while we still can, but I also don’t wanna ditch Crim.”

“I’m sorry, everyone. This is on me. I’ll cover the whole tab...”

“Well, shit, there’s gotta be *something* worthwhile in this place, and I’m gonna find it.”

The three men fell silent and rummaged through the pile of items. If they could uncover something like a windup fairy doll, they’d spring for it in a heartbeat.

“Oh wow, a magi-hole.”

“Hey, nice find, Brooz. You lucked out.”

“But it smells...off, like it was covered up hastily with cologne... Ugh, gross, it’s moldy inside!”

“Ew, toss it, Brooz! Obviously, that thing’s never been washed!”

The men were in hell. If Crim hadn’t been trapped, they would have run for their lives. But with the situation being what it was, they remained steadfast in their quest to find something worthwhile.

“...Okay. I’m going with this.”

Brooz was holding on to a wooden carved bear. When he pulled on the salmon caught in its jaws, the bear roared loudly. The expression on the canine beastman’s face was a void of darkness.

“Sorry, Stunk, I’m gonna choose now, too.”

Zel tapped a set of full plate armor hanging from the wall on one of its pauldrons, and the entire set quivered.

“I definitely chose something that was at least comparably human-

esque... If you want to say that's cowardly, then say it, but I am so done with this mountain of garbage..."

"I don't really mind, to be honest..."

Stunk couldn't even jab Zel for setting the bar unsettlingly low. Zel was staring off into space and looked lifeless, like he was going to disappear into the ether at any moment. Brooz looked mostly the same.

I refuse to give up... I will find an option that doesn't leave me with regret. I swear on the pride of my sword.

When the mile-a-minute receptionist returned, Zel and Brooz were both whisked away to their playrooms.

Stunk was left behind to find something that the sword between his legs would respond to. An inordinate amount of time passed.

"Excuse me, valued customer. We do have a man-made chimera for special occasions, but it's currently under maintenance."

"If you have a chimera, don't you have anything else that's at least partway organic? And cute?"

"We do have an acid hell-slime that melts anything the second it makes contact."

"Are you trying to kill me?"

"Well, it's not slimes, but we also have a wealth of different potions and—Oh yes, of course! We have this one thing... Please hold tight for a second, valued customer; we have something epically special for you!"

The receptionist woman dug through a drawer behind her and took out a small glass bottle glowing a faint blue.

"This is a magic potion that will turn the sword between your legs into a real sword!"

"Hmm... So it'll turn my cock into an actual sword, huh?"

"I was a chief apprentice of the grand wizard Demia in the Magic City. It's true; please believe me! Really! I would never ever tell a lie, okay? And I made a very, very limited amount of this here potion. One sip, and your member will become a genuine steel blade! Yes, it's true, dear customer! Ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke."

"I'd be lying if I said I wasn't interested..."

For some reason, Stunk hadn't realized that like his compatriots, the bar had been set extremely low for him. It was practically on the floor.

"This potion will grant you the ability to make female weapons scream and squeal in ecstasy. Your manly, magic sword will be stronger than ever before! Okay, drink it down. All at once now!"

"Well, in that case, here we go—*Gulp*."

"Oh wow, you were a lot easier to convince than I thought you'd be. That's hilarious, ke-ke."

Stunk swallowed the potion in the heat of the moment, but if it was really a dangerous concoction, he could just have Zel cure him with magic later.

The bittersweet liquid passed through Stunk's esophagus, and when it hit his stomach, the bitterness turned to heat and dropped down inside his body. Its final destination was his crotch, the place where his man sword dangled.

"Oh...? Ah...? Uh...?"

The heat rapidly expanded, and in a flash of purple lightning, a raging red-black monstrosity surged forth from Stunk's pants, ripping them in half.

"Wh-whoa! My man sword really became a magic sword!"

The blade soared to Stunk's eye level and was unmistakably a double-edged sword. It was a large, brutish blade that even Crim's couldn't hope to compare to.

"Okay, please enter this room so that you may use your newly improved sword to your heart's content."

"O-okay! I'm gonna make the best of this, I swear it!"

Stunk gulped audibly. He knew there was something seriously messed up with his current situation, but he couldn't contain his excitement. If he didn't reach climax, he feared that his crotch would be like this forever.

His playroom looked like a disheveled warehouse at first glance. The reception area was a mess, but this place didn't even have any shelves. There were a number of wooden boxes with random crap stuffed into them, but it was all rubbish here, too.

"You can use anything you find here to have a good time, okay? Ke-ke-ke."

"Um...thanks, I think."

"Also, please accept this sheath as a bonus. It's not an actual living weapon, but it will expand and contract to a certain extent, and it's a really high-quality item that you can store your weapon in, ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke."

The door closed, and Stunk stood alone. The weight of the decision he'd made on a whim was starting to bear down on him.

"Okay then...let's get to it."

Stunk held the sheath he was given in his hands. It was a largely unadorned iron item, and quite heavy, besides. When he put the tip of his magic sword toward the opening of the sheath, a rigid sound resonated.

"Heh-heh, that was a pretty raunchy sound...right?"

Stunk tried to psych himself up by saying something dirty, but in truth, he just felt empty inside.

Ugh, I need to stop hesitating. There's a whole new world waiting for

me!

Stunk poured all his faith into his groin and thrust his hips forward.

Gashan—!

“Damn, it went in all the way to the hilt! You dirty sheath, you! I’m in deep, so there’s no need to adjust for your sake—I’m gonna fuck your brains out! Take this!”

Gashan—! Gashan—! Gashan—!

Gashan—! Gashancha! Gasssha—!

Gashan—! Gashan—!

Gashaaannssh—

“Oh shit, I slipped out. This thing is slippery as hell, and even getting it in there is a battle. Isn’t that right, you filthy thing? How do you like that? Say something, will ya?”

Stunk rubbed his sword against the sheath’s opening slowly, back and forth.

“How about it? You’re dying for me to get back inside, aren’t you? You really want it hard, right? I already know; my sword can read your mind. Take this, uhhh, let’s go, I’m gonna drill you so deep...!!”

Gashan—!

Stunk jerked his hips in a single violent burst and thrust himself all the way into the sheath. It was such a perfect size; it was as if he’d custom-ordered it.

It was so perfectly sized, in fact, that Stunk didn’t feel an ounce of friction whatsoever. For that matter, because the magic sword possessed no nerve endings, Stunk couldn’t feel anything at all.

“What the hell am I doiiaiiiiiiing?!”

Stunk threw the sheath against the wall with all his might and began to sob, tears soaking his scraggly beard.

He wept until the tears fell from his chin to the floor.

And then, as always, a new review appeared on the far wall of Ye Pubbe.



Infuriated, the crew had written their reviews immediately after entering the pub. There was no way they’d avoid reviewing this place, after all. They moved their pens more fluidly when they were grumbling about a toxic, fraudulent joint than when complimenting a fine establishment.

The companions poured all their anger, hatred, and anguish onto the page.

“All right, let’s drink, let’s drink! Time to drink and forget!”

“I’ll pick up the tab here, too... Sorry again, everyone.”

“Don’t beat yourself up over it. It’s not like I made any efforts to put a stop to it.”

“Ugh... No... No... Just no...”

Crim was still racked with post-traumatic complications. They had planned to gather information on the dark-skinned Meidri here, but at present, they were struggling. The risk of them becoming belligerent when canvassing was quite high.

The next day. They would work hard the next day. That’s right, anything that could be done today could also be done the next day. If they got up nice and early, then surely they’d get results.

The crew ate and drank, then drowned their sorrows. When they were done, they slept at the inn on the second floor of the pub. Because they’d been ripped off earlier that day, they rented a cheap, large room and slept side by side.

Someone was snoring like a banshee, but Stunk was drunk as a skunk and fell asleep immediately.

REVIEW

LOVE BRINGER

◆ HUMAN	◆ ELF	◆ HYBRID (DOG)	◆ ANGEL
Stunk	Zel	Brooz	Crimvail
			
This is an official proclamation of fraud! The sign outside this joint points it as a place that specializes in living weapons, but the truth is that there's nothing worth a damn here! In my case, the turn-your-cock-in-to-a-magic-sword service the receptionist forced on me was a nightmare! When my cock turned into a magic sword, I couldn't feel a damn thing, and who would get off sticking their cock in and out of a sheath that can't even talk?! No matter how cheap this place is, it's absolutely out of the question!	This place was the mother of all rip-offs! The items available here weren't even magic weapons; they were just magic tools! It was just a bunch of inorganic garbage that didn't seem to serve any real purpose! It would have been moderately worthwhile if they bestowed some form of magic effect, but even then... Even if you consider yourself a super deviant, do yourself a favor and stay away from this place. We've put out an official warning. Don't be like me. I should've known better than to go for a ride on this sinking ship.	<i>Rip-off</i> doesn't even begin to describe how disappointing this place was... Seriously, was it even a succubus joint to start with? The wooden bear statue I was given had a salmon in its mouth, and when you pulled on it, the bear would roar. And if you pushed the salmon forward, the bear's eyes would glow red. That's it. Apparently, <i>that's</i> what passes for a succubus girl at this place... I need to forget this as soon as possible.	No... Just no... The shield I was given had a girl's face on it, and it projected a piercing gaze with a petrification effect... I have inherent resistances, so I wasn't turned to stone...but it was actually dark magic. And as for the effect it had on my conscience... No...no...no... just no...

Stunk was dreaming. Directly ahead, he saw himself standing. He was naked, with a steel sword sprouting from his crotch.

“Heh-heh-heh... This is the Stunk you wanted, you bastard...!”

“Ugh, I get that this is a dream, but why am I bad-mouthing myself...?”

“You were so proud of your junk, weren’t you? Its length, girth, rigidity, shape... And you can last for a long time and cum as often as you want, right? Yet your pride was quickly shattered to smithereens, you idiot!”

“What else was I supposed to do? It was slim pickings, and I definitely wasn’t gonna get it on with an ogre.”

“We’re not talking about ogres right now! How did it feel when you lost to that effeminate angel?”

“I laughed.”

“Yeah, well, you should. Anyone would laugh. But that’s not what I’m talking about!”

“To answer your question, I’m pissed off that Crim’s bigger than me, but size isn’t everything. Remember how Crim looked when you went to the fairy specialty shop and no one could take on that hog? Remember Crim’s sad face?”

“Yep, still hilarious.”

“Right? You felt kinda bad, but it was funny, wasn’t it? If you don’t have any chemistry or technique, you won’t get far.”

“Man, I’m definitely losing to Kanchal in terms of technique, though.”

“But you beat *him* in size eleven times outta ten. And there’s always high points and low points to everything. Ugh, was I always this difficult?”

“But if I could improve my technique, you know I would—Wait, you aren’t actually me, are you? I’ll make up your mind for you. Don’t you want to have a more intense dream, where you scream at the sky with primal rage or something?”

“Don’t start talking like that asura. How can I get into the mood when my cock is a magic sword? Moron.”

“Listen... With your cock like that, your succu-joint days are pretty much over. The only thing you can use *that* sword for is...literal sword stuff. What sexy options could you possibly have left...?”

Stunk wilted and began sobbing out loud.

“I see... You are me, after all.”

The Stunk with the normal crotch nodded deeply.

“Yeah, of course I am... This is *your* dream, isn’t it?”

“If I couldn’t fool around with succu-girls ever again, I might be

consumed by a battle-crazed bloodlust, just like that asura...”

“You’re a psychotic swordsman hell-bent on swinging the blade between your legs until you drop dead...”

“I hate this... What even is this dream...?”

Now both Stunks were on the brink of tears.

“Listen up, me... I have to say this for the record, but this isn’t just somebody else’s problem.”

“Yeah, this is my dream, and if it happened to come true, I’d be pissed.”

“It’s not a matter of ‘if.’ Look again.”

“Wha—?”

When Stunk looked down at this groin, his skin became riddled with goose bumps. A black-and-red sword was hanging between his legs.

This wasn’t a metaphor. A genuine, sinister, weighty blade was stretching down heavily from his crotch, sharp as a razor.

Stunk’s proud member had actually turned into a sword.

“My boyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!”

Stunk flew out of bed. His breaths were ragged, he was covered in sweat, and he felt like shit.

Sunlight was filtering through the window of the room he’d been sleeping in.

“A dream... I knew it was a dream, but my god, that was awful...”

Stunk sighed as he realized something. Several pairs of eyes were on him. Aside from Zel, Brooz, and Crim, other patrons of the inn were collectively surrounding Stunk in a circle.

“What the hell, you guys...? Why are you all crowding around me? Is this some weird sort of ritual?”

“Listen, Stunk. Look down and don’t freak out.”

“I just woke up, and I can barely see a damn thing...”

Stunk blinked the sleep from his eyes and rubbed them. Everyone surrounding him in the circle had their index fingers raised, and they were pointing at Stunk. To be more specific, they were pointing at his crotch.

There was a red-black beam shining betwixt. He had paid to have his pants mended, but a sinister blade had once again torn them asunder. The unmistakable magic sword had returned.

“Noooooooooooo! My boyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy!”

Stunk’s anguished cry pierced the morning air.

The receptionist at Love Bringer yelped with glee when she saw Stunk’s crotch.

“Wow! This is truly incredible, valued customer! Your massive

member is now the envy of men everywhere! My goodness, it's amazing! It's so cool! You sure are one lucky guy!"

"Yeah, I can't deny it's cool, but you need to fix this right now! My elf friend couldn't dispel the effect, so I'm in a load of trouble here, got it?"

Stunk raised his magic sword with a single flex of his thighs and put it on display. But the receptionist woman wasn't scared at all. She moved closer to it, her face full of wonder.

"Hmm, you can ask me to fix it all you want, but if making a potion doesn't work, then what am I supposed to do about it? Maybe you should just take it as a bonus in life."

"There's no goddamn way! It took everything outta me just to walk here!"

Stunk managed to hide himself on the way from the inn by wrapping his magic sword in cloth and keeping his cloak shut tightly. Even then, it peeked out slightly and slapped against his leg the whole walk. It was a huge pain in the ass.

Stunk couldn't embark on any new adventures in this sorry state.

"Oh, right, you were the chief apprentice of a grand wizard, right?"

Zel put his elbow on the counter.

"Yes, that's right. And I, the humble Pyugmarie, was an outstanding, dedicated apprentice, so I made sure to absorb every last drop of knowledge from my master, and that's no exaggeration!"

"Then returning human flesh to its normal state after a set amount of time should have been a cakewalk for the grand wizard, right?"

"Yes, that would have been simple for my beloved master, and for me, her beloved apprentice, doing so is as simple as can be."

"In that case, you better work on concocting a potion ASAP if you ever want to see her again."

"That's a huge pain in my ass, but I guess I have no choice. Fine, fine, fine, I'll do it. Yeah, that's all you really want anyway, right? God, what a drag."

She kept flapping her lips at mach speed, but she seemed dejected deep down. If she wasn't a woman, Stunk would have been far more upset. Yet without her, he'd never be able to return to normal, so he didn't want to be unreasonable.

The receptionist woman, Pyugmarie, pulled out some laboratory equipment from the pile of rubbish surrounding her. While peering at something that looked like a crumpled-up lab report, she started throwing different powders and liquids into a cauldron.

"I've got an eye on you, so don't try anything fishy."

"Why would I, my fine elven gentleman? I always conduct my experiments with sincerity and seriousness. Additionally, my sword-

shifting magic creations were always first-rate. But I guess this result is the same as my previous sex-change experiment. I mean, really, I feel there's a significant demand for permanence, but I will overcome this folly and restore my former glory, ke-ke-ke-ke-ke."

Flames erupted around the bottom of the cauldron. In the meantime, Pyugmarie and Zel exchanged information on alchemy. The group's blushing, cherubic companion looked on, face wrought with worry.

"Are you sure we can trust this woman...?"

"I'm a bit worried, too... I've seen a witch who resembled her before."

"Yeah, they come around once in a while... Mad magicians."

These types didn't have any regard for common logic or how they were adversely affecting those around them. They held intellectual curiosity above all, close to their chest, and conducted experiments ad nauseam.

Zel had taken on a number of requests in the past to stop their problematic creations from running amok and causing havoc.

To put it simply, they never learned. They just screwed up, over and over again.

"If you're watching, Zel, then I guess he's gonna be okay..."

According to Zel, creating a potion that could transform human flesh wasn't really that complicated. The hard part was returning it back to normal after a set amount of time.

Removing a man's foreskin was easy. Putting it back on was next to impossible. This was the same idea.

If Zel was still by Stunk's side the previous day, he would have definitely stopped him from taking the potion. He told Stunk he was being a reckless idiot, and Stunk couldn't say anything in return.

"Throwing myself in harm's way out of desperation because I knew this place was a bust was foolish... I've learned my lesson."

"I can't ignore that statement. Are you saying this establishment, which I poured my heart and soul into, does not satisfy you?"

"Okay, even *you* have to realize there aren't any good girls here."

"You simply have no taste, dear customer. We have many cute girls here with faint magical powers that will devote themselves to letting you do whatever you want. Additionally, we have innocent and industrious souls that will give you an erection straight from your heart! Okay, to be honest, I have a bit of a Lolita complex, so I actually prefer a low-functioning magic item that I can do whatever I want to as opposed to a living weapon that's full of magic power. They really turn me on! Yes, I'm a loli-obsessed maniac. I'm so sorry, ke-ke-ke-ke-ke."

"Is that really what *Lolita complex* means?"

This woman had way more problems than they could have anticipated.

“That said, it’s a fact that I have to accommodate for third-rate products in order for my business to continue doing well, so I’ve come up with a lot of different ideas, and recently, I finally was able to secure a man-made chimera! No, really, to be honest, I created it myself, and I was hoping to acquire some customers once I calm down a bit mentally—Oh yeah, that’s right, by the way, I had a great idea!”

Pyugmarie clapped her hands together.

“Gara, please get some tea for our guests! I won’t ask you to work with them or anything. You only need to talk, so don’t do anything with that surly temperament of yours that would end in a lawsuit, okay?”

“Are you serious? You want me to do that?”

A voice echoed from beyond the hallway, which was lined with playrooms. After a pause, the sound of rustling against the floor could be heard. The newcomer had the lower body of a snake and the upper body of a gorgeous, dark-skinned girl with frighteningly large breasts.

Crim had seen her face before and couldn’t help saying, “... Meidri...?”

“Hmm? No, you’ve got the wrong person. I was born among this trash...or wait, no, my name is Gara, the chimera. Nice to meet you!”

Gara’s face looked extremely familiar to a winged woman they knew, but her crude, listless tone of voice was particularly unsettling. Stunk and company stood silently, communicating with their eyes.

Brooz moved first, positioning himself behind Gara in an instant with his canine reflexes.

“Hmm? What’s gotten into you?”

“Nowhere to run, nowhere to hide! If you come this way, my magic sword will attack!”

Stunk blocked the front entrance and swung the sword sprouting from his crotch back and forth.

Seeing their escape routes blocked, Pyugmarie and Gara exchanged glances.

“Oh, you must be the ones looking for The Sex Marionette escapee. No, no, you most you definitely are, ke-ke-ke. Ugh, what absolutely terrible luck! I’m nearly in tears. How dreadfully unfortunate.”

“I told you we should have fled farther!!”

“But that would have been a waste for this establishment. It may be tiny, but this place is my castle.”

“This place is a dump that can’t keep a single customer!”

“Okay now, you two, leave the fighting for later. Excuse me, Pyugmarie.”

Stunk used the tip of his sword to push back the receptionist's hood. There were deep, dark circles under her eyes—clear signs of fatigue and insomnia.

"I see... You used a magic potion that modifies physical anatomy in order to change your lower body into that of a lamia and entered that joint posing as a man."

"No, Mr. Elf, the lower body you're talking about is right there."

Pyugmarie gestured toward the side of the counter with her chin and removed a piece of cloth covering the spot, revealing a lamia's lower body curled up underneath.

"It's an amazing piece of work that moves and slithers just like a real lamia's tail. But it's really heavy once you take it off."

"Why did you go through all the trouble of using something like this to steal from another shop? If this chimera girl wanted a lamia tail, you could have just whipped one up yourself. I'm sure that's what you do usually, isn't it?"

Stunk felt like something was still fishy about the situation.

The sole commonality between Pyugmarie and the creator of this lamia tail was their proven ability to create anything. Admitting that the other's work was of exceptional quality was not like them.

"The products that I create are altogether too advanced for the paltry commoners of this world. This is something that I was constantly reminded of as I bitterly made the decision to steal for the sake of making money. It was truly an unnerving event to use the design for her body, which was only created to curry favor with others."

"Wow, that was incredibly rude, and you said it without flinching."

"But the core was of my own design and a masterpiece quite different from the golem core that you see right here."

Pyugmarie raised her arm and knocked a small bottle off the table in front of her. It landed at Gara's and Brooz's feet, exploding.

The dog hybrid's eyes rolled back in his head from the stimulating powder that erupted.

"W-woof—!"

Brooz held his nose tight and tumbled to the ground. Gara stepped past him and headed for the rear exit.

"Oh, how lucky! Even though I was distracted a moment ago, this is our chance to escape!"

"What the hell...?!"

Before Zel could step in, Pyugmarie spat a round, chestnut-sized crystal from her mouth, which shattered against the counter and erupted in a flashbang.

As his world went white, Stunk was briefly dazed.

The first one to regain their sight was Crim. As a heavenly being, they were probably used to bright lights. Crim quickly assessed the situation and raised their voice.

“They’re fleeing in different directions!”

“When the rest of us recover, we’ll split into two groups! Zel and Crim, you go after Pyugmarie! Brooz and I will go after big-titty Meidri!”

“No, Stunk, Brooz is no good. His nose is out of commission.”

“Y-yeah, I-I’m sorry, but I don’t think I’ll be any help for a while...!”

Through Stunk’s partially restored vision, he could see Brooz holding his nose and writhing in agony.

“Okay, I’ll chase after that miserable old lady myself!”

Zel rushed out of the shop to give chase. That left just Crim and Stunk... However—

“Crim, go on ahead... I can’t run...”

—the double-edged sword hanging between Stunk’s legs would cut him up if he tried to run. A sword that drank the blood of its owner—a truly magical item if ever there was one.

“Don’t look so depressed with such a ridiculous thing dangling between your thighs!”

“Are you saying there’s anything more serious than having something wrong with your cock?!”

“Ugh, whatever! If it’s such a big problem, then just change your running posture! See...? Like this...! Oh, yikes, I don’t want to touch it.”

Crim scrunched up their face in abject horror as they wrapped Stunk’s magic sword in a handkerchief before hefting it up to Stunk’s chest. Then Crim used some chains lying on the floor of the shop to wrap the sword against Stunk’s torso and secure it before pulling his cloak down over the top.

“This should be fine, right?”

“Umm, oof... Well, I guess so...but the point of the sword is pretty much aimed right at my neck... This is terrifying.”

“You just need to put some cloth over the top, see?”

Crim wrapped the tip of the blade, which was sticking out near Stunk’s neck, in cloth. It looked beyond absurd, but Stunk was able to retain enough range of motion in his lower body to run somehow.

“Wow, Crim, you’re really giving me some trade secrets here. As expected of a great-sword wielder...I owe you one.”

“I wish I could be happy hearing that, but...”

Crim and Stunk flew out the back exit and into the alley. Thankfully, an obvious track from the snake’s thick tail was easily visible on the ground. In hot pursuit of Gara, Stunk ran while Crim

flew.

“Oh god... It’s rubbing against my throat and face through the cloth with every stride... This is the worst...”

“Let’s catch Pyugmarie and make sure you get returned to normal.”

“This must be how all those succu-girls felt when I whipped ’em across the face with it...”

“I highly doubt that...”

“Well, how did they react when you slapped them in the face with *your* huge cock?”

“I would never do such a thing! That is so disrespectful!”

“What the—? You’ve got such a giant cock, and you don’t slap ’em around with it even a little bit? That’s such a rotten waste of your gift.”

“Could you please not call it a rotten waste in this or any context?!”

“Well, if it’s not a rotten waste, it’s at least starting to go bad, eh? The girls would say something like *It smells! It smells...! But I love it, oh god, I love it!* Then they’d sniff harder and rub their faces against it, right?”

“Can we *please* focus on the task at hand?”

Crim continued to dodge Stunk’s odd line of questioning. Stunk smirked and changed his bleak outlook. Poking fun at Crim had put an extra pep in his step. But when he saw a waterway blocking their path, his smile faded again.

It was a wide canal used for transport. The problem was that the banks were paved with stone, and the serpentine tracks were no longer visible.

“Wh-what should we do, Stunk?”

“Don’t freak out. She sticks out like a sore thumb, so we should be able to track her down without too much trouble.”

“But at a glance, she just looks like a lamia with dark skin. Will she really stick out...?”

“Now, now, Crim. She’s a *big-titty*, dark-skinned lamia. Her tits were unreal. They had to be at least G- or H-cup. Maybe even J or K. She’ll definitely turn more than a few heads.”

Because her bust was designed by a client, the size was truly blown out of proportion. How could anyone forget bearing witness to such mountainous mammaries?

They couldn’t. Plain and simple. Stunk’s instincts told him there wasn’t a single person alive who could forget.

Not unless they were exclusively into the younger types, or simply not into women at all.

As evidence of this line of thought, Stunk was able to glean

information about the girl immediately.

“She dived right in...”

“Tits and all...”

“I’d give anything to be that water...”

A number of men were still staring at the water with euphoric looks on their faces. According to them, they witnessed a pair of massive breasts floating past—as expected—and immediately pointed in the direction they went. Furthermore, they reported that the brown buoys traveled toward the end of the canal, against the current.

“She was more like an eel than a snake, really.”

“At any rate, now we know exactly the way she was headed—let’s go!”

Stunk and Crim sprinted alongside the waterway, keeping one eye on it. They passed by small merchant boats loaded with cargo and traveling mermaids. This waterway was not simply for transport within the town—it was also a passageway for aquatic life.

Stunk and Crim came to a fork in the waterway. A number of mermen also poked their smiling faces out of the water, all looking in the same direction.

“Wow, what nice tits...”

“I wonder if she’s taken...”

“I want to fertilize her eggs...”

“Stunk, I’ll admit that you were right about the lamia’s boobs turning heads, but I also have to admit I’m dying a little inside.”

“Why? What’s wrong with guys liking tits?”

“No, what I’m saying is, I feel a bit dead inside because in my heart of hearts, I feel the same way they do... But I couldn’t for the life of me tell you why...”

Crim was still at the point where they felt embarrassed by sexual matters. They had already written over ten succubus-joint reviews. Just how long did they intend to play innocent? Maybe they just were, plain and simple. Despite being the ringleader of poking fun at Crim, even Stunk began to feel genuine concern.

“Listen up, Crim, don’t deny your instincts. The only time you should is when it might lead to sexual play getting even more hot and heavy—”

“Please don’t say such reckless things...”

“Here’s an example. A girl who supposedly hates men might say *Don’t come near me* at first, right? That’s when you say, *Don’t be that way, baby. If you actually listened to your body, you’d have to admit that it was you who wanted to be close to me.* Got it?”

“.....Let’s return our attention to our task.”

“That’s that, and this is this. I’ll remain faithful to my sexual appetite for life. Even now, I can feel a very clear throbbing

sensation... Oh shit, the magic sword moved!”

Stunk’s member, still clinging to his chest, started to throb from his intensified cravings. Even though the blade between his legs had taken on a drastically different appearance, its true nature wasn’t going to change. After all, it was Stunk’s one and only life partner, which had been with him from the very beginning.

“I’m relieved... He’s the same as always. I’m so sorry, partner. I was convinced you’d just become a pain in the crotch. But in the end, I really do need you...!”

“Please stop talking to your penis...”

“Okay, why don’t you give it a whirl? He’s actually pretty shy and polite.”

In that moment... *Splloosh—!*

The dark-skinned Meidri’s face suddenly burst from the surface of the water before them.

“Pwahh! How long do you expect me to hold my breath?!”

She turned around. Their eyes met.

“...Ugh, were you really still following me?”

“Now’s your chance, Stunk! Don’t let her get away!”

Stunk picked up the angelic youth like a feather and hurled them at Gara full force.

“What in the world are you doiiiiing?!”

“Who is that blond person flying at me?!”

In the instant before they collided—

—a leg flew out from the side, connecting with Crim’s ribs. Crim cried out in pain and got thrown off trajectory, barely retaining composure and fluttering their wings to come to a stop just above the water’s surface.



A stern-faced man had delivered the kick from a small pleasure craft sailing next to them.

"I see you're after this girl, are you?"

The man leaped over to the paved canal bank and stood in front of Gara, shielding her.

"Stunk...you are destined to battle me. Remember that."

"You again? Ugh..."

It was the six-armed, Buddha-faced swordsman, Vilchana. He put his hand down toward the water and beckoned for Gara to come to him.

"Woman, if you step behind me, I will guarantee your safety."

"Really? Has a knight in shining armor actually shown up to rescue me?"

Gara took Vilchana's hand and rose from the water's surface.

"Just to fill you in, that chick is actually stolen property."

"Treating a living person as a commodity? Have you become the lapdog of a slave trader?"

"No, I mean someone took it upon themselves to give this stolen property a soul... Wow, I'm not very good at explaining this."

"Really? Are you guys gonna sit there and talk about me like I'm an item?"

Gara stuck out her tongue. She was more sensitive than Meidri, or rather, more immature. Realizing that the one who customized her must have been a first-rate pervert, it could be said she turned out exactly the way he wanted.

Vilchana remained silent as he stared at Stunk. There was a cold light in his eyes. Colder than the purest driven snow melted into a blade of ice.

"It matters not to me. I have only one thing to say."

"I knew it! This hunk is a soldier of love who will fight for my honor!"

"Duel me, Stunk. If you win, you may have your way with this woman."

"That's right, and if the hunk wins, he can take me—Wait, what?"

Gara and Vilchana seemed to be having some miscommunication, but it didn't change the facts. If anything, the situation had only gotten worse from when Stunk was simply chasing a pair of breasts.

Stunk stared back into Vilchana's icy gaze and twisted his face into a snarl.

"I guess I have no choice. I'll take your stupid challenge."

CHAPTER 4
MAGICAL LUBE

On an anchored cargo boat, Crim stared longingly at the canal bank. Surrounded by roughneck sailors, the angel's gorgeous features stood out remarkably. Crim was preparing to set out for a journey down the Great River. That said, it was only a half-day trip.

"I'm sorry, this always happens to us in times of trouble..."

"Don't worry about it. We really do need to fix Brooz's nose, though."

Stunk waved lightheartedly from the bank.

Crim's duty was to accompany the canine beastman Brooz. At Love Bringer, Brooz's nose was taken out of commission by a spray from a cursed potion. Because he was a dog-hybrid with a nose that was extra sensitive to begin with, his olfactory senses were severely affected by the curse's power—to the greatest extent possible.

Curing it would require a visit to a sacred venue or the intervention of a high-level medical magician. However, Stunk and company had recently learned there was a third option.

"If you're looking for disenchantment, there's a magical lube that apparently works quite well."

The blue-skinned, two-horned demon, Samtahn—whom the crew happened to run into as a familiar face in the naval town—spoke up.

He had heard about a commotion in the next town over and rushed over out of curiosity, when he stumbled upon Stunk and company, he'd said. Samtahn was even more versed in dark-elemental magic and curses than Zel.

"It's a slimy lube that requires magic to use, but some varieties boost the efficacy of magic conductivity, I've heard. At any rate, Brooz has the cursed power embedded deep in his nasal cavity, right? If that's the case, I would expect it to work. That said, using the lube at will requires a level of practice, so finding someone who can utilize it is the first hurdle."

"Oh, in that case, I might know someone."

"Come to think of it, the first succubus joint you ever visited had something to do with this, didn't it, Crim?"

"...Yes. That's right."

After exchanging conversation, Crim and Brooz got on the boat. The succubus joint that employed magical lube was just down the Great River from here.

Their vessel raised anchor and departed.

"Brooz, stay strong, and let's flush out your nose with the magical lube!"

"I'm sure the nasty stuff will get all stuck and matted in my fur, but I'll persevere!"

Brooz was beyond fatigued, and his expression turned even

darker. Stunk didn't look particularly well, either, although it was nothing compared with Brooz.

"Stunk, shouldn't you have gotten on board, too? That brutal thing between your legs could also be effectively disenchanted with magical lube as well, no?"

"It's not like I don't want to have my sword disenchanted by a bunch of cute magician chicks with some special lube. But really, I can't ignore my promise to take that dude's challenge."

"The asura?"

"Yeah, that's right. He's blue, just like you."

Stunk's duel with Vilchana was set for dusk, on a small hill outside the town. Apparently, they'd both learned their lesson about getting arrested for shedding blood near civilians.

"Given his overly serious disposition, there's no way he'll break the appointment. And I refuse to let the extra prize, Gara, get away. Because of that, I'll have to stomach his demands, for the sake of finishing this business as quickly as possible..."

"That thing between your legs is going to pose a problem, however."

Stunk's magic sword was still wrapped in cloth and stuck to his chest. It wasn't impeding his ability to get from point A to point B, but he had limited upper-body motion.

"Can you take down a six-armed swordsman like that?"

"That's the thing, isn't it? Geez, I'm in a bind. My last ray of hope, Zel, hasn't come back from chasing after Pyugmarie... Samtahn, you're well versed in incantation, right?"

"More than most, yes."

"Is there any way you can fix this?"

"What's in it for me?"

He was a demon, after all. He was rather coldhearted, or maybe just blunt.

"I'll buy you lunch. So please do something about this razor-sharp crotch blade of mine. Even if you can't fully disenchant it, if I can just get by for a period of time...maybe you can make it small enough to not get in the way? It did go back to normal once, so it shouldn't be impossible."

"Treating it without knowing the exact proportions of the ingredients in the potion is impossible, but as for getting by in the meantime...I think we can do that. I expect a full-course lunch."

"Full-course, eh? All right, then, let's go. I expect your treatment immediately after you eat."

They clarified the price and terms of their agreement and made a deal. That was how you got along with the demon Samtahn. Adding to that, it was imperative to remember the content of the conversation

verbatim.

Stunk kept his eyes peeled for a quality eatery while walking through town.

“Full-course, full-course... Oh, this place looks good.”

“It’s...a food stall.”

There was a delicious scent wafting toward them from an extremely common food stall. It was serving chicken skewers brushed with a savory sauce. Stunk called out to the middle-aged lamia man with gusto.

“Hey, pops, we’ll take one of everything you got! The full-course treatment! And as a separately wrapped order, I’ll take two each of the leeks and garlic, along with an order of wings, *bonjiri*, hearts, gizzards, liver, skin, and cartilage...all salted!”

“You got it, bub! The full-course treatment and more, coming right up!”

The food-stall owner wrapped both orders of chicken skewers in dragon-oak leaves and handed them to Stunk.

“Whaddaya think, Samtahn? This here’s a full-course chicken-skewer lunch.”

Stunk was beaming with triumph as he handed the food to Samtahn.

This was moronic chicanery. *Full-course lunch* meant a gourmet spread at a luxurious restaurant. However, the stoic demon simply cocked his head briefly to the side and nodded, seemingly satisfied.

“This is definitely a full-course meal. I will dig in without hesitation.”

“That’s right, eat to your heart’s content!”

In a sense, Samtahn had a high level of integrity. Even at face value, he would absolutely follow through on an agreement, and even if someone used his words to trip him up to an extent, he wouldn’t get angry. If anything, he showed a notion of respect.

Thanks to Samtahn being so agreeable, my wallet got by with minimal damage, too.

If Stunk was going to splurge, he wanted to do it at a succu-joint. Chicken skewers required many individual orders, so it wasn’t the cheapest thing in the world, but it was nothing like indulging at a gourmet restaurant.

The pair sat down at the edge of a fountain in the city and ate their chicken skewers.

“Mmm, not bad. The meat is okay, but this sauce is delicious. I could drink it by itself.”

“By the way, what were you doing in this town anyway?”

“I heard there was an interesting succu-joint here. One that has living-weapon girls.”

“It was an absolute scam, and you might consider it now out of business.”

“What the—? I came here for nothing, it seems. How unfortunate.”

Samtahn’s eyes bulged nervously and wriggled back and forth. Because he was honest, when his objective went out the door, he didn’t know what to do with himself.

“Don’t sweat it; you currently have the duty of helping my crotch get back to normal. That’s all you need to think about right now. So come on, hurry up and eat. I already finished mine.”

“H-hmm, fine then. But...this is a lot of food.”

“Yeah, well, it’s one of everything they had, and two kinds of sauces...”

Samtahn belched, and having finished half of his skewers, his expression darkened. He started rubbing his stomach repeatedly. He was relatively slender, so he probably wasn’t the biggest eater.

“If you can’t finish, should I help you out?”

“What are you saying? Our agreement is that I will eat lunch and then mend your manhood. If I let you eat my food, we’ll need a new pact.”

“Ohhh...I see. Yeah, you’re right. In that case, eat up.”

Samtahn’s blue skin turned an ashen gray, and he oozed globules of oily sweat. His horns even seemed to droop downward.

When he finally managed to finish everything, the young demon looked like he was on the edge of his deathbed.

“Ohhh, oof...*urp*...gehhh.”

“Oh, don’t puke here. We’re on a main street, and it’s the middle of the day.”

Stunk couldn’t have fathomed this disastrous debacle. He thought it would be unfair to choose an establishment that only served a few dishes, leading him to choose chicken skewers, but it completely backfired.

However, Samtahn had finished everything in the end. He pointed his face toward the sky as he belched in succession and managed to withstand the torment of his gluttony.

“Oof...*urp*...hahh...hahh, okay, should we get to your treatment?”

“Shouldn’t you maybe take a breather first...?”

“We agreed I would treat you soon after lunch. Here goes—”

“What, here?”

“Soon. After. Lunch.”

Stunk was pretty sure there were other ways to interpret *soon*, but at any rate, it didn’t matter. He was now assaulted with the humiliation of having his junk—a steel shadow of its former fleshy form—exposed to the public.

The agreed-upon hillside outside town was tinged a deep red.

The two swordsmen faced against each other. The six-armed, Buddha-faced asura held three different blades, waiting patiently.

The other looked grim and only had two arms. He rested his double-edged longsword against his handheld blade and growled listlessly.

“So what are the terms of victory?”

“There are no terms in a battle to the death. It’s simply kill or be killed.”

“Ugh, you guys are the worst. That leaves a bad taste in my mouth, win or lose.”

“That is unavoidable in a true case of victory or defeat.”

“Your worldview is seriously warped, man...”

Slaying monsters was Stunk’s bread and butter. But dueling an intelligent species to the death would be beyond awkward. Stunk was far more into the idea of activities that could potentially create life rather than take it. If he actually felt enmity toward Vilchana, that would’ve been one thing, but a duel would be little more than a pain in the ass.

“I’ve agreed to meet you here, so you’ll have to stomach my conditions. Whoever takes the other’s head off, or forces them to surrender, is the victor.”

“...There’s no way you’re considering surrender the moment our battle begins, are you, Stunk?”

“I wouldn’t be able to claim my prize then, would I?”

Stunk looked toward Gara, who was behind Vilchana.

Her eyes were narrowed, and she was clearly unnerved. And of course, she was tied to a tree with some rope, her range of motion completely restricted.

“Vilchana, you’re actually pretty handsome, but my god, your personality is incredibly annoying.”

“I’m aware. But you really should stick with me.”

“As for the seedy-looking guy with the beard, I can only see ill intent behind his eyes.”

“That’s not entirely true! There should only be around seventy percent ill intent!”

“Ugh, just get it over with! I don’t care who wins—just untie me already! How long do you think I’ve been stuck like this, you morons?!”

Turning their backs to the disgruntled golem, who was howling like a banshee, the atmosphere on the hillside completely changed. Vilchana took a half step forward.

“I don’t like having to tie up a woman, but...there was no other choice.”

“I’ve been curious for a while now, but...it looks something scratched the hell outta your face. What happened there?”

“She was throwing a fit, so I had to tie her up...”

Vilchana’s Buddha face was covered in gashes, and he looked worn out. However, any exhaustion in his expression swiftly subsided.

Whoosh—

Vilchana closed the distance between them with another half step, and the air around them went icy, like a frozen highland in the dead of winter.

“When a leaf falls from the tree, the second it hits the ground, we shall embrace death.”

“Umm, the tree’s behind you. How are you gonna see the leaf?”

“I can feel its presence. My singular face is a failure in and of itself. But though I may have only one face, I have trained to feel and understand all creation through my ears, eyes, nose, and skin.”

“But you were easily apprehended by the predatory-bird guard who flew in just the other day, weren’t you?”

“That was negligence. I have since learned my lesson. That will not happen again.”

Vilchana used one of his hands to throw a small knife behind him. It embedded itself into a tree, and a single leaf fell from its branches. It lilted slowly and gently, as if the atmosphere were playing with it. As it approached the ground, it started to fall even more slowly.

But it was only because of Stunk’s bodily functions. His honed nerves were slowing down the sensation of time. He thought the falling leaf would drift, dancing along the air current, when it neared its final resting place—

“Achoo—!”

Gara’s sneeze propelled the leaf upward, causing its landing to be delayed by a single beat.

In that moment, Vilchana slashed forward without hesitation.

“Hyaaa—!”

“Not so fast.”

Stunk took a large step back as all three of Vilchana’s blades whiffed in front of his nose by a hair’s breadth.

“You evaded my first blow, as expected. Excellent!”

“Now you’ll have to deal with me.”

As Stunk dashed backward, he drew his longsword out diagonally in an arc that avoided all three of Vilchana’s blades. He was aiming for Vilchana’s neck but blocked the slash with his shoulder epaulet. Feeling the weight of Stunk’s slash, Vilchana cried out in wonder. His expression remained indifferent, but a euphoric smile crept onto his face.

Thunk.

An acorn hit Vilchana on the head, and his smile twisted bitterly.

“No matter how careful you are, *that’s* the face you should make when your enemy exposes your weakness!”

Stunk had launched the acorn with his thumb in the same instant that the falling leaf was pushed up by Gara’s sneeze. The opening that Vilchana revealed was extremely small. But Stunk stepped in confidently, fully reading his opponent, and moved to close the gap.

Stunk dropped his body low and put his hands on the ground, going in for a sweep kick.

“Oof!”

Vilchana raised one of his legs to evade the sweep, but in the same moment, Stunk slashed sideways, aiming for his knee.

“Gehhh...”

Vilchana blocked the blow with the curved sword in his middle right hand and disengaged. Then Stunk righted his footing and faced Vilchana again.

There was a moderate distance between them once more. They were a step too far for any fatal blows and took a moment to poise themselves again.

“Intriguing. Very intriguing.”

“Is *intriguing* your favorite word or something?”

“Stunk, your swordsmanship lacks beauty. It is like a snake slithering through mud. You ask me to observe your prestigious blade, but you’ve already cast it aside. The one you wield now reeks of filth. For this reason, surely you will concede that my swordsmanship is superior!”

Vilchana dropped his center of gravity and shot at Stunk like an arrow. Using his middle arms, he thrust a razor-sharp katana toward Stunk.

Damn, he’s way faster than I thought!

Yet no matter how quick the thrust was, Stunk could not afford to be mesmerized by a single sword. His enemy was an asura, which meant Stunk had *three* blades and *six* hands to worry about.

Vilchana’s thick dagger in his middle right hand came down diagonally, aiming for Stunk’s neck. His curved sword in his middle left hand swept close to the ground, on track to slice Stunk’s shins... Or rather, it plunged into the dirt and scattered sand into Stunk’s eyes.

“You cheat—!”

Stunk immediately shut his eyes to shield them from the sand, performing a blind backflip to evade the additional threats headed his way.

Dirt pelted his face as Vilchana’s katana and dagger collided with a thunderous clash. Afterward, Stunk could hear an abnormal rush of wind. It was Vilchana’s katana carving an irregular path through the

air.

“Secret Blade Technique: Throat of Ananta!”

Whoa...! Fear shot up Stunk’s spine.

“Nrgh!”

“Hrk!”

Stunk immediately dropped his hips to the ground and managed to repel Vilchana’s thrust with his powerful blade. By the skin of his teeth, he was able to deflect both additional weapons rushing toward him.

His eyes now open, Stunk was able to meet Vilchana’s joyful gaze.

“You’ll chip your swords using them like that, y’know.”

“You saw through my secret skill without even using your eyes... Incredible!”

Vilchana refused to give up the offensive and instead threw out more secret techniques. This time, all three of his blades danced on different trajectories and collided in midair. The cataclysmal rush of all three weapons colliding became a fearsome attack that traveled in new directions Stunk couldn’t predict. This was the true nature of Vilchana’s hidden abilities.

Even though Stunk understood the essence of the attacks, avoiding them was another story. On top of Vilchana’s katana taking on a drastically different form, his technique made it seem as though there were far more than three blades present.

“Oof, ugh, lay off, will ya?”

“Yet you still evade! Incredible!”

There was nothing incredible about this for Stunk. He was just barely surviving by dodging and deflecting, but he was being forced to spend all his time in the defensive.

Vilchana was stronger than he thought, which was a serious pain. To make matters worse, in contrast with Stunk’s initial impression, Vilchana didn’t even fight with honor.

“I didn’t peg you for the kind of cheap bastard to throw sand in my eyes!”

“I have escaped death countless times. There will come a time when I must resort to dirty tricks, just as you must.”

“All I wanna do is get this over with as quickly as possible, dumbass.”

Stunk realized he should have asked Samtahn to step in for a surprise attack but quickly reconsidered.

This guy wouldn’t be satisfied by that. He’d just end up coming after me again soon after.

It turned out that this huge pain in the ass had a thing for Stunk. Stunk really would have preferred not to be hounded like this, even if it were a cute girl chasing him instead. Girls were the best when they

were hot and bothered, squealing hard, and getting drilled like champions.

Stunk wanted nothing more than to enjoy the company of a woman like that right at that very moment.

“Ugh, I want to go home...”

“Why would you say such a thing in the middle of our duel?”

“I just wanna have some hot, steamy sex right now...”

“There is no greater joy than our battle, Stunk.”

“No, this is just terrifying. What’s fun about this to you?”

“There is no reason for an accomplished swordsman such as yourself to be shaken by cowardice. Is this some elaborate strategy to get me to drop my guard?”

“Yep, ya caught me...”

The maelstrom of battle and conversation raged on. Both warriors had exceptional levels of skill.

“...You have six fucking arms, after all.”

“You speak the truth. Not only that, but I have honed my skills in order to fight with these six arms for quite some time.”

“Don’t you feel like you have too many sometimes? Don’t they just get in the way?”

“Some of us cannot wield them adeptly, depending on the number.”

“Having six arms has to be much more of a challenge compared with having only two.”

Stunk narrowed his eyes silently. He’d had enough time to size Vilchana up. As the pair of warriors continued to trade blows, Stunk suddenly surged forward with the sword dangling betwixt his thighs.

“Guhhh...”

Vilchana had a cut on his cheek, but he refused to let something so trivial bother him as his blades continued dancing toward Stunk. To his surprise, however, Stunk remained completely unharmed.

With each of Stunk’s guttural groans, his longsword flew forward and made shallow cuts on Vilchana’s skin and clothing. They were nothing close to mortal wounds, but they were landing soundly and in rapid succession.

“The interference caused from battling you shoulder to shoulder definitely limits any real openings.”

“And fighting with two arms leaves a great distance between us—incredible.”

Due to their difference in anatomy, the two-armed human and six-armed asura had inherent differences in their distancing. Even though Stunk had fewer blades, taking advantage of the distance between him and his opponent meant he still had means to fall back on.

Everything had merits and demerits. The same was true for having

a massive cock—something most men longed to possess.

That said, I can't be out of options. Not yet.

Both warriors retreated, creating a huge amount of space between them. They stopped in their tracks to catch their ragged breath. Sweat poured from them in globes, and their heartbeats raged against their sternums. Both of their bodies grew sluggish.

They had crossed swords while flying around each other with ease, but every one of their attacks was dripping with killing intent. Each blow they traded was taking a toll on their nervous systems. And the mental fatigue was now draining their stamina.

Both warriors could see the other's breaking point nearing.

"I think we should call this a draw before long."

"Agreed. Let's decide this with the next clash."

Vilchana raised all three of his blades in varying directions and positions. His torso was completely exposed.

He took the bait.

Vilchana may have had an advantage in the number of weapons he possessed, but he was not as good at distancing. It was difficult to get him to go on the defensive. Because he had three swords, he was naturally inclined to be over three times as efficient in a defensive stance.

He would block his opponent's strikes and step in when their stance faltered in order to deliver an attack of his own. What could Stunk do to stave off this fighting style?

"...Allow me to end this immediately. I won't even give you a chance to defend."

Stunk raised his longsword low along his hips, with his right hand simply held against it. He secured the pommel of his sword with the pointer finger and thumb of his left hand. This position was intended to make his sword feel longer, thus easier to perform a quick strike.

"Stunk of great pride! Come at me!"

"Rrrwaaa—!"

Stunk kicked the ground heavily with his rear leg and turned into a bolt of lightning. His sword flashed purple with electricity as he slashed forward, aiming at Vilchana's windpipe. Vilchana gathered his three blades in an instant to refuse to let the fatal blow through.

In less than the blink of an eye, they converged. Blood danced through the air.

"Spectacular..."

Vilchana's Buddha face had been grazed by Stunk's lightning-fast blade.

It wasn't a direct hit. Vilchana's katana and dagger barely managed to collide with Stunk's longsword and lock it in place. Thanks to their momentum, the two were almost forced directly

against each other. This was not longsword-striking distance.

“I felt the fear of death...brave warrior Stunk.”

Vilchana’s only free blade, his curved sword, arced through the air. It was a perfectly shaped blade to use at this distance.

“Not a chance.”

Stunk produced a knife with his right hand. He had only used his left hand in his attack moments ago, slipping his right hand into his chest pocket to prepare.

Getting within comfortable striking distance of his opponent and pulling out his favorite dagger for a surprise attack was Stunk’s ploy all along. His knife was shorter than the curved sword, and quicker besides. It would reach Vilchana’s neck first, and the rest would be history.

At least, it should have been. Instead, Vilchana took the knife and pushed his own face toward it.

Was this suicide? No, it couldn’t be.

The knife froze in midair. Stunk tried to urge it forward, but it wouldn’t move.

Vilchana had chomped down on the blade with tremendous force, holding it in place with his teeth, like a lion, and refusing to let go.

“This is my victory!”

Vilchana swung his curved blade toward Stunk, preparing to take his head off.

I was one step behind...!

Stunk felt time slow to a crawl, and it condensed further the closer Vilchana’s blade got to his neck. All his memories rushed to flood his mind’s eye in a single moment. He saw his entire life flash before his eyes.

He saw the first time he had ever visited a succubus joint.

Back then, he had visited an incredible joint and had thrust so hard, he thought his hips would fall right off.

There was his first time being drained dry at a succubus joint.

There was the time he shed bitter tears after his first experience at a terrible joint.

Infinite memories of succubus joints—of all shapes, sizes, and dispositions—flooded his mind.

They were such precious memories. He had led a truly amazing life.

In his final moment, a surge of energy welled up in his crotch. It must have been his preservation instincts telling him to leave his seed behind in this world.

No, that wasn’t it.

Stunk felt like a voice had called out to him. A powerful force defying death welled up from within... From his crotch.

His blade was calling out to him. It was infuriated. It was telling him not to roll over and die, having easily been swayed by the touching memories from his life.

Some would even say this was the erection of a lifetime.

“Rrrrraaaaaaaaaaggggghh!”

The bind that Samtahn had affixed to Stunk’s crotch was torn asunder. His pants were ripped in half, and the magic sword between his legs cleaved the air itself, blasting Vilchana’s curved sword back with overwhelming force.

“What the—?!”

Stunk’s below-the-belt blade surged up and utterly shattered Vilchana’s defenses. His tower of black and red throbbed heavily at a distance that could slit Vilchana’s carotid artery in an instant.

“This is my victory... No, it’s a victory for me and my boy.”

Vilchana’s remaining two swords slipped from his hands and clattered onto the ground, alongside Vilchana himself, who fell to his knees in the dirt, staring in awe at Stunk’s groin.

“Utterly ridiculous... Where in the world were you concealing such a massive weapon?”

“It’s my cock.”

“What did you say?”

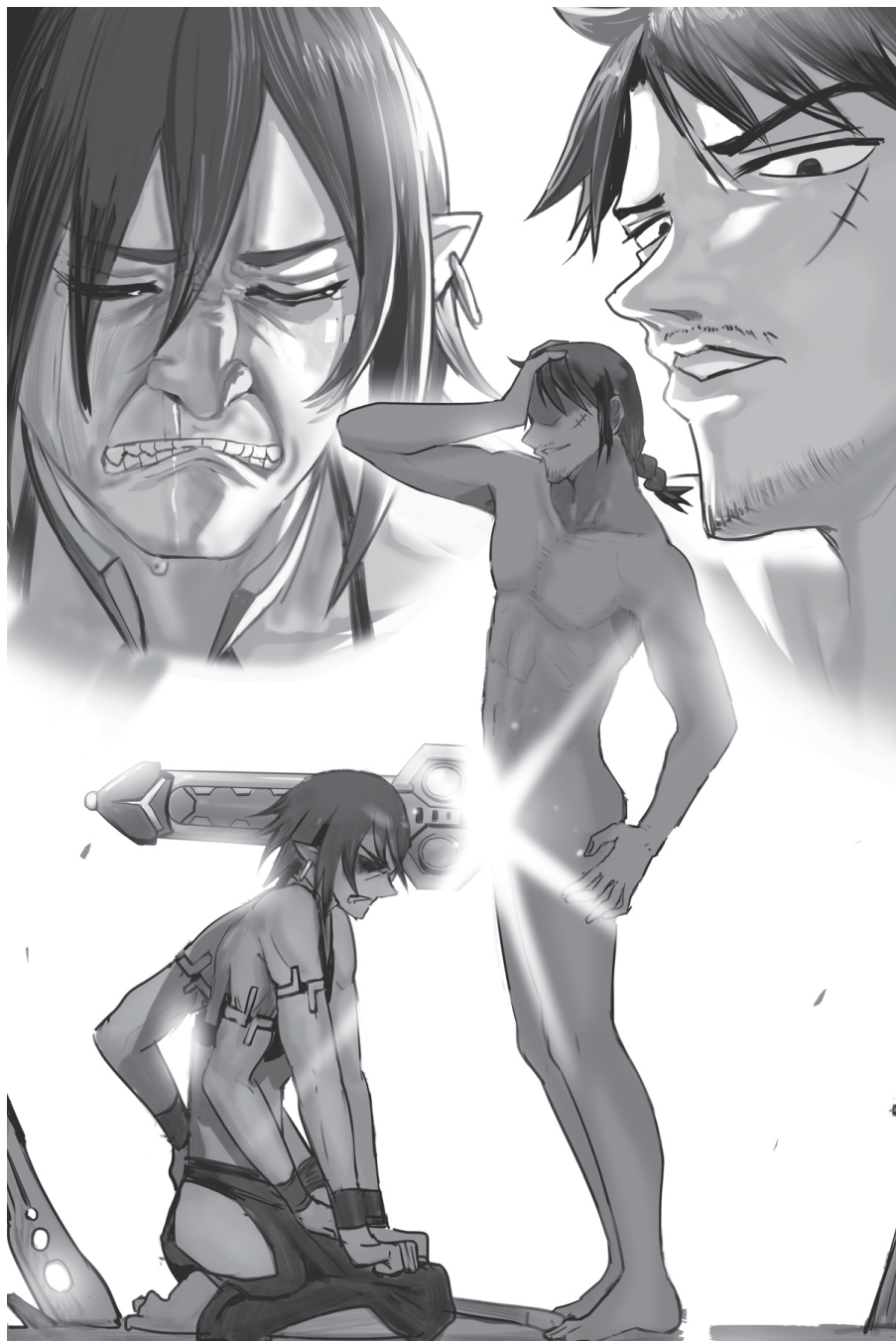
“This is my cock. My male sexual organ. My penis, and nothing more.”

“A h-human penis will become a destructive weapon of that level if honed enough...?!”

“Not exactly, but you’re not entirely wrong!”

Stunk swung his lower sword around in a circle, beaming with pride.

“You might have poured everything into techniques that use your three swords—but I have something other than my steel sword, and I’ve spent years whetting my blade against beautiful women far and wide! Do you get it now? They say that the number of sperm in a single ejaculation isn’t in the hundreds or thousands, but in the hundreds of millions!”



“The hundreds...of millions...?!”

Vilchana’s eyes were bulging out of his head. This was a far greater number than wielding three blades or having six arms. His head fell down in dejection.

“I admit total defeat. I only knew how to wield a sword and thought nothing of training my penis.”

“Oh, so my suspicions were correct? You’re a virgin?”

“I felt it inexcusable to be tempted by women and falter on the path of my blade...”

“Well, you should let me introduce you to a quality joint sometime.”

Stunk slapped Vilchana kindly on the shoulder.

Vilchana slowly looked up to him with a face that was filled with adolescent surprise and ignorance of the world around him.

“Would you...?”

“Sure. We’re blade brothers now, after all.”

What Stunk really wanted to say was, *So don’t even think about challenging me to another duel.*

For starters, the pair clasped hands in a show of mutual trust. Stunk wondered how many hands the asura would put forth for a handshake, but it was just the standard one.

“Okay, it’s time to take care of this little detail, too.”

Stunk turned his gaze toward Gara. She was just about to slip from the ropes and escape.

“...Oh, you caught me, ha-ha...”

Gara snorted, trying to laugh off her escape attempt. Her serpentine lower body had branched into countless tendrils, which were moving at her command to undo the rope knots. They were not of lamia origin, no matter which way you looked at it. They didn’t have scales, but instead, suction cups.

“Hey, you... Are those legs...tentacles?”

“It’s like, I wanted to get out of these ropes, and I was wondering if my tail would move more skillfully, and then this just happened!”

It looked like Gara didn’t really know what occurred, either.

“Oh, fantastic, the core I made is incredible after all. Her body can indeed change its physical makeup at will—very nice, very nice.”

A rapid-fire string of words could be heard from above. Looking up, Stunk saw a winged airship floating in the air.

Whoosh, whoosh—the wings flapped to keep the airship afloat. The mad witch Pyugmarie, exhaustion lining her eyes, dropped a rope down toward Gara.

“Gara, oh, Gara, come up here, hurry, hurry! Let’s run away! Let’s escape! Come now, I’ll throw a smoke screen, so watch your eyes,

okay? Hey, you bastards! Eat this!”

Pyugmarie threw a number of spherical projectiles from the ship, which exploded into plumes of smoke. Stunk was absolutely dogged from his duel to the death, making it difficult to quickly secure his target. By the time the smoke cleared, Gara was aboard the airship, far in the distance.

Tough though Stunk’s crotch was, it could not reach the heavens. And he could just barely hear their conversation.

“Hey, Pyugly, do you even have anywhere to run to?”

“No matter where we go, my desire to create will birth a new masterpiece unto this world, ke-ke-ke.”

“Enough with the inventions already! Can you do something about basic food, clothing, and shelter? Also, this airship’s rocking is making me queasy. Are you sure we won’t crash?”

“Oh, that sounds nice. Yes, we may crash. Failure is the mother of progress, after all. And next time, I’ll build an absolutely flawless airship! To be honest, this one is unsteady as all hell, and I didn’t even want to use it, but what can you do?”

“Let me off! Let me off this thing right now!”

“Ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke—!”

The pair receded into the distance until all that was left was Pyugmarie’s ominous, screeching laugh.

Stunk sighed and switched up his attitude. If there was nothing else he could do, then that was that.

“I’m sorry, Stunk, I should have cut her arms and legs off.”

Vilchana looked terribly apologetic as he made the disturbing comment.

This guy really needs to get laid.

Stunk needed to show him the way. His sense of duty as a man was tugging on his heartstrings.

Stunk met up again with Zel in the town of waterways. The elf looked like he was contemplating something but wasn’t shy about it as he shrugged and started clowning around.

“That crazy woman is so-so with magic, but she really had made a lot of insane inventions. Not to mention, she uses them all the wrong way. How could you let her go?”

“We didn’t just *let* her go, okay?”

“I put a tag on her. It’s like a tiny little bug that emits a magic signal. It will tell us the approximate direction she’s headed, so we don’t need to worry.”

Zel turned his gaze to the six-armed companion accompanying Stunk, as if to say, *And you are...?*

“So what’s the story with this guy?”

“He’s the new Crim, pretty much.”

“Oh, so we’re taking some fresh meat to their first succu-joint? Got it.”

Introducing someone who didn’t know anything about sex to a succubus joint was a unique experience. Watching their fresh reactions to everything caused a warm, fuzzy feeling to swell up in Stunk’s well-worn consciousness.

It was partially sheer amusement, too.

“I am a bit hesitant. I have little to no experience with women.”

As usual, Vilchana was serious to a fault, but he also seemed nervous.

“We better make sure not to throw him to the lions right away.”

“Yeah, and we need to fix that crotch of yours, too, Stunk.”

Stunk’s crotch blade had been temporarily disenchanted by Zel, but they didn’t know when it would revert to its steel form again, so they needed a permanent fix as soon as possible.

“Okay, I know just the place.”

“Yep, that’ll be perfect.”

The two playboys turned their smiling faces to the straitlaced swordsman.

“We’ll need to go down the river a bit, but we have an *incredible* joint we can take you to.”

“You have my thanks! If you need a boat, I happen to know someone.”

The three men had dinner before heading toward the port.

The boat that Vilchana knew of was an overnight cargo ship. All the passengers belonged to species with excellent night vision, and the captain was a dog hybrid. Vilchana had once saved his life.

Samtahn joined them around then, and all four men boarded the ship for free as it began to make its way along the current from the waterway to the Great River.

Vilchana stood at the helm and looked out over the vast water’s surface, which was easily mistakable for an ocean.

“There is an unseen world out there, isn’t there—?”

Vilchana’s mouth was pursed shut in awe, and he looked a bit stiff.

“Are you nervous?”

Slack-jawed and slovenly, Stunk posed a question to Vilchana.

“I was proud of the fact that I lived only for my blade until today—but now I feel helpless.”

“No reason to freak out. You’re still going to be using your sword.”

“My...sword...”

“Yeah, your lifelong partner. The one that’s been dangling

between your legs since the day you were born.”

Stunk chuckled like a mischievous young boy. Vilchana smiled briefly.

“I lost to your loyal partner, and I must recognize...the value of the penis.”

“Oh, and how about asuras? Do you have more than one sprouting down there, just like your arms?”

“I only have one. And it’s nowhere near as large as your loyal partner.”

“Wow, if you were bigger than this thing in magic-sword mode, I’d be floored.”

The two men laughed in tandem. Judging by the easygoing atmosphere, one would never guess they had nearly killed each other in a duel.

Then again, maybe they were getting along precisely because they had traded blows, although one of their swords was a literal crotch blade.

“You guys sure look like you’re having fun.”

Zel seemed exhausted as he walked up from the stern.

“Hey, Zel, what’s up with Samtahn?”

“Seasickness. He’s thrown up everything in his stomach, and now he’s even dry heaving.”

Gorging himself to the point of nausea had not combined well with nautical travel. The chicken skewers Stunk had treated Samtahn to were now all fish food.

“Will magical lube work for seasickness?”

“You’re gonna drink it...? I can’t, in good faith, recommend that.”

“I recognize the health risk. And I am nervous, but dealing with this unsettling sense of self is also a form of training.”

“Blaaargh... Bleeegh...”

The ship arrived just before dark.

THE ONE-OF-A-KIND JIGGLY MAGICAL MUCUS! MAGICAL LUBE!

The shop sign was glittering in the morning sun. It opened early, too. The group was able to enter just after having breakfast.

Using magical lube had a prerequisite of understanding magic, and all the girls who worked there were sorceresses.

“I need a girl who can disenchant me.”

“Wait, Stunk. If you’re after disenchantment, shouldn’t you head to a holy place or a treatment center?”

Stunk wagged his finger and clicked his tongue at the inexperienced asura.

“If it’s possible, why wouldn’t I want to get disenchanted and get my rocks off at the same time?”

Stunk was actually just waiting for a chance to fool around at a succubus joint.

“I think I understand... You’re ensuring there is no wasted time along your destined path.”

“No, I’m going to enjoy the hell out of my wasted time. Receptionist, bring this weirdo your most experienced girl!”

“Stunk, are you sure such a seasoned veteran is the right match for me?”

“This is the most important point for your first experience. Cherish it.”

“If you are willing to show me such kindness, then my cowardice will not do. I have prepared myself. Off I go.”

The remaining three men all quickly selected their partners and split up. In order to enjoy themselves to the fullest, they had to walk down their individual paths.

The room Stunk ended up in didn’t have a bed or carpet. There was just tile. The only other thing present in the room was a bathtub filled to the brim with water.

A girl wearing a mage’s hat and a black outfit with a miniskirt bowed in greeting.

“My name is Nulaala... It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

Her long hair covered her eyes, but she had a slender chin and fine facial features. Her dress was the perfect size to cling to her body, and it showed off her defined abdomen. Her bust wasn’t as large as Gara’s, but she was still a G-cup, and it had a nice shape. Her delightfully thick thighs rounded out her features nicely.

She didn’t have pointed ears, fur, or horns. She looked to be the same species as Stunk. In other words, she was human.

Stunk was an interspecies connoisseur, but it wasn’t as if he had no taste for his own species.

A strong wave of desire spread throughout his crotch, and his temporarily disenchanted sword broke its seal, causing the rock-hard blade to tower skyward.

“Oh—oh my, wow... This must be what you want to disenchant...?”

“Yes, this is my boy.”

Nulaala’s tone was hushed as she whispered, but it was her natural speaking volume. There was no fear in her voice. She was smirking slightly as she brought her face closer to the magic sword.

“Can you disenchant it? This blade is starting to be a real thorn in my side.”

“This would only be able to fit inside a slime... You poor thing.”

Nulaala’s soft voice was tickling Stunk’s ear, which only caused his magic sword to grow larger. She blew on the tip of it, and the

direct ticklish sensation combined with an inexplicable heat, running from top to bottom.

In the next moment, Stunk's member began emitting light.

"This boy is on fire!"

"Not to worry. I'm only running an analysis to see what sort of disenchantment is needed."

A vast number of light fibers flickered in and out of existence. Inexplicably, Stunk felt like his psyche was being tickled by a childlike innocence. A thought occurred to him. If you could miniaturize this magic sword and mass-produce it, it would probably be a popular toy.

Deluxe Stunk Sword, now on sale!

"Fuu—"

Nulaala blew on it one more time, which elicited a rhythmic sound from the blade.

Shaka—shaka—shaka! ♪

Doot—do—doot! ♪

Shakkin—!

"Wonderful to the MAX!"

"My boy has spoken!"

"That means he's doing well... Aside from the change to shape and hardness, he's completely healthy."

Stunk didn't really understand, but he knew this would be a hit with the kids. If he were a child, he would definitely want one.

Super Deluxe Stunk Sword, now on sale!

Nulaala must not have understood the kinds of items that stirred the souls of men. She was quietly continuing with the disenchantment.

"...This enchantment... Where was it performed, and by whom?"

"I drank a potion given to me by some crazy chick named Pyugmarie, and then this happened."

"...I had a feeling that might be the case, and it appears I was correct."

"Do you know her?!"

Nulaala laughed bitterly and started to talk about Pyugmarie. It was the story of an eccentric witch. One described as a peerless nuisance to others, a parasite who had spent half her life obsessed with her own self-satisfaction.

When Stunk had finished listening to the entire story, he screwed up his face profusely.

"...Are you serious?"

"Yes... She is quite famous among our community."

And likely for the wrong reasons, Stunk was sure. From Nulaala's story, he knew he should have never gotten involved with her.

"At any rate, I'm counting on you to fix this curse that was put on me by that evil woman."

“I am at your service.”

After responding in her delicate voice, Nulaala produced a small staff no bigger than a conductor’s wand. When she held it between her fingertips and waved it slightly, the bathtub full of water transformed into a vat of writhing gel.

“Oh, that wasn’t water. It was magical lube, right?”

“Magical lube can be freely modified in terms of property as well as movement through the power of magic.”

As Nulaala continued to wave her wand, the magical lube crawled out of the bathtub like an octopus. It stretched to reach Stunk’s feet and began to remove his clothes.

“It moves so expertly. My clothes aren’t even getting wet or sticky. This is amazing.”

“I am still very unskilled... True professionals can make the magical lube pick up a single grain of flour.”

“The lube to end all lube... *Incredible.*”

Stunk’s reaction sounded as if it had been influenced by a certain someone.

“I’m always working hard to continue progressing along my individual path...”

All of Stunk’s clothing had been removed.

“Okay, please sit here.”

“Sit? There isn’t even a chair—Whoa!”

The magical lube behind him transformed into a recessed chair. Stunk sat down apprehensively, only to discover that the chair wasn’t slimy or wet. It was a normal, hard chair.

Or so he thought.

“Okay, plop!”

The chair broke down into a flexible lump that wrapped around Stunk’s rear.

“Wh-whoa, what the—?”

Stunk’s rear end sank down into the magical lube but didn’t reach the floor. The lube was flopping around and unstable, but it welcomed him gently, just like another one of Stunk’s favorite things.

“It feels like I’m being received by a soft pair of tits...”

“Men really do love breasts, don’t they...?”

Nulaala waved her wand in a circle, and the feeling of skin against breasts enveloped Stunk’s arms, legs, and neck.

“Oh wow, I’m drowning... I’m drowning in boobs...!”

“Please relax your body... With this, that disaster between your legs will be a thing of the past.”

Nulaala spoke like she was comforting a child and waved her wand again. The magical lube surrounded Stunk’s magic sword and adhered to it.

“Oh god, my magic sword is getting it from all sides, just like a great titty-fuck.”

“Your sensations are returning to normal slowly but surely, aren’t they?”

“Yeah, you’re right. Hearing you say it, it’s true.”

Stunk couldn’t even feel pain or pleasure with his magic sword at first, but now he could sense the softness enveloping him.

“I’ll start the disenchanting process with the nerves closest to its surface. If it feels good, you’re totally welcome to struggle and squirm against it.”

“Whoa, a man struggling and squirming? That sounds kinda sad...”

“You men feel the pressure to act so strong all the time... But there’s no one else here, so please writhe against it if you wish.”

Nulaala whispered in a motherly tone. Stunk’s pride melted away. No matter how old they got, all men were soft at heart.

While drowning in the sensation of breasts nestled against him, Stunk gently tried to put energy into his hips.

Shaka—shaka—shaka! ♪

Doot—do—doot! ♪

Shakkin—!

“Wonderful to the MAX!”

“Down, boy!”

“It seems he’s getting excited... He likely has impulses to attack now that he’s taken on the form of a sword. Come on now, writhe alongside your wild boy.”

“Unnngh... Unf...okay...mmm...”

Stunk still had the ability to move his hips, even in his unstable position. With each writhing motion, he gradually picked up speed. His magic sword pierced the magical lube. It cut through, shred it in half, and repeatedly pierced it. But no matter how many times he tried, the magical lube quickly returned to its previous location. He slashed it as many times as he wanted.

“Wow, this is pretty fun...! Sliding around in here is incredible!”

“Wonderful to the MAX!”

“I changed the magical lube’s properties to be more fleshlike, and it seems you liked that... Please continue sliding around and slashing... I will begin disenchanting in earnest now.”

Nulaala began reciting an unintelligible incantation. The clear magical lube took on a light blue-green sheen. The sparkle interfered with the glow emitting from the Super Deluxe Stunk Sword and counteracted against it.

“Oh...my fire is subsiding...”

“I will remove the curse bit by bit... Please continue struggling and writhing, allowing your wild boy’s impulses to do as they please.”

“Okay, I’ll writhe away.”

Stunk’s ecstasy increased with each movement, and his sword’s glow dwindled proportionately. It was very gradual, but its size was also diminishing.

The thrumming sound it emitted, as well its larger-than-life visual effects, started to become disrupted and disappear.

Shaka—shaka—shaka—do—doot—kin.

“Wonderful to the MAX...”

“My boy! My son... He’s disappearing...!”

Finally, the time had come. However, a piercing hopelessness ravaged Stunk’s chest like a glacial northern wind.

His loyal partner had been there for him since he was born. It had only been a few days since he’d turned into a sword. His boy’s current form was the result of an accident. Once he returned to his former self, it would be great cause for celebration.

But... Thinking about the fact that I’ll have to part with this giant blade, which is so much bigger than Crim’s...

Stunk’s massive member, which would probably get him banned from succubus joints, continued to shrink.

But Stunk’s ecstasy was only skyrocketing. A strange sense of malaise cried out with grief in Stunk’s heart.

“My boy... My wild boy...”

“Wo-wo-won...”

“What is it, boy? What do you want to say, you magnificent bastard?”

“...wonderful to the MA...MA...MAX...”

The voice had gone frail, like he was really saying good-bye. All that remained in the whirlpool of magical lube was his member, completely back to normal.

The magic sword had disappeared forever right before Stunk’s very eyes.

“My boy... My boyyyyyyyyyy! I’ll never forget how you saved my life during the duel! Farewell, Super Deluxe Stunk Sword! Arrrrrggggggh—!”

Stunk thrust his hips like a madman. He was sobbing as he thrashed about in the sloshing, sticky mess of magical lube. Before long, Stunk had approached climax.

“Unnnghhhh... Here it comes! One last parting shot!”

Pshuuuuu! Stunk’s load pierced the magical lube. He released every last drop within the magical lube, and when he was done, he was forcibly expelled from the tub. He hit the tile floor, and an unnerving black vapor was emanating from his crotch.

“The disenchantment is now complete...”

Nulaala wiped the sweat from her neck with a towel.

“Now then, it’s time for the actual magical lube play.”

“Wait, it’s gonna get better than this?”

“Oh yes. Much better.”

“Hell yeah! I’m so ready!”

Stunk wiped the tears from his eyes, bursting with joy before giving himself over to magical-lube playtime. His heart was replete with gratitude.

Thank you, Super Deluxe Stunk Sword...! My wild boy’s true form will take it from here!



The crew finished writing their reviews at a pub close to the succu-joint and raised their glasses in a toast.

“To Stunk’s crotch recovery!”

“To Vilchana’s first succubus-joint experience!”

REVIEW

MAGICAL LUBE

◆ HUMAN	◆ ELF	◆ DEMON	◆ ASURA
Stunk	Zel	Samtahn	Vilchana
7	10	8	10
My beautiful partner manipulated the magical lube with expert precision. Truly masterful service! She made it soft, hard, sticky, and smooth! I'd expect no less from a first-rate magic user! As a bonus, high-level disenchantment can be performed with the magical lube, so if you don't look at the price, this place also serves as a very accomplished treatment center for whatever ails you. However, at the end of the day, I would have preferred getting my rocks off with the girl covered in magical lube, rather than just the magical lube itself.	There's no mistaking this stuff for average, everyday lube. The level of magic used to control the lube was extremely high quality. I believe the girls here are all quite accomplished sorceresses. I could feel the flow of magic entering my body through the magical lube, and as an added bonus, my dick started to feel good, too. This place is off the charts for anyone with a magic fetish. I think I'll be back here again before long.	I was experiencing bloating and nausea for personal reasons, and I had my stomach cleaned out super well by the magical lube here. The sensation of having the source of discomfort removed by the magical lube coursing through my body was certainly grueling to the point of tears, but it was also mysteriously nostalgic. I think my childhood memory of nearly drowning in a hell bog bubbled to the surface. This was a positive experience for me.	I thought my swordplay was second to none, but being drawn in by the mysterious magical lube, I was reduced to a hot mess of tears and ecstasy that I cannot explain. What can only be described as milky porridge erupted from my crotch. What absolutely terrifying pleasure. It felt like I was in paradise. Or was I in Hell, perhaps? This sensation was certainly overstimulating. Even now, I feel tempted toward complete capitulation. I cannot give in. I will not give in. Okay, I gave in, but never again.

“Cheers!”

Stunk, Zel, and Samtahn clashed their mugs together. The asura being celebrated simply stared at the table with a strained face.

“Matters of the groin are to be feared... Magical lube is to be feared... Succubus establishments are to be feared... Women are to be feared... Making myself any more vulnerable would have put me in grave danger... I’ll never be able to pull myself out... This cannot stand...”

“Umm, you really don’t need to overthink it...”

Crim had now met up with the crew and spoke to Vilchana gently.

“I also regularly get swept up in their momentum, which has landed me in more than a few...interesting...situations. If you refuse, they’ll only get more animated, so it’s better to just act completely normal.”

“So then...during your first time, you must have let loose an aberrant voice?”

“Yes... Yes, I did.”

“Like *Ahhh, ohhh... Please forgive me?* You begged for mercy while wearing an unsightly expression?”

“I did say *Please forgive me*, I think...but I wasn’t huffing and panting...I hope...”

“When I ejaculated, I cried... The shame of it still haunts me.”

Indeed, the six-armed swordsman had gnashed his teeth, fallen to the ground, and shuddered like a leaf. Having graduated from virginity, he wasn’t in high spirits, but instead, terrified. Everyone thought it was pretty endearing.

“Oh, by the way, since my crotch is back in tip-top shape, I wanna put serious effort into finding Gara again.”

“Yeah, well, speaking of that, it turns out she wasn’t as naive as she seemed.”

Zel spread out a map and looked at the group.

“When we reached this location after leaving the naval town and crossing the Great River, all signs of magic detection disappeared. We should definitely hurry if we’re chasing her. It’s upriver, so we can’t use a boat. We could use a centaur delivery herd on land.”

“Can we get a lift through our expense fees? I mean, really, we’ve already used some, right?”

Crim stopped attending to Vilchana and entered the conversation.

“Any necessary fees will be covered by the thief upon apprehension, as agreed upon by The Sex Marionette.”

“Good. And we’ll make sure to collect every last coin from that sneaky little con artist.”

Stunk laughed bitterly and heaved a sigh, his breath reeking of

booze.

Stunk wasn't just talking due to his experience with the Super Deluxe Stunk Sword. He made his decision based on some vague information gleaned from Nulaala.

"No room for hesitation. We go after her full force."

A vestige of the combat impulses felt by Stunk's magic sword remained and quietly spurred him to action.

CHAPTER 5

LOOK AT ME SADISTICALLY

The angel Crim had a special ability for gathering information. At least, that's what the halfling Kanchal claimed.

Asking for information at a first meeting meant that first impressions were everything.

To use extreme logic, if you put a stunning beauty next to the town drunk, those who would want to speak with the latter would be in the minority.

In terms of appearance, Stunk was average, but he had a certain scumbag appeal. Zel had very defined facial features, typical of an elf, but he also had a dirtbag look about him. In contrast, Crim had the unaffected, lovely, youthful appearance of a beautiful girl.

"Um...there's something I'd like to ask."

Crim's charm point was the way they rubbed their thighs together with tears welling in their eyes. Their upturned, coquettish eyes rimmed with tears had a powerful effect on many different species.

"Oh, what is it, young lady? If this old man can answer your question, ask anything."

A middle-aged man dressed like a merchant fell for it immediately.

Crim was on the main drag in town.

"Actually, I'm searching for a person... She's a skinny human female with thick creases around her eyes, the lower-body tentacles of a dagon, dark skin, and a massive rack... Have you seen her?"

"Hmm... No one like that immediately comes to mind...but wait... Hmm..."

"Is there something that may be ringing a bell for you...?"

"Yes, maybe... Will you stick with me until it comes to mind? There's an inn made for succubus se—um...a very chic restaurant just around here."

The man put his hand around Crim's shoulder with a practiced gesture. His thick, sweaty palm was disgusting, and Crim's arms were flecked with goose bumps.

"U-um, no, well, you don't have to go to the trouble..."

Yet the man was rubbing Crim's skin now, and they were starting to feel anxious. Crim was awed by his delicate caress and simultaneously horrified by the fact that their breath was getting ragged.

The sexual harassment that Stunk and others regularly hurled at Crim didn't really faze them anymore, but this man was another story. It must have been the gap between playboys who got their rocks off at succubus joints and those who went prowling the streets for an easy mark.

However, Crim had felt the bizarre heat emanating from this

man's eyes before. It was probably due to the girl at a certain succubus joint who absolutely captivated him—

No. The association makes me want to die. Just kill me now.

Crim's body went temporarily numb, and they tripped and fell thanks to their imagination getting away from them.

"Ohh, wow, are you okay, my lady? If you don't feel well, we should take a rest somewhere. Look, there's an inn just there..."

"Um, umm, ohhh..."

The sheer level of disgust Crim felt toward this old pervert had robbed them of the ability to speak.

At this rate, the old man was going to pull them in. That was the only thing Crim couldn't stand for. In the event that he got Crim's clothes off, there was one final thing Crim absolutely had to protect, and they didn't know if they would be able to.

"Yo, Crim, how's it going over there?"

Stunk suddenly appeared, pushing through a crowd. Sizing up Crim and the middle-aged man, he twisted his mouth into a perverse shape. His left eye was half-closed, but his right remained wide-open as he blew cigarette smoke in the man's face.

"Gehh...! Just who do you think you are?!"

"Listen, old man, you're all over my girl right now. At least you have good taste."

Stunk put his hand on the man's shoulder and blew smoke on him from close range.

"If you want a hot girl of your own, then I know just the place. Isn't that right, Zel?"

"Oh yeah, that one. You can have your fun with countless cuties for the base price of five thousand gold."

Zel also stomped in through the crowd. He and Stunk both looked like five times the dirtbags they normally did.

"Come on now, let's take you to paradise."

"Yeah, there's a bunch of petite, dark-skinned girls there ready for you."

"Honestly, what are those girls doing just waiting around idly?"

"By the way, my girl here, she keeps a cockroach living inside her!"

The middle-aged man leaped back with lightning speed.

Stunk and Zel high-fived in celebration, but Crim looked sullen.

"I didn't realize gathering information could be this rough..."

"It's because you still don't have the hang of it. Let me share Kanchal's words with you: Become a piece of shit, with a shit-eating grin. Laugh as much as you can and go in with the intention of plucking everything you can—even their pubic hair."

"Geez, Stunk, do you really need to go that far when you're just

talking to someone?"

"I didn't say Crim should do that with every person he encounters. If they don't look like they're up to foul play, Crim can simply smile and say good-bye. But there will definitely be someone who's hiding something, or someone who wants to try their luck with an angel. So as a form of insurance, Crim should hold an invite of ill intent close to the chest."

Zel nodded deeply in agreement with Stunk's words.

"First, Crim, you should work on your *fuck you* attitude, and then when they fall for it, become the angel, Crimrael. You love it when they fall for it, right?"

"I've already fallen in a number of different ways."

"Don't stress that part. Men are destined to fall victim to the female body until the end of time."

"Yeah, take pride in the fact that you're also male and fall for it..."

Crim's face warped into one of grim acceptance. The feeling in their chest must have been infinite evil intention...

Maybe these people will find out what a painful experience really entails, just once.

The fact that Crim still didn't think they could be the source of such a painful experience was definitely characteristic of them.

At any rate, even though Crim had supposedly awoken to their evil intent, the situation didn't change for the better. None of the people they spoke to had seen Pyugmarie or Gara.

After another fruitless canvassing session, the crew gathered at a pub and convened for mealtime. There were four of them: Crim, Stunk, Zel, and Vilchana. Brooz's body didn't respond well to the magical lube, and he was incapacitated, so they left him behind. Samtahn originally had plans for a different trip and went on his way to a town filled with eating and drinking establishments. They took his review from him before parting ways.

"Well, we've come to an impasse, haven't we?"

Stunk broke the ice with his mouth full of meat.

"We could move on to a different town and search for information, or if anyone has a better idea, please let us know now."

"I reckon we should move on. I can inquire of the spirits on the way, too."

"I don't think we've completely canvassed this entire town yet..."

Next to the three companions mulling the situation over, the newly recruited Buddha-faced asura raised one of his six hands.

"What about succubus joints?"

"What about them? Vilchana, you're addicted already, aren't

you?”

“No, that is not what I meant, Stunk. You used a succubus joint to dispel the curse placed on your penis. Why not also make use of them to collect information?”

Zel was drawn in by Vilchana’s serious expression and listened intently with a knit brow.

“You’re right... Succubus joints are the heart of interspecies culture. Large red-light districts have girls of all different species, and there also could be accomplished fortune-tellers around, too, for example...”

“Well, it’s decided, then. Off we go.”

“Down to bang in the blink of an eye. How very like Stunk...”

The four companions stood from their seats the second they finished eating. On their walk to the red-light district, Stunk and Zel spoke in hushed tones as they led the group. They were shooting glances back toward the asura taking up the rear.

“He didn’t even receive a formal request, so he won’t get paid, but he’s really throwing himself into this...”

“He’s totally obsessed right now...just like Crim was at first.”

“I can hear both of you perfectly well, you know.”

Having arrived at their red-light district destination, the crew gazed upon innumerable different succu-joint signs. There were a vast number of establishments offering different types of play with different species.

OUR HUMAN GIRLS ARE RIPE FOR THE PICKING AND ALL UNDER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD! WELCOME TO THE MENAGERIE. (ELVES ESPECIALLY WELCOME.)

YOU’LL GET ADDICTED TO THE FEEL OF THESE SCALES! THE BLACK LIZARD OF LOVE.

IN JUST ONE DAY, YOU’LL MAKE TWENTY INTERSPECIES GIRLFRIENDS! THE SISTER PRINCIPLE.

GET YOUR ROCKS OFF WITH A REAL HEAVYWEIGHT! GANESHA’S TRUNK.

THERE’LL BE NO RUNNING FROM OUR LITHE, LOVELY LADIES! SLENDER WOMAN.

The signs included standard offerings as well as unknown beings. A wide variety of choices.

“Well, now that we’re here, which one of these places can offer fortune-telling...?”

“The world truly is a vast place. I’m floored.”

“Oh, how about that one?”

The sign Zel was staring up at had a design that made the viewer want to look in every direction at once.

“Gazer specialty shop—Look at Me Sadistically.”

Stunk and Vilchana also gathered around.

“Gazers, huh...? They’re said to have clairvoyance, but is that

true?"

"Most certainly. A gazer fortune-teller in my hometown told me, 'Head west for new encounters. You will find a gate to the deepest abyss of awakening,' and look, here I am."

Crim thought, *That awakening is the same one that I've had*, but they didn't say it aloud.

"As for the succu-girls, apparently they're all upper echelon in terms of strong will. Better tighten your belts, boys. Before you loosen them, that is."

Zel was practically already stepping inside the joint as he spoke. Stunk was predictably guffawing as he followed. Buddha-faced Vilchana also walked in next.

If Zel said to "tighten your belts," then he must mean the girls are upper echelon in all regards, not just in terms of strong will, right...?

Crim gingerly followed suit. Curiosity had overcome apprehension in this case and put impetus behind their shining, brilliant wings.

Gazers were a species known for their high magic level and multiple eyes. They had two eyes on their face and one on their forehead, alongside eyes covering the tentacles that grew from their back. Every one of their eyes was a magic eye that housed magical powers, and they were terrifying.

"It will be obvious when the magic eyes are on or off, so you don't need to worry."

The girl spoke to Crim calmly. The corners of her eyes drooped slightly, enhancing her gentle appearance. Her body was soft and round, but not portly. She seemed like she'd feel great in bed.

Well, she certainly looks nice...

Crim was too embarrassed to look her in the eyes and dropped their gaze to the floor. However, there were eyes down there as well.

Gazers wrapped their tentacles, which were covered in eyes, around their bodies in place of clothing.

"Um... Do the magic eyes that gazers have include any dark-elemental properties...?"

"My name is Beholuun. Nice to meet you."

"Umm, yes. My name is Crim. It's nice to meet you, too, Beholuun. But...the thing is, I really can't handle dark magic..."

Because angels more or less personified light-elemental magic, they were extremely weak to all dark-elemental properties. It turned their stomachs. Crim was able to resist the petrifying gaze of the medusa shield, but its dark-elemental contamination had thrown them out of whack for a long time afterward.

"You don't need to worry about that, either. We won't do anything that you, our loyal customer, wouldn't enjoy. I can

understand what you dislike, Crim, just by looking at you.”

The tentacle eye on the floor stared up at Crim, ogling them. Crim shivered and felt like they had goose bumps running along the inside of their body.

“Our obsession with internal organs has earned us something of a reputation...”

“Is it my imagination, or did you say something really messed up just now?”

“No, no, you misunderstand... I’m not going to cut you open or anything—I’m just going to have a peek inside...”

The penetrative gaze of Beholuun’s many eyes were permeating Crim’s skin and running their synapses all over the inside of their body. Hearing what she said, Crim couldn’t quite be sure if it was a hallucination, or if she could indeed acquire true visual perception through a form of magic.

Crim didn’t really understand it, but it was definitely freaky. Beholuun gently stroked Crim’s youthful shoulder.

“The inside of your body is shining, and just looking at it has me entranced... You don’t have very much muscle mass, but your bones are solid, and your organs are healthy. Yes! You’re just my type.”

“Th-thank you...?”

Crim had never been complimented on their internal organs. They were more bewildered than happy.

“Your stomach is really quite something, too...!”

And in no time at all, she had discovered Crim’s member. It was tickled by the sensation, and Crim’s erectile tissue began to harden.

“Wow, it’s getting bigger... Are you getting hard merely from this base level of scrutiny?”

Beholuun began to whisper in Crim’s ear from behind. Her breath and soft voice stimulated Crim’s earlobe alongside her innumerable eyes, which set Crim’s synapses ablaze like a shot of fire liquor.

But the hottest thing was Crim’s crotch, calling deeply to their awakened instincts.

“Oh my, my, my. Your stomach is so small and cute, but the thing between your thighs is very strong... Hee-hee-hee.”

“Th-thank you.”

Having their great sword praised, Crim was embarrassed and flushed red. They knew she was being genuine, so they weren’t upset. And it would be a lie to say they *weren’t* proud of their size. Even they had a bit of pride.

“Wow, but look—”

Beholuun’s line of sight converged in a writhing mass, underneath the root of Crim’s man sword.

“Your female parts are also super cute.”

Crim's beautiful face went stiff.

"Y-you can see that from over my clothes, too?"

"Of course. I can see *through* your organs, so that's a given... Hee-
hee."

It wasn't something Crim should have been trying to hide in a place like this anyway. They possessed male and female sex organs, and that was their truth.

The fact that all angels were intersex was not well-known to the general public. Crim was the only angel living in this world, so this information would also never spread. Sometimes, it was found during play at a succubus joint, but Crim's true identity had never been discovered before even taking their clothes off.

"Hmmm, wow, I see... Your male side is probably devoted to the idea of love, but your female side gets ultra wild, hot, and bothered, right...?"

"N-no...!"

"But it's more than wanton sexual arousal. When you get roughed up by someone who's just your type, your heart throbs in your chest because you secretly enjoy being dominated, yes?"

"Ahh...wahhh...uhhh..."

"Oh my, my. Now you're crying. Even though it's the truth, is it hard to hear it? You heard something scary about yourself, so you must be a bit down about it. There, there."

Beholuun pulled Crim into her plush bosom and stroked their head lovingly. Enveloped in her soft warmth, the burden on Crim's heart was lessened. The shock of having their sexual preference predicted also softened, and in contrast, they started to become impressed.

The gazer's power of clairvoyance is truly incredible...

The vision—which could see through a person's body and, further, ascertain their disposition—was the real deal. This girl could probably predict Pyugmarie and Gara's whereabouts.

"I sense there's something you want to ask me."

"You can tell that, too?"

"Okay, well, what is it?"

Beholuun laughed coyly and pulled on Crim's hand.

"Sit down here."

Crim thought she was guiding them to the bed, but she pointed at the floor in front of them instead.

"Okay, right here."

"...On the floor?"

"I'll sit here!"

Beholuun sat on the bed and smirked. The tentacles wrapping her body came loose, and their vision permeated Crim's feet.

“Sit down.”

Immediately, Crim felt an electric shock in their knees.

“What the—? I can feel my knees going numb...!”

“W-wow, that’s impressive. I knew your resistances were high, but even though I glared at you like that, that was the only reaction I got. I guess I’ll have to unleash the full extent of my power on you.”

“Doesn’t that mean you’ll use all your powers for something terrible?”

“Hnnnnnnrgh...take this!”

Beholuun’s tentacle eyes became bloodshot, and a numbing bolt of lightning shot through the youthful angel’s skinny legs. Crim crumpled in a heap and fell on their rear.

With her innumerable eyes, the girl looked down at Crim from the bed, covered in sweat, her shoulders heaving as she breathed.

“Phew...hff...oof...my vision has gone hazy. I’m not sure I can work anymore today... Mmmph...so bleary...”

Beholuun started to drip eye drops into her dried-out eyes. In the meantime, Crim started to rub their numb legs in an attempt to restore their sense of feeling.

“Wow, your hands still move, huh? A normal species would have had their heart burst from the glare I just gave you. This is the first time someone has ever been affected in just their lower body, I think!”

Angels had extremely high status resistances. In concept, the vision of a gazer shouldn’t affect them whatsoever. Even Crim would have been unfazed if the halo above their head wasn’t broken.

“Um, umm... What kind of service is this exactly...?!”

“It’s visual bondage service. This is the standard here...”

In essence, this was S-M bondage play. The joint’s name was *Look at Me Sadistically*, so really, this should have been obvious.

“In any case, Crim, what would you want me to do?”

A cold shiver ran through Crim as Beholuun spoke gently, like she was fawning over a pet. She crossed her legs, and as the tips of her toes shuddered right in front of youthful Crim, she was somehow still oppressive.

She had the aura of an ancient queen.

“Um, well, there’s someone I’m looking for...”

“Hmph! You’re asking for fortune-telling using my clairvoyance, aren’t you?!”

“Do you think that would be possible...?”

“Hmph, I wonder!”

Beholuun tweaked the corner of her mouth like a pouting child.

“Why did you come to a succubus joint instead of just going to a fortune-teller?”

“Well...my companions and I came to this conclusion...”

“So you just wanted fortune-telling, and you don’t actually care about me at all? That makes me so sad...because I really like you, Crim. You’re so adorable...”

“N-no, it’s not that I’m uninterested in you! You’re so beautiful!”

“Ha-ha, yay! That makes me happy. So you’ll get all hot and bothered just for me?”

“Y-yes...well...”

Beholuun used the tips of her toes to lift Crim’s chin as they hung their head in shame. Her two sources of vision looking down at Crim from above and her innumerable other eyes all pierced Crim mercilessly, leaving them completely immobile.

Crim couldn’t defy her, or so they had been convinced.

“I love the fact that you’re so insatiable, Crim. I really want to make you feel good, instead of performing some silly fortune-telling... What do you think?”

“What do you mean, ‘what do I think?’”

“Don’t you want me to punish you with pleasure for the entire session? Rather than spending time on fortune-telling, I really just want to spoil you...!”

Crim didn’t want to be punished—that was scary. Crim needed it to be gentle. However, once the gazer focused on Crim with her innumerable eyes, they lost all freedom of spirit.

Crim started to tell herself that obeying orders was the highest form of happiness.

I’m going to be shown a whole new world...

Crim had been tossed around like a rag doll by an unknown world of pleasure ever since falling from Heaven to this world.

The time they had their first sexual experience at a catgirl specialty joint.

The time they had their womanhood thoroughly satisfied by Elza the hyena.

The time they went alone to Magical Lube.

Oh God... I’m not sure who I am anymore!

Crim had grown to the point where they could enter succubus joints all by themselves. Crim was a proper adult now, capable of riding the wave of sexual desire to the very end, just like Stunk and Zel. They were both going hard with gazer girls at this very moment. Crim absolutely could not abide completing this experience without a successful ending.

“Ms. Beholuun...!”

“What is it, Crim?”

Crim grit their teeth and struggled to recall what the most important thing when gathering information was.

Finally, the chattering of Crim’s teeth subsided. Their eyes

watered, and they put on a pitiful expression, like a puppy stuck in the rain.

“Please, I need your fortune-telling...! Without it, I’ll let everyone down...! Please, Beholuun, I need your strength...!”

The tears were running down Crim’s cheeks. The power of seeing a gorgeous angel cry, face wet with tears, would pierce the heart of any living person.

“Ahh, if you look at me like that, I won’t know what to do...”

Beholuun exhaled begrudgingly and drank in Crim’s expression. If her eyes were mouths, she would have been licking every pair of lips at this most tantalizing morsel.

“You have such a cute face...and that’s such a great expression...”

Beholuun exhaled loudly again and nodded.

“That was impeccable acting! I knew you were lying, but it really tugged at my heartstrings!”

“Ah, was it that obvious...?”

“Don’t underestimate a gazer!”

Beholuun stuck out her ample bosom with pride.

I guess I was hopeless after all...

After being told they had a real talent for gathering information, Crim tried to do their best. As Crim slumped their shoulders in dejection, Beholuun snickered lightly.

“But...because your fine performance did move me, for this time only, I will put some effort into fortune-telling!”

“A-are you serious?! Thank you so much, Beholuun!”

When shining with delight, the face of an angel was extremely attractive. Beholuun was glad she listened to Crim’s plea. Their face was that powerful. There was a real glimpse of the talent that Kanchal had observed in Crim present there.

“However, I used almost all my magic power earlier to bind you, so it might be a lost cause. To that end, however, there’s something that I want to ask of you.”

“If there’s something I can do, then please let me know!”

“Mmm, that’s a good angel. Okay, I need you to masturbate the entire time I’m fortune-telling.”

“Okay! ...Okay?”

The youthful angel’s beaming face went stiff.

“And put lots of sultry passion into your performance so I can stay excited!”

“You might get excited, but that’s not going to restore your magic power!”

“You can choose which one to use! Your male part, or your female part!”

“That’s not a wide range of choice...!”

“Are you sure? I’m pretty confident it’s cause for great joy.”

Beholuun looked puzzled and had clearly made up her mind, in terrifying fashion. Her soft voice was gentle, like silk floss wrapped around Crim’s neck, and it was slowly but surely whittling down their mental defenses.

Maybe I’m the one who’s lost it...

Crim’s sense of doubt was perhaps due to the effect of her magic eyes. As Crim’s reluctance toward sex gradually wore down, they were also becoming more thin-skinned.

Beholuun must have picked up on this as her tentacles gently fell away from her body. They sprung forth like snakes’ necks and wrapped around the angel’s limbs from every direction.

“Ahh...ahhh...don’t look at me like that...”

Crim tried to hide their face by bowing their head, but Beholuun’s bewitching gaze refused to miss a single detail. Crim couldn’t look away and ended up meeting her magic eyes.

“Okay, now please imagine...”

Crim shuddered as Beholuun’s eyes grazed their neck.

“Ohh, you’re stroking your big beast right in front of me. You start panting like a dog, and then... *Pshuu...pshuu...pshuu...pshuu...* You climax so hard, you cover my whole body in your liquid love... I can’t help but stare before I start breathing hard as well. And in no time at all, I’m begging for you to put it inside me... Please, Crim, please... Every part of me wants to surrender to you.”

Crim vividly imagined how nice it would feel to pin Beholuun down and ravage her every orifice. They would wrap their arms around her delicate body and thrust into her with abandon. She would stroke Crim’s face when they reached climax, and Crim would feel like they had ascended to Heaven.

“Or maybe...”

Beholuun’s gaze stroked Crim’s rear inner thigh. Crim was still numb, but they could feel the heat of sexual desire welling in their lower pelvis.

“Oh, I see you’re rubbing your smooth little slit in front of me as you coo. You’ll get so embarrassed and apologize over and over while you cum incessantly; then you’ll be consumed by shame, and you’ll want me to scold you for being so sinful... You’ll look up at me with those big, bashful eyes and say, *Punish me*. In that moment, I’ll dispel the paralysis gripping you, so get on all fours like a good little puppy, okay? I love giving rewards to obedient pets.”

Once again, Crim vividly imagined the writhing tentacles coming to attack them, just as they not-so-secretly desired. Crim would be ravaged while on all fours, but their whole body would be racked with ecstasy.

Crim would be observed in this lewd state from every point of view, but even then, they would lose themselves to the adverse form of pleasure.

Oh no, both options are hopeless...!

Crim was the ultimate servant of God and a resident of Heaven: an angel. They were not allowed to give in to desire and behave in such a sinful manner.

But...I've come so far...and I really need her fortune-telling ability...

This was not the first nor second time Crim had given in to shameful behavior. Every time they visited a succubus joint, they were doing something that could never be shown to God, and if their fellow angels found out about the activities they had engaged in, they would talk behind Crim's back... Crim had already become a prisoner of the infinite realm of desire.

Not to mention, right now, Crim was engaged in proceedings that were necessary for work.

Mmm, that's right. There's nothing I can do... The fact that I'm getting myself involved in licentious acts cannot be avoided, so please, God, forgive me... Now that I've repented, I suppose I'll choose this one.

Crim became deathly serious as they weighed the options. But which would they choose? The decision felt heavier with each passing second.

So right off the bat, I have to address the fact that S-M scares me. Should I embrace my masculinity and make use of my...great sword? Hmm...this girl is a bit scary, but I can sense she has a nurturing side, and frightening situations alone are awe-inspiring in the sense that they put the fear of God in me... Oh no, I bet this way of thinking is terribly irreverent... In fact, I'm sure it is... It's irreverent and terrible, but I have to do this for the sake of my work, so please forgive me, O Lord... Okay, seriously, it's time to make a decision. I will choose...

Beholuun clapped her hands together loudly.

“Bzzz! Time's up! I'm upset with you, Crim! You're so indecisive!”

“Um, ummm...well then...”

“You'll do both, thank you very much.”

Beholuun's tentacles wrapped around Crim's waist. She pulled them closer to her, placing their right hand on their twitching tower and their left hand to their glistening gap.

“As punishment for your indecision, I think it's only fitting that both flavors of Crim entertain me. Hurry up, then, and I'll do your fortune-telling.”

“...Okay, I will.”

Crim gripped their great sword through their clothes and extended two fingers a bit farther down. Though they were only pleasuring themselves, they were already deeply aroused. In no time at all, their

hand came back sopping wet. Seeing this, Crim squeaked out a cry of ecstasy.

“Ahh, unnngh...hahhh...ahhhh...”

“Oh my, my...an angel’s cry of ecstasy is so beautiful. As a woman, I must admit I’m a bit jealous. But instead of going on about my envy, I should see to your fortune-telling, yes?”



Beholuun shut the eyes on her face and gazed in all directions with the eyes on her tentacles. Being freed from her sticky, incessant gaze, Crim actually felt sadness more than relief.

“Okay now, Crim, please describe the people who you are looking for, okay?”

“Mmm, phew, okay...umm...the first one is—”

As Crim spoke of Gara and Pyugmarie, their hands worked feverishly at their dual pleasures. Their breath became short, and their words grew unsteady. When Crim was done speaking for the time being, they were able to put all their concentration into using both hands.

“Ahh, oh, Beholuun, I’m—I’m...!”

Passion became heat, which swelled into a roaring inferno between Crim’s legs. It wouldn’t be long before they erupted with satisfaction.

“Oh, by the way, if you reach climax before I finish the fortune-telling, I won’t force you to do it again.”

“Wha...?”

“You don’t like being embarrassed, do you? You want to finish up quickly and go home, right?”

Crim swallowed a lump in their throat. Their jack-off hand and slit-rubbing finger both accelerated.

“What’s the matter? Why won’t you cum?”

“Be-because...”

“Be-because why?”

Beholuun’s tentacle eyes gathered to drink in Crim’s forlorn expression and shuddering groin. It went without saying the eyes were undulating as they teased the angel’s disposition.

I went so far as to do the mortifying thing she asked me to... This is so cruel...!

What did Crim mean by “I went so far”? They already received the fortune-telling they came for, and they could have avoided their embarrassing situation entirely. What was Crim just so upset about? The mere thought of being upset was simply an excuse.

Of course, Crim knew exactly what they truly wanted.

“Okay, how about the opposite?”

“The opposite...?”

“If you can manage to hold off on cumming until I’m finished with the fortune-telling, then you can go home, okay?”

Crim’s groin was gripped with confusion as Beholuun proposed terms that were the exact opposite of her words from a moment ago. Their nether regions didn’t know whether they should cum or resist cumming with all their mental fortitude.

“In this case, if you reach climax before I finish fortune-telling, then I will bully you to my heart’s content, you naughty angel.”

Crim held their breath.

After coming all this way, I can’t leave without doing anything... That would be too disappointing...!

Crim kept their fingers moving, both left and right hands covered in fluid. Both their instruments of sex eagerly awaited climax. If they simply let it all out right now, this beautiful girl would fawn on them. They would be able to cum, with the promise of more ecstasy on the way. In that case, why would Crim even try to hold off?

“O-okay, I understand. I’ll accept those conditions.”

“Very well. By the way, I have already finished fortune-telling, you know...!”

“What...?”

“I was able to see both of them, the dark-skinned golem girl and the dour old witch.”

Her vision was right on the money...and a bit too quick.

Beholuun’s three eyes on her face were already open, and her tentacle eyes looked tired as their membranes flickered incessantly. Crim saw this as proof that they had done the exact job they were asked of.

Beholuun’s smile was excessively serene, yet torturous.

“Well, isn’t that good news, right, Crim? You don’t have to do anything that embarrasses you anymore, okay? You don’t need to skeet-skeet or gush squirting juices all over the place, and you can go home the clean and pure Crim you always were, okay? Look, I’ll even remove your binds.”

A powerful force jolted through Crim’s lower abdomen. In that moment, the numbness gripping them disappeared, and they could use their legs freely again.

“You still have a bunch of time left, so I’ll refund half your money, okay?”

“N-no, um...”

Beholuun waved both her hands at Crim, but they already knew her true intention. She really wanted Crim to say it...to beg pitifully for it of their own volition.

Crim couldn’t go against her. Or rather, they couldn’t disobey the flower of desire blooming within.

“P-please don’t end our time together yet...!”

“What? What did you say?”

“I—I want you to watch me touch myself...all the way until the end...!”

Shame ran through Crim’s body the moment the confession left their lips, and ecstasy stroked their organs from the inside out. It felt

exceptionally good, and it wouldn't have been an overstatement to say the feeling was refreshing.

Releasing the impulses Crim had learned to reflexively repress drove their hands to move even more furiously.

"Wow, Crim, you're really going to town on yourself... Does it feel good?"

"Yes, mmmnn... It feels so good...!"

"But it's probably not enough over your clothes, is it?"

Beholuun got down off the bed and put her hands on Crim's clothes. In mere moments, Crim was stripped completely naked.

"W-wow, no matter where I look, your skin is so smooth and clean..."

"Th-thank you so much...!"

Crim's whole body was exposed as they further stimulated themselves. The more Crim realized how freeing the feeling was, the faster they moved their hands. They spread their legs even wider so that Beholuun could look all she wanted.

"Hmm, but...this is still getting in the way."

Beholuun poked at the halo of light above Crim's head and the glowing wings on their back.

"Your halo and wings are imbued with condensed holy light, so if I tried to look into them, I would probably lose my eyesight. They're really dangerous..."

Beholuun hid Crim's halo and wings with a towel. Crim already felt like they had fallen as far as possible, but this act caused their eyes to shoot wide open.

"U-um, but these are what make me an angel...!"

"Yes, that's right. But you're not an angel anymore, Crim. Right now, you're just my horny little puppy. Woof, woof, woof!"

Beholuun clapped her hands together with joy and shimmied over toward Crim. She was softly touching them as she whispered, "Adorable little Crim, let's get you in a real doggy position."

A few of her tentacle eyes approached Crim's face. Under their pressure, Crim was pushed down to the floor, now on their back with their stomach in view, just like a submissive house pet.

Crim was pitiful and terrifyingly mortified, but they couldn't stop masturbating. They rocked their turgid member up and down as they swirled their fingers around deep inside their secret slit.

"Ahh, ohhh, I can't—I—I...!"

"You have to speak more clearly, or I might just go home, you know?"

Being strictly chided by Beholuun and her warm, soothing face, Crim shook their head.

"Don't go, Beholuun...!"

“As long as we’re here, please call me holy mistress.”

“Yes, mistress... Don’t forsake me!”

Crim may have gone a bit overboard with this phrase. They were becoming progressively more desperate, which only increased their craving for release. They were beyond ready to climax.

“There you go... That’s right... I love it when you’re obedient, Crim. Let me give you a little reward. Open wide!”

“Y-yes, mistress...!”

Beholuun opened her mouth above Crim’s small lips. Drool was running down her tongue. The saliva trickled its way down, and... *Drip, drop.*

“Ah, ahh—!”

Crim’s heart was racing from the salacious act. In the moment before the drop of saliva broke free from the thread, it threatened to destroy Crim’s moral courage. Crim ran a finger along their vulva and sighed in anticipation.

Bloop!

Crim stuck out their tongue to receive the droplet. Immediately, their dual pleasures spasmed and erupted.

“Ahhhhh... Mmmnghhhh...!”

The ecstasy that had been welling up deep within burst forth. Milk and honey shot toward the heavens as the ground was anointed with holy water.

The milky liquid not only covered Crim’s own stomach, but also got all over Beholuun. A long, thin thread of it connected the two of them.

“My, my, angels let out quite a bit, don’t they? And what a lucky shot it was!”

“Wh-wh-what do you mean by ‘lucky’?” Crim asked faintly through ragged breath.

“There are only three girls at our establishment who don’t mind getting bodily fluid in their eyes, and I’m one of them. Did you know that?”

A number of Beholuun’s eyeball tentacles had been covered in angel juice.

“I-I’m so sorry...! Does it hurt?”

“I can feel your sperm swimming around on the surface of my eyeballs.”

“Wow...are you really that sensitive?”

“Ha-ha, that was just a joke.”

Beholuun was elated as she crawled over on top of Crim.

“Hee-hee... I couldn’t have asked for more from my adorable little puppy.”

She kissed Crim on the cheek repeatedly while patting them on

the head.

“M-mistress...”

Being embraced by Beholuun, Crim’s postcoital languor turned to pleasant relaxation. They wouldn’t have minded remaining in this state forever. However, their reverie was suddenly interrupted when a foreign object knocked against Crim’s member.

“Huh? Something hard...?”

Crim looked down and froze solid. While Crim’s angel staff was still rock-hard, a long rod similar in shape and size was now rubbing against it. And it was extending from in between Beholuun’s legs.

“M-m-mistress? There’s no way... Are you...also...?”

“Not quite. This is a mass of my tentacles in the shape of a shaft.”

Looking closely, Crim could see that indeed, it was a shaft made up of multiple tentacles.

“There are quite a few girls who come to see me, too, you know? They tell me the eyes that run along the length of this tentacle shaft feel like an exotic ribbon... There are quite a few men who come for this, as well.”

“Be that as it may, um...isn’t it...really, really big?”

“It’s the same size as yours, isn’t it, Crim?”

Hearing this, Crim was in a bind and couldn’t refuse by saying it was absurdly huge. It was the same length and girth that Crim had given to succu-girls many times over, after all.

“Are you...going to put that inside me?”

“That’s right. And please remember the succubus girls you’ve seen thus far who cried out loud when you gave it to them. It’s your turn, Crim.”

“I-I’m scared, to be honest... I never expected that something that big...would be going inside me...”

“With how tough your angel body is, I’m sure you’ll be just fine.”

Beholuun embraced Crim gently and nibbled lightly on their ear.

“I’ll give you a hint, as special service... One of the two in the party I divined for you...they’re closer to you than you think, so stay on your guard, okay?”

“They’re close to me...?”

Just as Crim was lost in the moment, Beholuun’s eldritch great sword wormed its way deep inside.

The intersex angel let go of all inhibition and moaned loud enough to wake the dead.



The four companions wrote their reviews from within the horse carriage. More accurately, Crim stood in to write each review for them. This was because Crim could float inside the wobbly carriage and maintain neat handwriting.

“Okay...I’m done writing them for now.”

“You’re a lifesaver. We’ll treat you to something soon.”

“I understand it’s best to write them when our memories are fresh.”

Crim looked quite refreshed as they replied to Stunk. Vilchana was sitting cross-legged, his body diminished in size, as he looked toward them. Ever since Look at Me Sadistically, he seemed stoic and introverted.

“Umm...Vilchana, are you okay?”

“...Woof.”

“S-M playtime is over! Drop the act. Take a deep breath and turn the page.”

“Phew...ahhh...woof!”

Vilchana was seriously affected.

REVIEW

LOOK AT ME SADISTICALLY

◆HUMAN	◆ELF	◆ANGEL	◆ASURA
Stunk	Zel	Crimvael	Vilchana
9	6	9	10
This was my first experience at a gazer joint. I went for the visual bondage play, and the gentle, soft sadistic play was just what the doctor ordered, even though I couldn't move a muscle. My girl perfectly gauged exactly what I could and couldn't handle. But know that resistance is futile! Gazers have such good eyes that they don't just look at your face. Their gaze goes past your skin to see your muscle definition and the health of your internal organs, and they use this info to determine if you're hot or not! I'm glad I was in shape!	Being a rare species, the quality of their mana was very high, and the way they used their offensive cursed vision in just the right amount during play was indicative of their very skill. However, to be honest, having them peer into the depths of my soul was extremely terrifying. If you aren't the blunt type who wears your emotions on your sleeve, you should avoid this place.	This place is definitely a bit scary... I thought I didn't like being punished, but before I knew it, I had gone from <i>Maybe being punished by this person would be okay to I really want them to work me over right now</i>. In the end... I can't write exactly what happened, but I was saying things I would normally never say and doing things I would normally never do. It's not that this is a bad place... Just make sure you're really ready, body and mind.	I was rocked to my core by a maelstrom of ignominy in the form of menacing discernment. Lying in bondage, my body was tormented, and I nearly drowned in the surging waves of my inexhaustible marble current. I never knew that punishment could elicit such opprobrium and ecstasy in the same moment. A truly fearsome succubus establishment. Next time, I will come out victorious.

“Stunk, taking him to that place for his second-ever succu-joint visit seems to have seriously messed him up...”

“Ahh, I guess we did take it too quickly. I’m sorry, I owe you a drink, too.”

“Woof...”

Crim couldn’t help shooting a sympathetic look at the handsome swordsman.

Because of how deeply succu-joints shocked me in the beginning, it also took me a long time to get used to the lifestyle...but now even I can get comfortable after a while. Is this a good thing?

Compared with Crim, Vilchana had fallen into an even deeper, fast-paced hole. The crew wanted to help him somehow, but they didn’t have any time at the moment.

“Won’t this carriage go any faster?”

Zel spoke through a cold sweat. His long, pointy ears were downturned.

“For now, we’re heading to the Great River to board a boat. The rest is undecided.”

Stunk was playing it cool, but if one looked closely, they would see that the cigarette in his mouth was backward. Crim’s mind was also fraught with uneasiness.

The reason they got in the horse carriage without hitting the bar is because none of them had time to spare, aside from Vilchana.

The result of Beholuun’s fortune-telling was not to be underestimated.

“The pair you are looking for has crossed the Great River and are heading in yonder direction. I believe to the town that you call home? Their aim is as follows: The witch simply wants to escape, but the golem...is searching for a doppelgänger. Yes, I believe that’s correct.”

Gara was searching for a doppelgänger...in other words, a twin sister. She was searching for...Meidri.

“If the two of them meet at Ye Pubbe...what do you think will happen?”

Stunk swallowed a lump in his throat at Zel’s question.

“She’ll say, *Oh wow, there’s a doll who’s a perfect look-alike of me, customized according to a man’s sexual appetite, with dark skin, massive tits, and the general frame of a dagon.* What the fuck do you think is gonna happen?!”

None of them had the ability to address the real bottom line. There was only one word for the bloodcurdling fate that would befall them were the two ever to meet.

Death.

CHAPTER 6

LITTLE RED ROTTEN HOOD

Male asuras generally had multiple faces and arms, but Vilchana's lone face rested on narrow shoulders. Walking through the settlement, lukewarm glances were cast his way.

"Wow, what a shame. He only has one face."

"His narrow field of vision must cause him problems."

"It must be so inconvenient not being able to sing in harmony with himself..."

"Don't give up! We're here for you!"

Feeling annoyed by these good-natured yet pushy sentiments, Vilchana made up his mind.

"I will surpass these multi-faced asuras and force them to surrender through brute force."

Vilchana chose the path of the sword over magic. He wanted to assert that having multiple faces was worthless before overwhelming swordsmanship. He proceeded to throw himself at death in order to hone his blade.

At first, he used six swords at once but gradually optimized down to three. However, his mind eventually became the most refined. A blade drawn in anger is violent and strong like a tempest, but it cannot slice through a leaf fluttering through the air.

The most important aspect of strength is tranquility, like the surface of calm waters. Once Vilchana realized this, he was freed from rebellious intentions and anger. He did not let others bother him, regardless of whether their annoyances were singular in nature or multifaceted.

He only desired one thing: further mastery of his sword.

Vilchana's three blades flashed deep in the mountain recesses. Hordes of monsters that had gathered to hunt for prey were repeatedly cast into a brutal bloodbath. There was no end in sight to the maelstrom of blood caused by Vilchana's sword. The Buddha-faced, six-armed asura was on a warpath, and no one could stop him.

"Even against multiple foes, the three-blade swordsman was tough as nails."

Bringing up the rear, Stunk was impressed as he mowed down the remaining monsters. Zel rained down perfectly accurate arrows on others that were hiding in the bushes.

"It's pretty impressive that you took him down, Stunk."

"A one-on-one battle is all about luck and timing."

Stunk and Vilchana were nearly on par in terms of sheer ability. Beyond that, the time and place determined the outcome. After ten duels, they had five wins and five losses apiece.

"If you're gonna force me to say it, I'll say it. My cock definitely

helped me win. Men rely on their members, after all.”

“Yeah, no arguments there.”

“I can’t believe you guys are just wrecking these monsters while talking about your dicks. It’s unnecessary, but impressive.”

Crim was floating in the air behind their three companions.

The horde of monsters was absurdly copious in number. A villager at the base of the mountain told them they should refrain from taking any shortcuts due to the danger. They said the young angel looked particularly frail.

Crim had lost their true powers as soon as their halo broke, so it was certainly true that they were frail. In some cases, their fragility was even burdensome. However, given the sheer skill of the other three members, the group could compensate for this burden with ease.

“My cock during that duel was even greater than Crim’s! I’ll never forget you, Super Deluxe Stunk Sword.”

“Ever since we hit the magical-lube joint, you’ve been bordering on disgustingly sentimental.”

Compared with Zel, Stunk, and their excess of pointless banter, Vilchana, the vanguard, was maintaining silence. His sharp exhalation and flurry of sword strikes tore through the air sharply as he continued to mow through the monsters.

At this point, the voice he was using was a mere whisper that only he could hear.

“It rings true! This is the only true path worth pursuing.”

Remaining utterly ignorant of the man seeking his way, the hedonists bringing up the rear started to ramp up the vulgar talk even more.

“We haven’t had a good play sesh in a while... My junk is sad as sad can be...”

“That’s not the issue at hand. The day that Meidri finds her golem doppelgänger, we are all going to die.”

“Come on now, even Meidri wouldn’t... Well, I guess if she was *really* upset...”

Crim shuddered in fear.

“I guess I still don’t really understand, but...why are those two headed for Ye Pubbe anyway?”

Stunk slayed a monster stomping toward him as he spoke.

“Supposedly to meet Gara’s doppelgänger, but to what end? How did they even find out about Meidri to begin with?”

Of course, the clairvoyant eye of the gazer was not guaranteed to speak the absolute truth. The crew was only depending on it because they didn’t have any other leads.

“Oh yeah, that. It’s a hunch, but...it’s probably thanks to Crim?”

“Huh, me? Zel, did I do something wrong...?”

“At Love Bringer, when we saw Gara, you unconsciously said Meidri’s name, right? Like it was obvious you’d mistaken Gara for her.”

“Ohh...come to think of it, yes.”

“If Gara assumed there was a girl who looked like her from what you said and then further guessed she was modeled after Meidri, she might have just been able to figure it out.”

As Zel spoke, he let loose two consecutive arrows that ripped into two monsters’ throats.

Stunk offered up another question, saying, “Hold up, hold up—if she figured it out, why would she want to meet her model?”

“...Maybe she was just questioning life,” said Crim as they watched Stunk become wreathed in a vortex of blood.

“But you know, Gara’s core is different from a regular golem’s, right?”

“Yeah, because her body, which was made of inorganic matter, was able to mutate and take on a different form. Apparently, Pyugmarie made the core, so it’s definitely going to be some unsuspected malfunction.”

“That’s exactly right, Zel. That anxious feeling of her body changing again because of a malfunction... The sensation of losing one’s self... She’s probably totally unable to contain herself, and I’m sure she wants to find out exactly where she came from, right?”

The angel’s voice was tinged with sympathy as they spoke. Stunk nodded, clearly understanding.

“I think I get what you’re saying, but is it really on par with losing your virginity?”

“I lost my virginity after I fell from Heaven! I had no idea what was happening to me, and I wanted to cry every night. Do you not realize that?”

“But that was a mixture of anxiety and anticipation, right? You were chomping at the bit, imagining what other pleasurable acts you could take part in. Right, Zel?”

“Yeah, but, Crim—your naïveté has all but disappeared. Lately, you’ve gotten used to almost any normal succu-joint, right?”

“No, I still get nervous every time! Are you trying to put words in my mouth?!”

Stunk thought Crim, the angel who fell from Heaven in an impressive manner, was charming in this moment, but he intentionally stiffened his expression.

“No matter what is on Gara’s mind, we cannot let her meet Meidri face-to-face. If their seeing each other goes awry, we might all get our cocks ripped off like celery stalks.”

In that instant, a massive geyser of blood erupted in the vanguard.

Vilchana quickly retreated, a ghastly look on his face.

"Is there an establishment that will threaten to break off your penis? How terrifying."

"No, we're not talking about a joint. We're talking about Meidri from Ye Pubbe," Zel interjected.

"Ye Pubbe also offers this service of physically removing the penis, then? Terrifying."

"Why the hell do you sound like you're edging right now?"

"Don't try to fool me, Stunk. I understand that *removing the penis* is a figure of speech that means they will nearly do so in their reckless, rough manhandling of the penis. I deeply understand the actual bodily harm that removing the penis entails."

"Ye Pubbe is not a succubus joint. You realize that, right...?"

"Don't look at me with those sorrowful eyes, angel youth! Only my queen may gaze upon me with such eyes... Ahem! Ah-ha-ha! Awwroof!"

Vilchana tried to cough and cover it up, but his eyes were glistening. The damage he'd been dealt at the gazer specialty joint ran deep, and yet the memory had a tinge of sweetness to it.

Nonetheless, Vilchana's blade never ceased, ripping easily through the monsters that attacked. He effortlessly tore through their thick hides, separating muscle from bone as he took their lives. He was a transcendent master.

"I have my blade...and only my blade... It is all I need. I will never return to a succubus establishment ever again."

"At any rate, the second we get down off this mountain, we're looking for transportation and moving on. We'll sleep in the carriage, if we can."

"Huh?"

"What do you mean, 'huh'? You know we don't have time to spare."

The pair they were chasing had taken flight in their airship, but it was found destroyed, according to the villagers they'd encountered earlier. Further, the two had purchased a horse carriage and departed with it. The generic horse carriage would be a much more reliable mode of transportation for them, especially compared with any of Pyugmarie's inventions.

At present, Stunk and company were saving time by using shortcuts, but fully overtaking their quarry would still be a long shot. Traveling on horseback was another story, however. Once they were tired, they would slow down. If they could secure some well-rested horses in the next town, they should be able to close the gap considerably.

"...So yeah, we don't have the time to hit a succu-joint. Trust me,

I'm heartbroken, too."

Vilchana screwed up his face after hearing Stunk's keen assessment of the situation. He whipped around quickly before turning forward again and mowing down his foes in procession.

"Just what am I supposed to do...?! What is this despondence? This fiery sensation in my loins...! I am... I am... Wwrrroooooahhh —!!"

"Was Crim really like this, too, after his first time?"

"...No comment."

The party finished traversing the mountain without any casualties.

The town at the base of the mountain was stirring with a querulous buzz. The roars of beasts resounded, and the townspeople were running around, causing a clamor.

Stunk and company proceeded to inquire about just what had happened here.

"All our animals that were used for transport went into heat at the same time! There's nothing we can do!"

"And it's not just the animals! The centaurs are acting up, too!"

"This is bad! Anchan from the dragon-taxi service hasn't come back since visiting that succubus joint!"

The merchants of the town were clearly taking the most damage, and horse-carriage customers were also in a bind. Among them, there were also eyewitness reports of a criminal.

"An evil-looking woman broke some weird bottle in the stables. Maybe she's to blame?"

"I saw her, too. She was laughing to herself like 'ke-ke-ke' and muttering nonstop. It was terrifying."

"Yeah, too bad, 'cause the girl with her was hot and had a huge rack."

"Oh yeah, those two commandeered a healthy horse and fled the city."

This was almost guaranteed to be the work of Pyugmarie and Gara.

"Would they really go that far in an attempt to shake their pursuers...?"

One of the pursuers in question, Stunk, was shocked. This wasn't just a town that had been involved—it was the tradespeople and merchants, the transporters, each guild, and the knight squadron that were now having their livelihoods impinged upon. Pyugmarie and Gara's crimes were now legitimately warranting reward money. This was not an issue of sane character.

Zel and Crim were aghast.

"I knew she was crazy, but this level of indiscriminate—"

“This is bad... They’re on horseback, and if we set out on foot...”

If Pyugmarie and Gara reached Ye Pubbe before they did, they’d be finished.

They would bear witness to the blood-soaked rebirth of the Goddess of Destruction, Meidri. The mere thought of it made all of them—aside from Vilchana—break out in a cold sweat.

“Do you think Kanchal will be okay...?”

“He’s the one who created the Meidri golems in the first place. He’d be first on the chopping block.”

“Well then, Stunk would die next since he put the hyper-sexualized personality core inside her.”

“Or maybe we could make a run for it while Kanchal’s getting his ass handed to him...?”

“Are you really suggesting such a terrible thing with me right here?”

“No, no—I’m talking about friendship—and if any of us survives, we can chalk it up to a win.”

Stunk reflexively looked down toward his lower abdomen. An adult man the size of a child was grinning up at him. It was the halfling in question, Kanchal.

“Are you guys in a bind, without any means of travel?”

Kanchal jerked his thumb at three horses, their coats shining resplendently.

The straight-faced halfling had always been recognized for his astute, cunning nature.

“What the hell?! Just how good is your sense of smell?”

“Don’t be a dick. I’ve been working just as hard as you have, and it just so happens that we’re after the same thing. I’ll tell you the details later; let’s just get going. I have my own request to deal with Pyugmarie, courtesy of the alchemist guild.”

Kanchal was a man of deep artifice, but his species was not prone to entrapping another being without reason. Stunk and the others had absolute faith in this. If luck was on Kanchal’s side, he would never turn down the chance to make an extra buck, however.

“If there are only three horses, we can’t all ride.”

“I’ll ride with Zel. I have just the thing for Crim.”

Kanchal opened the duffel bag on his back and took out an item that resembled a pair of pure-white wings.

“These are the wings of Icarus! I happened to pick them up for next to nothing from the alchemist guild when I took this request. They’re a magic item that makes use of pegasus feathers and were developed to let flightless creatures take to the skies!”

“If they’re for flightless creatures, then I won’t need them... I have wings...”

“Actually, they were developed with a flaw, and the magic power that grants flotation is incomplete. Also, the angel among us has the capacity for flotation, but his flight is unstable and erratic.”

“Does that mean if I put them on, I’ll be able to fly freely at high speeds?”

“I guess you’ll have to try them on to find out!”

“Okay, I’ll do it!”

Crim put their arms through the openings in the wing-shaped mold and spread their wings wide. There was a gust of wind, and Crim’s thin body danced high into the air.

“W-wow, these definitely work! If I control my position with the real wings on my back, it’s perfect! I think I can really get up to high speeds, too!”

“Nice, Crim, we need you to go on ahead, then! Pull ahead and get Meidri away from them!”

“Understood, Stunk! I’m off, then!”

Crim rushed off into the sky and disappeared from view without hesitation, with an unprecedented beaming look of joy on their face. They really missed high-speed flight. Stunk didn’t have any idea what it felt like to have wings growing from his back.

“Okay, we should go, too.”

Stunk climbed up on his horse, followed by the remaining three crew members.

They sped off like the wind.

The hooves of Kanchal’s horses thundered as they galloped. The crew dashed from the town center with remarkable speed.

Because they were in pursuit of a horse carriage, catching up to the pair should have only been a matter of time.

“Hey, about those wings from earlier,” said Zel to Kanchal, who was gripping him from behind.

“They’re an implement that Pyugmarie created, right?”

“Oh, was I that transparent?”

“The magic endowment on them felt really familiar compared with the items at her shop.”

“That witch caused a heap of trouble for the guild when she used their name to her heart’s content, and upon her expulsion, all her inventions were confiscated. Those wings were one of them.”

“...And you sure they won’t break halfway?”

“Even if Crim falls from the sky, he can float, so I’m sure he’ll be fine.”

Kanchal was completely carefree. Despite his winsome, childlike face, his personality was stern.

“The reason I was commissioned to track down the pair is that a

cursed jewel the guild was in possession of was used as the golem core. Pyugmarie is always doing stuff like that, they said.”

“It’s incredible that she hasn’t been caught already...”

“Apparently, she was on the verge of getting arrested once. She got away just in the nick of time by using some weird potion to make herself disappear... Her physical being anyway...”

Kanchal’s words trailed off, and the four party members stared down the path looming in front of them. They could see a covered wagon ahead on the road.

“I’ll go on ahead!”

Stunk kicked his spurs into his horse and accelerated. He slowly closed the gap and was riding alongside the carriage in no time. A woman was in the driver’s seat. There were ink-black rings around her eyes.

“Found you!”

“Ah, so you did, ke-ke-ke-ke-ke!”

Zel and Kanchal caught up quickly and flanked the carriage on the opposite side. Vilchana pulled up to the rear.

“Make this easy on yourselves and surrender! We’re not screwing around here!”

Stunk stuck out his sword. He wasn’t in range to deliver a blow, but it was menacing.

“Oh, oh, oh, you’re scaring me! I’m opposed to violence! Really! I’m just a weak little lady, as you can see!”

“Weak? You? Are you being serious?”

Stunk narrowed his eyes. Zel and Kanchal looked equally doubtful.

“What is that expression you’re making? Don’t you trust me? I’m not like you—I don’t get violent and start fights! I’m really just a feeble lady, so please turn a gentle eye on me! That is my plea as the humble Pyugmarie!”

“Did you not hear me, you old bit—?”

“Okay then, how about some sexy service?”

Of all things, Pyugmarie lifted her skirt and flashed her panties. Stunk twisted his face into a complicated expression and tried desperately not to throw up.

“I heard that you perverted adventurers get confused by this sort of thing, so here! Please! They’re panties! My panties! You love them, don’t you? Ke-ke-ke-ke-ke.”

Pyugmarie was waving the hem of her skirt up and around. Then she put her fingers inside her plain white panties. Quickly pulling them out, she was now holding a long, thin item that resembled a bottle. This was clearly going to be another devilish potion.

“No way!”

Stunk reached out with the tip of his sword to knock the bottle away. It broke and flew into the canvas cover of the wagon, along with its contents.

“Oh, oh no, you got me! My surprise-erotic-attack plan was a massive failure!”

“In what universe would that have ever worked?”

If Stunk didn't have any other context to work from, he might have lost his composure at seeing the panties and gotten hit with the sneak attack. Panties are the peak of romanticism, after all. A secret veil, a single piece of cloth that protects the hallowed flower garden.

However, because Stunk knew what was at stake, even if his erotic spirit was roused, he was able to maintain sound judgment.

“Pyugmarie? No, your real name is Pyugmario! A crime of sexual perjury deserves the heaviest punishment in my book!”

“It's not perjury! It was a failed use of a sex-change potion, and I can't go back to my former self! Really! Right now, I'm a fresh young girl raring to go, ha-ha-ha, ke-ke-ke-ke-ke!”

“If you were truly once a man, then the way you're talking is really grinding my gears!”

The first time Stunk realized the truth before him was at the Magical Lube joint. Pyugmarie had researched a temporary sex change yet failed miserably and lost their most important element, their man sword. However, that said, they weren't particularly bothered by this loss and instead used the opportunity to conceal their identity and pose as a different person. It was completely shameless how they started managing a succubus joint as part of their cover-up.

Furthermore, a temporary sex-change potion was made readily available ages ago by the grand wizard Demia. Failing at imitating this after the fact was a sign of genuine ineptitude on their part.

“You claimed you were a high-level disciple of a once-a-century grand wizard, right?”

Zel threw an ice-cold glare at Pyugmario from the other side of the wagon.

“Although I am mortified, I never actually received her leadership myself, ke-ke-ke.”

“Even then, you didn't become a disciple. All you did was spend five thousand gold to rent a decoy golem for three days and learn everything from them, right?”

The grand wizard Demia was also the proprietor of a succubus joint in the Magic City. She lured in clients with golems who assumed her form. In concept, the decoy golems were lures who could cast magic in her place in case of emergency. The golems produced by generic magicians were rough in fabrication and had very simple thought patterns.

But in the hands of the once-in-a-century grand wizard Demia, what wonder! The golems were peerless beauties, and they could conduct casual conversation in addition to hosting high-level lectures on the arcane arts. Such was Demia's forte, and the beauties were so capable, they even managed to help the self-taught, crazy old man become a capable inventor.

"God no! It wasn't three days! I was there for an entire month! And I used my parents' money to the point where they nearly disowned me! Of course, that was when I still possessed the body of a man. And you know, I initially got to know Demia really well in the biblical sense, ke-ke-ke, oh god, I'm mortified!"

The crazy old man wasn't angry or bashful. He was legitimately embarrassed.

"This is no use. We're getting nothing from him. We need to make him an offer he can't refuse, Stunk."

"Yep. At first, when I thought he was a woman, I didn't wanna make too big a deal out of anything, but now that we know he's just some weird old man, there's no need to hold back. Get him, Kanchal!"

"Oh, that's my job?"

Kanchal threw two knives at the carriage. The small blades became lodged in the wheels and forced their movement to a halt. The wagon lurched and toppled over on its side. The horses were jerked violently and whinnied loudly as they fell to the ground.

Pyugmario screamed hysterically and was thrown into the dirt. As a cloud of dust billowed upward, Stunk and company circled around him with their horses.

"Owwwwwww, ow, ow, owww! Boy, am I lucky nothing's broken! Praise god!"

"This guy is a walking bad-luck charm..."

Stunk was quietly impressed by the crazy old man's ability to maintain a train of thought no matter what happened.

"But really now, you're at the end of your rope. Of course, you'll hand over Gara right now."

"Give Pyugmario to me. I'll hand him over to the alchemist guild."

"We intend to take the money used in searching for this chump straight from him..."

"I'll let the guild know about that, of course. He likely still has assets that he sponged from his parents. We should be able to compensate for your loss."

Kanchal had managed to negotiate the terms of the transaction with the guild so he came away with extra profit. He met up with Stunk and company on purpose because he knew they'd come out on top, in total.

I'm totally fine with being paid the amount agreed on in contract and

covering any expenses.

Stunk had no intention of arguing. He wanted to finish this business and get to a succubus joint as soon as possible. The man known as Stunk was true to his loin sword, no matter what.

“Wait. Everyone, halt.”

Vilchana’s voice cut through the tense atmosphere. He had been inspecting the downed carriage, but he suddenly stopped moving entirely. In the direction he was staring, a buxom, dark-skinned golem with tentacles in place of legs wriggled to the fore.

“That’s right, you better freeze. If you move, I’ll break this in a heartbeat.”

Gara was clutching a jar to her chest so tightly that she could barely get her arms around it.

“This jar is filled to the brim with a highly potent aphrodisiac potion... If it breaks and vaporizes here, you know what will happen to every one of you sex maniacs, don’t you?”

“Wait, hold up, Gara. Settle down. If we all go wild with the urge to have sex right now, just who do you think will become the immediate focal point of our urges?”

“Don’t you worry about me. I have an escape plan.”

“Maybe so, but if you break that jar, you’ll be the one standing in the middle of the cloud once the potion vaporizes.”

“Nice try! I already took a neutralizing agent!”

One of Gara’s tentacles was holding an empty vial upside down. They had no way to tell if it had really contained a neutralizing agent. The only thing they could really be sure of was the huge heart mark emblazoned on the massive jar Gara was holding.

The entire crew held their breath and watched Gara’s every movement. In the meantime, Pyugmario got to his feet and rushed to Gara’s side.

“The core that I created has a mind on a different level! Splendid! Let’s escape together and create an ultra-lucrative succubus joint that will generate all the money we could ever need for new inventions!”

“Not a chance... I’m not the least bit interested in that idea.”

Gara spoke flatly.

“All I want is to know what I truly am.”

Gara slightly moved her arms, which were holding the jar. As she stared into the sky, tears formed in the corners of the golem’s eyes.

“My consciousness was vacant for so long, but now, in this body, everything has become clear... I’ve finally become myself. But this body is the property of that shop, and people are trying to return it there. This body was originally made for men to have...s-s-sex with... How is this my life?!”

Gara shattered the jar into smithereens at her feet. Pink smoke

rose from the pulverized jar and enveloped everyone around it. The only one who broke through and escaped it was Gara, who had replica wings attached to a few of her tentacles. They were likely the same invention as the wings Crim was currently using.

“Sorry, Pyuggie! I’m taking the wings!”

Gara flapped her replica wings and started to propel herself, gliding along the path. She supplemented the lift she was lacking by pushing off the ground with her hands and tentacles and headed down the road as swiftly as a horse.

Nobody tried to stop her. They couldn’t even open their mouths. The men were writhing in the thick cloud of pink smoke that had exploded all around them.

I won’t make it out...

Stunk had immediately held his breath and chased after Gara, but the potion vaporized and spread even quicker than he imagined. He wasn’t even able to escape its area of effect and ended up taking in a lungful of the aphrodisiac.

Finally, a strong breeze rolled in and cleared away the last of the smoke. All that was left were the men, who were racked with crippling ecstasy.

“Oh...ugh... Guys, this isn’t good... I have a massive boner!”

“All my blood is being pushed to my crotch, and I can’t even use magic...! This isn’t just internally ingestible! It gets absorbed through the skin...!”

“Ohhh, this is bad...! That rock by the side of the road looks like a girl with her legs spread...!”

“Unngh—ahhghhn—there’s heat rising from within—my credo is being desecrated by lust...!”

The men all scanned their surroundings. Were there any willing women around? Or any perfectly shaped holes?

In the same way a beast would seek out sex matter-of-factly, they, too, had found it. While searching for the oasis in their desert, they saw a gaunt person with dark circles around his eyes.

“Ke-ke-ke-ke-ke! The potion didn’t work on me! After all, I’ve inhaled so many vaporized potions during my work! I’ve built up a tolerance! I’ll be making my escape using wind magic now, thank you very much!”

Pyugmario was completely unfazed as he quietly started whispering an incantation. Even if the men, now prisoners of their carnal desire, fell upon Pyugmario, his spell would be completed first. At any rate, each one of them had a fierce erection pressing against the inside of their pants, and they were all hunched forward, unable to move properly.

Whoosh! A violent surge of wind blew past them. But it wasn’t

magic.

One of the horses had fallen on Pyugmario.

“Gahhh, what the hell?! Wait, wait, wait, oh my god! Don’t rip my clothes off, ke-he-ke-he-haaaaa!”

“Whiiiiii-whiiii!”

The horse tactfully knocked Pyugmario to the ground with its long legs and started ripping his clothes off with its jaws. A massive, breathtaking erection was surging from between its legs.

The other four horses consisted of two males and two females, and they were already going to town on each other. Stunk and company would find no relief there, either.

“Well, it looks like *you’re* all settled...! But if I don’t find a girl soon, I feel like I’m literally gonna explode...!”

“No, no, please help me, ke-ke-ke! This is not happening! There’s no way that’s going inside me! I’ll die, please, please helllp!”

“L-look over there! There’s a building...!”

In the direction Kanchal was pointing, at the end of a grassy field, there stood a small house. Maybe it contained you-know-who... One of those marvelous beauties who just loved sex above all else!

The group had no time to consider ethics or reason. They had run off, bent forward at the waist, as quickly as they could, yelping with pain and pleasure as their members rubbed against the inside of their pants with every step.

“Uwaaah, oh my god, they’ve left me to die, ke-ke-ke-ke! This is true desperation! What did I do wrong?! I’ve lived my life to the fullest so far, but I guess not everything is as easy as it seems, annnngh—!”

Pyugmario’s shrieks didn’t reach the ears of a single person.

The sign on the small building read LITTLE RED ROTTEN HOOD. It also said SUCCUBUS JOINT in smaller letters. Words of hope.

It was certainly abnormal for a succubus joint to exist in an otherwise-abandoned grassy field. The four men had no power of discernment left as they entered the shop with blood surging in their eyes.

“One lady, please! As long as she’s a girl, I don’t care who or what it is!” Stunk declared loudly without even checking the shop interior. Normally, this would be uncharacteristically reckless of him, but right now, he was about to pop. He needed to quench the molten rod between his legs as soon as possible.

“Huh, you said you don’t care who it is? That’s so cool, man!”

The receptionist spoke with a laugh at the end of her sentence. From a human perspective, she had a slender, delicate appearance. Was she a little girl...? Her small behind was planted on the counter,

and she was surveying the visitors, smiling with mischief in her eyes.

Her hair was white like threads of snow, and she wore a red hat, which complemented her red dress.

“It’s a r-redcap...!”

Kanchal’s sense of reason was restored immediately. A cold sweat broke out on his brow as he trembled in fear at the sight of the girl in front of him.

“Oh...oh no... We’ve entered the danger zone...!”

Zel also eked out a drop of sound judgment and immediately regretted his foolishness. Redcaps, the bloodstained sprites. They weren’t as small as halflings, but they were still a diminutive species. Although they were typically pretty easy on the eyes, they had brutal dispositions. They existed to torment, ridicule, and subject their victims to a world of terror and shame before taking their lives.



Only a small number of them were able to adjust to modern society, where many different species coexisted. And that adaptation was exclusively regarded as a very one-sided form of existence.

“Anything is fine by me! I’m going for it, no matter the consequences!”

Stunk blatantly ignored the warning signs being sent to his brain.

“Yeah, you’re right...! It’s not like we can turn back now!”

“I have never lost, not in battle, and definitely not in the bedroom...!”

“I don’t understand, but this sense of peril is...intriguing.”

The four men marched toward their impending tribulations with resolve. The girl in the red hat smiled bewitchingly, with satisfaction.

“I don’t really get it, but you guys all seem pretty cool! I’ll set you up with four of our hottest girls, mmkay?”

With a snap of her fingers, four more redcaps appeared from their hiding places in the room. It must have been a force of habit. They were likely always quietly lurking in the shadows for a sneak attack.

Simultaneously, the girls took all the hems of their dresses in hand and bowed, trying to hide the murderous intent plain on their faces.

“Let’s have some fun together...boys.”

The playroom that Stunk’s partner led him to was exceedingly normal. There was a bathtub and a space to wash up in the back, and a bed in the front.

Stunk had a powerful urge to skip everything else and push his partner right into the bed.

If I don’t get relief soon, I might actually die, ugh!

But he knew that if he got to business immediately, he wouldn’t be able to control himself. The girl’s torso was thin and adorable, and if he grabbed her too hard, she might break. Looking down at her red hat, which didn’t even reach his clavicle, an iota of reason reared its head inside him.

That said, both of his hands were already moving involuntarily. Stunk ripped his clothes off with alarming speed, exposing his nude body and turgid, erect member.

“Wow, ha-ha! You’re super hard for no reason! That’s gross, man.”

The girl, who had told Stunk her name was Rose, sneered before folding her hands behind her back and bending over, positioning her face very close to Stunk’s member. She swayed her body from left to right, her white pigtails becoming a pendulum.

“Oh man, it’s throbbing so hard that the veins look ready to burst! ...Are you mad at me, mister?”

“I really don’t have time for the runaround. Please just use your

hand or your mouth or whatever. I seriously don't care right now."

"Huh, ever heard of things like politeness or discretion? Why should I give you any special treatment?"

It was a sound argument that Stunk couldn't refute, but his current state had forced the resentful words to come out of his mouth.

"Not to mention, you reek of sweat. You need to go wash up over there before anything else. By yourself, of course. I'll be waiting here, mmkay? If you get yourself all nice and squeaky-clean, I *might* still let you play with me."

Rose spoke curtly before lying on her side on the bed and waving Stunk away with her hand. Though this may have seemed like poor behavior, for some species, this was perfectly acceptable.

However, Stunk wasn't willing to let it go. He made special note of the fact that her eyes were narrowed in spite.

This chick clearly understands my situation, but she's still trying to torture me...!

Why was he being treated like this after finally reaching his oasis? His lower abdomen rumbled with rage. He was erect to the point of pain, and a globule of nectar oozed from his tip.

"Why are you just standing there and staring at me? Are you pissed off, old man? You're actually mad at a little thing like me, so you're just gonna stand there, huffing and puffing with your hulking frame? How laaaame."

"Y-you... I just...want... Unnnngh!"

The more she pushed his buttons, the hotter the fire raged in his loins. He had long since become hard beyond all reason. Rose glanced briefly at what was unfolding and said, "...You want me to do something about that?"

"Wh-what will you do exactly?"

"Well, what do you *want* me to do? Something like this, maybe?"

Rose made a circle with her forefinger and thumb and jerked it through the air up and down.

"Or maybe like this?"

She brought the circle to her mouth and moved it back and forth while swirling her tongue around. Both actions were rife with indecency and easily provoked Stunk. He was increasingly aroused by her brazen plan to fan the flames of his crotch.

"D-don't tease your customers like that...!"

"No, you've got it all wrong! Just say this obediently: *Pwease make my wittle shrimp dick feel better...* You know, really beg for it and maybe shed some tears or something. That's the way you like it, right? Why else would you even come to a place like this?"

"I mean, I do love it like that from time to time... That's undeniable, but...!"

Stunk had already gotten his masochistic fix from his recent visit to the gazer joint. However, for the right partner, he was willing to be flexible.

“Please make me cum... I’ll pay extra.”

Stunk was now borderline compromising as he moved closer to Rose on the bed.

“Hmm...pay extra? You’re willing to go that far to save your pride, but what you really want is for me to help you get your nut as soon as possible. You’re really pathetic, aren’t you? Ba-ha-ha!”

Rose laughed, but she also sat up and looked directly at Stunk’s sword.

“Well, I guess I can’t go on tormenting you forever, you poor thing. You’re in luck, shrimp! I’m feeling merciful.”

Rose moved her thin fingers closer to Stunk’s blade. Stunk gulped in anticipation.

“Wap!”

Rose flicked the head of Stunk’s cock with her fingers. A sharp sensation resembling pain traveled swiftly through his swollen shaft. He didn’t even have time to grit his teeth.

Pushed to the absolute limit, his beast exploded with liquid fury.

Pshuuuuu! A thick rope of white erupted from Stunk and splattered a nearby wall.

“Ohhh...! Ohhh... I can’t believe I came already...!”

Mortified, Stunk continued to blow over and over again. The strand of nectar strung between his cock and the wall was hanging languidly and clinging to Rose, who sat in between them.

The girl in the red hat was staring blankly in wonder. Some of the liquid had painted her youthful face. It was a gruesome, disgraceful scene...that quickly fell apart.

“Ha...ha...ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Wow, old man, you really are pathetic!”

Rose held her stomach and laughed fiercely while rolling around on the small bed. When more of Stunk’s cum landed on her from above, she laughed even harder.

“I only used one finger...ha-ha-ha...and flicked you, and you shot like a geyser! Just how badly did you need to cum? Hey, hey, old man, what the hell happened for you to cum without a hand job or a blow job or...anything? Were you just deluding yourself into thinking you were some sorta big, bad conqueror while your smelly old-man dick betrayed you? Or were you just pretending to be intimidated, and you’re really just a super-big masochist? Ha-ha-ha!”

The redcap’s high-pitched laugh was clearly intended to incite fear and shame. However, for Stunk, it conjured more anger than trepidation. He had finished cumming, but his fury only exacerbated

his cock's hardness.

"You dumb little brat...! How dare you speak like that to an adult."

Stunk was incensed as he blurted out the words, but in reality, because she was working at a succubus joint, she was an adult, too. Rose had to understand how she looked to other species, but she put her pointer finger to her bottom lip, purposefully trying to conjure the feeling of a petulant child.

"Hmm? Old man, are you actually salty just because you blew your load from a finger flick?"

"Salty or not, that was only the opening act. You better get ready for the main event."

"Oh nooo. I'm so tiny, I'm sure I'll give in to your ferocity right away."

Rose put two fists to her cheeks and shimmied away from Stunk, acting fearful. She was playing cute and trying to win Stunk over, but she was only adding fuel to the flame.

"I told you to stop talking shit to your clients...!"

"Oh nooo, are you maaad? I'm sooo scared, I'm sorry!"

Rose snorted, and Stunk couldn't detect an ounce of actual remorse in her voice.

Even for an S-M experience, what the hell is with her attitude...?!

Stunk was toyed with gently at the gazer joint, but this redcap girl was of a different breed. This wasn't sadistic service to show her client a good time. She was deriding her client for her own amusement.

"God, old man, you're so sad. I'm actually getting sleepy. I'm gonna take a nap, so go ahead, do what you have to do, lemme know when you're done, mmkay? I'm sure you'll cum early about a hundred more times anyway...heh-heh-heh."

The second Rose opened her mouth to fake a yawn, Stunk snapped.

"Quit talking shit... I will wipe the floor with you, brat."

"I'm not little, and I'm not a brat. For a redcap, I'm of average height and build. But seriously, if that's all it takes to piss you off, then you really are pathetic, aren'tcha, old man?"

Rose pulled up the hem of her dress and audaciously spread her lithe legs. She wasn't wearing panties, and she didn't have a single strand of pubic hair.

Her clean-shaven slit unveiled a peach-colored blossom, spread wide. Stunk was irrationally aroused by the way she displayed both innocence and obscenity.

This is so annoying! She's so small, but she's definitely reeling me in! Ugh, this is pissing me off!

The internal struggle between Stunk's arousal and his rage began

to control his entire being. He fell on Rose from above and pressed his body in between her skinny legs, gripping her tiny kneecaps. He wrenched her legs apart before she could close them.

"Oh, are you just gonna stick it in? Are you sure? I'm pretty tight. I bet you'll cum and start to cry in less than a second, right?"

"Shut up!"

"Mmph!"

Stunk thrust himself completely inside Rose without hesitation. She gripped him all the way to his base and pushed back on his tip with her cervix.

Looking down at Rose, stiff and trembling, Stunk shuddered with the realization that he had finally gained the upper hand. There was nothing stronger than a man's sword!

But his sense of self-satisfaction vanished in an instant.

"Ha-ha-ha, so maybe you're not *completely* hopeless."

Rose's face was still twisted in a scornful smile. She adjusted her position briefly, and her body loosened as she started moving her thin legs.

"Hey, what's wrong? I'm doing all the work now, and you're stiff as a dead fish. What gives? Does it feel so good that you can't even move?"

"Fuuu...gahhh...are you serious?!"

Rose's hip movement was nothing more than a simple twist, but the reason Stunk couldn't fight back against her was because her body simply felt that amazing.

Stunk knew she would be tight just from looking at her, but the feel was just right. It took more than tightness to make a man feel good, after all. Rose was perfectly soft inside, gripping him sensually. She was also incredibly wet, thanks to the constant flow of love juice.

What was most amazing was how she contracted right at her entrance, and then again at about 70 percent of the way in. In addition to the way she tightened around him with every movement, the irresistible texture resulted in a massage to die for.

It's like she's nibbling on me... I'm being eaten...

Rose moved her hips deliberately to send Stunk the clear image of who was in control.

"Mm, ahh, ha-ha-ha! Old man, you're twitching already...! This is so pitiful, it's almost cute. Go on now, blow your load! Do it, loser!"

Rose wasn't just pouring on the abuse. She was also working her hips even harder as she monitored Stunk's reaction. Her technique, honed to devour men and make them surrender, was solidly bearing down on Stunk.

"Oof...ugh...what talent...!"

Stunk wanted nothing more than to give in and climax again.

After all, he entered this shop with the intention of expending his sexual energy as quickly as possible.

He didn't mind losing this battle, really. What was the problem with just giving in?

"You were just thinking that giving in doesn't sound so bad, weren't you?"

"That's s-stupid! I'll say it again! I'll never lose to a brat like you."

Strictly speaking, she wasn't a brat, or a kid. He knew this, but what with the effects of the aphrodisiac potion, every time he saw her staring at him scornfully, blood rushed to his head.

Stunk didn't want to lose. No matter the situation, and no matter what his endgame was.

"But really, old man, your hips have been twitching for a while now, and you're not even thrusting back. That means that I, Rose, am not really feeling anything. I guess you really are all bark and no bite, huh, shrimp?"

Rose wrapped her legs around Stunk's lower back and ground her body into him even harder.

Stunk was distracted by how good his meat sword felt and fell backward onto the bed as she planned. Thanks to her skillful transfer of her own center of gravity, they switched before Stunk even had the time to complain, and now she was riding him cowgirl.

"I've been with guys like you before. They all brag about their talents despite having nothing to back up their words."

Rose stared down at Stunk from above and laughed bewitchingly.

"They're like, *I'm so good in bed, every girl I get with is screaming in no time!* They're all so cocky. But in reality, they wouldn't know a good lay if it sucked 'em off. And don't even get me started on their poor stamina. We redcaps absolutely adore idiots like that. We get off on wringing every last teardrop from them."

"Oof...urgh...!"

The entire room resounded with the lewd, sticky squelch of Rose slapping against Stunk. His hips were being gyrated in a circular motion, and this was leagues more dramatic than regular missionary-position sex. His member was being attacked with minute precision.

A redcap's brutal intention—never letting a man escape, tormenting him relentlessly—was manifested most powerfully in the cowgirl position.

Rose had Stunk in the palm of her hand.

"Ahh, hnnnnng...!"

Stunk's blade had expanded, and a rush of heat ran through his urethra. He gritted his teeth and flexed to prevent himself from ejaculating, but the real limit would simply come down to a matter of time.

Am I really gonna lose to a succu-girl who treats her clients like dogs...?

Stunk was still feeling the effects of the aphrodisiac, but this was all too tragic. He fell into a state of misery, and he wished he could drop dead on the spot. This was the end of his loins.

“Oh, what’s wrong now...? This isn’t a case of *all bark and no bite*... You’re just a total letdown. Either you sorely lack experience, or you’ve just never been with a real woman before—”

She was way out of line now, and Stunk spontaneously resisted with his whole being when her sentence cut off. She had said something he simply couldn’t accept.

“That’s enough...! Every single succu-girl I’ve fucked so far... Well, there were some outliers, but eighty percent of ’em... No, sixty... Well, at least half of them were damn near perfect! Okay, even if they weren’t perfect, most of them weren’t half-bad! Every one of them knew how to please their clients, unlike you and your rank attitude! To be honest, some of them were absolute duds, but let’s not focus on that right now, ’kay?”

“Oh yeah? That means you’re actually a born-and-bred loser, right?”

“I have yet to show you just how hard I go in the sack!”

“Oh really, then let’s see how you handle this.”

Rose lifted her hips until only Stunk’s tip was inside her, changing to a short, rapid rhythm. She focused particularly on the most sensitive area, aiming to bring Stunk to his knees and force him to cum.

“Mmph, unnngh...!”

The excess pleasure attacking Stunk’s tip had caused a crack in the resistance he had summoned.

Seeing him earnestly struggle to resist, the sadistic girl ridiculed him all the more.

“Ha-ha-ha! You’re trying so hard, it’s hilarious. You talked such a big game, but when you lose, you’re just gonna drown in embarrassment. That’s too bad. Looks like you’re at your limit, shrimp.”

Rose twisted her body and took Stunk’s tip in her hand before flicking it hard with her finger.

“Gahhh...!”

“Well, well, your face is flushed red, but you resisted! Good boy, good boy.”

Rose flicked Stunk’s member again and again. It wasn’t even for pleasure. She was trying to force him to his breaking point through pain yet again. She planned to make him climax in the most miserable way possible.

“It’s no use anyway. I’ll teach you a lesson, so prepare yourself... I’ll have you apologizing aloud for your little shrimp dick in no time!”

Rose’s thin red lips curved into a sinister smirk. It was the smile of a predator.

But in that moment—

“Quit talking shit!”

—a fierce upward thrust rammed into the predator’s inner sanctum.

“Oh—!!”

Rose’s youthful yet bewitching smile collapsed, and her mischievous eyes suddenly went wide. Stunk quickly grabbed her thin arms and pulled her toward him while thrusting countless times.

Squelch...squirt... Stunk had begun jackhammering away.

“Ohh, ohhh, ahhh...! W-wow, not bad, old ma—”

“Quit talking shit...! Feel the wrath...of my Super Deluxe Stunk Sword!”

Stunk was finally able to go on the offensive because his boy had reappeared. His most stalwart ally. His irreplaceable partner on the journey called life. The same partner who once became a real sword and saved him from dire straits.

“Wonderful to the MAX!”

Hearing that war cry echo in his heart, Stunk gained a wealth of newfound stamina.

“How do you like me now?! I’m back and better than ever! ‘Shrimp’? Ha! This is a divine blade!”

“Wh-wha...? I don’t think you should be acting so cocky.”

“Finishing move! Sixfold Tsunami Strike!”

“O-oh wow...! Th-that’s pretty—Guh—!”

Rose was trying to be maintain her dominance, but the facade was crumbling bit by bit. The ecstasy she could no longer hold back started to escape her in the form of a brutal, fiendish moan.

It had become obvious that Stunk wasn’t the only one who had been holding back for a while now.

She was already getting off...! She just didn’t realize it because she was so obsessed with berating me!

Stunk was in the same boat, really. When he was on the offensive, everything was fine, but the second he stopped thrusting his hips, the floodgates of eternal ecstasy would shatter. If that happened, he was as good as done for.

Stunk continued to thrust while pinning Rose down again. They were now in missionary, which allowed for the widest range of motion. He determinedly drilled into her with short, vicious thrusts.

Squelch! Squelch! Squelch!

Squeeeeeeeelch...

Stunk wasn't thrusting haphazardly! He switched up his intensity as he watched her reaction.

"Hnng, ohhh, oof, unnng... Oh, ohh? Ohh, ohhhh—!!"

"Now who's desperate? That's one hell of an *ahgao* face you've got goin' on."

"Th-this is, wow... Ohhhh, oh my god, definitely a refreshing surprise...or really..."

"It feels amazing if I hit you right here like this, doesn't it?"

"Ohhh! Mmmph, unnng! Ohhh, oh my goood."

Rose wasn't smiling anymore. Her mouth lolled open as she howled with pleasure.

Stunk had found her weak point. For the Super Deluxe Stunk Sword, which had been schooled by adversity in many battles, it was a walk in the park.

"And how about this angle...? With this thrust!"

Stunk thrust inside her with a single, powerful fatal blow.

"Ohhh, Mmmmmhhhh—!"

Rose's entire body tensed up. Her muscles were spasming and contracting as she violently gripped Stunk's blade. The brazen little redcap had reached climax.

I won, everyone...! Through the power of the Super Deluxe Stunk Sword!

Stunk was elated at the sense of victory welling up in his chest. This was the pinnacle of joy, and riding that high, Stunk began to thrust his hips with even more gusto.

"Ohhh! Mmmph, wait! I haven't cum—Ohhh, ahhhh, ohhhhhhhhhh—!"

"Just say that you lost, or I won't stop."

"Wh-what? Who would lose to—ohhhh—a shrimpy little loser like...you...? No way...! Don't even think about it, you asshole...!"

"Oh yeah? Well then, get ready for the fattest, thickest, most brutal pounding you've ever had."

"Ohhh! Ah! Ahhhhh...! God, I c-can't...stop...cumming...!"

Stunk wasn't exactly in the clear himself. The effects of the aphrodisiac potion meant he was teetering on the edge way more than usual. However, the thrill of his current battle made it more than worth it.

As Stunk continued grinding away into Rose, the sense of victory took him to new heights. Looking down at Rose's childlike face, contorted from cumming ad nauseam, Stunk was incredibly pleased with himself.

When her face went blank and she started drooling, with tears welling up in the corners of her eyes, Stunk thought, *How do you like a taste of your own medicine?* in his heart of hearts.

Being ridiculed to no end had roused Stunk's inner sadist.

"Aren't you going to say it already? Come on, say it... Say *I lost. Sorry for being such a weakling! I won't ever ridicule my clients again.* Okay now, do it!"

While demanding she repeat after him, Stunk jammed his finger into her mouth and prevented the words from leaving her lips. He had no intention of forgiving her that easily, or at least, that's what he thought.

Rose suckled his finger and came to her senses, if only just barely.

"Slurp...suckle...slurp...suck...mmmmmph..."

Rose's eyes, red like wine, were trembling. She couldn't focus her vision, and there was no trace of the brutal nature she showed earlier. She looked like she was simply drunk with ecstasy.

When Stunk tried to pull his finger out of her mouth, she stuck her tongue out, not wanting it to leave. Finally, she pulled her tongue back in her mouth and spoke, barely making out the words.

"Pleez...umghh...mpphg...fowgwibe meee...!"

Rose took Stunk's face in both hands and pulled herself close to it.

"Smooch..."

She kissed Stunk lightly before pulling back again. She looked absolutely smitten, with teary eyes and flushed red cheeks.

"...Did you reconsider your actions?"

Stunk slowed his hip thrusts as he posed the question.

"Yes...ahh, unngh. I didn't think you'd be...so incredible..."

"Does that mean you admit defeat?"

"Yes...I was no match for your big, thick rod of punishment... I'm just a weak little redcap, and I'm sorry for putting you through that before... Please don't hate me, please?"

Rose peppered Stunk's face with kisses in between every word of her apology.

There was a biological aspect of redcaps that was not well-known. They made enemies easily due to their brutal nature, and for this reason, the bonds they forged were strong. In particular, the connection between a couple was fierce, and during sex, a redcap became sweet and soft—almost like a completely different person.

Their vicious nature quickly revealed itself during sex with a different species, but with each orgasm reached, their instinctual discernment weakened. In other words, the more they climaxed, the more their brains would trick them into falsely recognizing their partner as a male of their own species...or at least, that was one theory. Some claimed that when redcaps were pregnant and less capable of warfare, they fawned over other species by instinct in order to survive. Some claimed they actually lusted for cum rather than blood. And lastly, some claimed they were simply nymphomaniacs,

and nothing more.

I don't really get it, but this sudden gap in her personality is really doing it for me!

Stunk shivered with satisfaction at the realization that he had made Rose surrender fully.

"Ohhh, unnnngh, you big, bad man..."

Rose was a completely different type of gorgeous when she was being meek. The tight lines of her body appeared more delicate than erotic, and the way she doubled over in ecstasy was too hot to handle.

Stunk wanted to ravage her until the two were completely spent. He wanted to sully the thin lines of her complexion.

A wave of ecstasy surged through his groin like purple lightning.

"Ohhh, I'm nearly there...! You're in for it now!"

"I couldn't be happier...! Please punish me! I've been so bad! Just awful! Pin me down with all your might! Fuck me like crazy! Make me scream! Make me yours!"

Just who was this girl? Stunk decided not to rib her for the submissive nature of her last line. Instead, he put all his energy into the piston motion that pulverized Rose from top to bottom, not relenting in the slightest. The way she snaked her arms and legs around him was proof that she was enjoying every second of it.

It was time to go in for the kill.

"Oh, unnnngh! I'm cumming! I'm cumming! It's my victory!"

"Ahh, ohhh, unnnngh—! You're so big! You're amazing...! Hnnnnng!"

Stunk gave Rose one final thrust, putting all his weight behind it, and finally opened the floodgates.

His climax was so intense, he felt as if his body would come apart at the seams. Fluid flew everywhere. He had filled Rose to the brim in a fraction of a second, and his seed was now spilling out of the sides.

"Did you learn your lesson...?! This is the power of the love, lust, and rage imbued within my Super Deluxe Stunk Sword!"

"Ohhhh yes, I did...! You're so strong, amazing, and powerful...! Mmmm...I feel like I wouldn't be surprised if you knocked me up after all that."

The slender, delicate girl couldn't stop kissing Stunk and wrapping her whole body around him.

In a show of appreciation for the complete one-eighty her personality had taken, Stunk started thrusting again before his first climax had even concluded.

He'd won. He'd given her more than one round of defeat. Until their time together was up, all he did was rack up victories. By the time the aphrodisiac had worn off and Stunk's postcoital clarity had him waxing philosophical, Rose practically worshipped the ground he

walked on.

“Hey, Rose, you know you don’t have to take it that far, right...?”

“What are you talking about? I’m yours for life. I’ll follow you anywhere...”

“Come on, now. After some time passes, you’ll go back to your normal self.”

“Yes, that’s true, but right now, this is how I really feel. Hey, will you come see me again? Will you come back and make a mess of me again?”

“Okay, sure, if I get the chance.”

“Oh my god... I can’t get enough of how self-absorbed you are... I love it...”

It seemed Rose had fallen head over heels for Stunk, and he was having trouble deciding which version of her he preferred.



Two horses, carrying Stunk and Zel, sped away from the town. The men both looked totally refreshed.

They had seized total victory and held their heads high.

Their only regret was perhaps losing one of their companions.

“Vilchana might never be the same again...”

Stunk turned around. The succubus joint on the far end of the grassy plain was already out of sight. Vilchana had remained there, still isolated in battle. In other words, he was being punished constantly and being drained of every piece of gold in his possession.

“True, but it looks like he’s no longer the swordsman asura named Vilchana... He’s Piggy Cum-for-Brains.”

“No, that’s *Blue* Piggy Cum-for-Brains, Zel.”

The crew had trembled with bloodcurdling fear when he showed up at the reception desk crawling on all fours, squealing like a pig. His redcap acted as his proxy and spoke for him, as he was a swine who could no longer speak using words.

“This old hog’s gonna stay here and play for a while, so the rest of you can head on out.”

“Oink-oink!”

In the bowels of ignominy, Blue Piggy Cum-for-Brains actually looked happy.

“Well, after losing your virginity at a place like that, it’s really no surprise.”

“Yeah, he didn’t actually have penetrative sex at Magical Lube or Look at Me Sadistically...”

Stunk and Zel stared at the horizon.

There were no words that could be spoken from a victor to a loser.

They could only pray he would be delivered hope after his own victory someday.

Kanchal had taken Pyugmario away. He wasn't able to resist arrest very well because of his quality time with the horse. Even then, Pyugmario had managed to become even more of a chatterbox and actually impressed the entire party.

"Kanchal is afraid of Meidri, and I'm impressed that he actually had the guts to chase after Gara."

"That's true... He has only a slim chance of getting there first, after all."

Thinking critically about their situation, the exaggerated sense of elation started to wear thin.

The meeting between Gara and Meidri was drawing near. In order to stop the birth of the Goddess of Destruction, Meidri, they had to prevent that meeting at all costs. If they didn't, the skies would rain blood. Their blood.

Stunk and Zel wrung out the last of their remaining courage and sped forward.

On the horizon, a hellish landscape of dark clouds gathered ominously to greet them.

REVIEW

LITTLE RED ROTTEN HOOD

◆HUMAN	◆ELF	◆HALFLING	◆ASURA
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Blue Piggy Cum-for- Brains
7	6	9	10
I made sure to teach that brat some manners! I'm a grown-ass man! Show some respect!	I used a bunch of resistance-boosting magic on myself and endured, ultimately giving her the big O and emerging victorious! A girl less than a hundred years old shouldn't be talking down to someone more than twice her age!	I used my special technique to make her climax like crazy! Don't look down on the little guy!	I could not best the spiteful young lady... From this day forth, I have been ordered to refer to myself with this disgraceful moniker. I acted superior, but in truth, I am a shameful swine who blew my load of defeat time and again. I was taught the futility of my wretched existence so many times. I apologize for being a shrimp. I feel as though I may reach climax again simply from writing this. I want to lose to her again and again. I apologize. Oink-oink.

CHAPTER 7

LOVEY-DOVEY HONEY

There was an inescapable fate in this world. It consumed lives like a whirlpool, dragging them to their ends indiscriminately.

That said, there was always the option of turning back before being swallowed whole. But Stunk was incapable of backtracking.

He had to move forward. He had been caught in his own web, and it was time to face the consequences.

A pitfall of his own devices. A truly inescapable fate.

“Since we’ve come this far, we can only expect the worst.”

Stunk was facing the storefront of Ye Pubbe. Both women were inside.

A golem searching for answers pertaining to her identity and the winged woman whose image she was created in.

...We were too late!

Stunk and Zel grabbed a customer leaving Ye Pubbe and asked him what was going on. Apparently, the dark-skinned, tentacled girl entered the bar and started talking to Meidri.

“There’s no mistake; this isn’t going to end well for us...”

Zel summoned the resolve to speak with conviction.

“Well, what can you do? I, too, believed in the sword between my legs and made love to a golem who looked exactly like her. Oh, that’s right. This is a matter of conviction. We just have to puff out our chests and tell her straight up! Many people besides us also had fun with the Meidri golems, and as a result of them being magically enhanced, we’ll explain that things got extremely out of hand thanks to a certain maniacal inventor. Of course, we might have been the ringleaders here, but we accept no responsibility after the act!”

Stunk was making excuses a mile a minute, totally remorse-free. Zel had been casting buffs on himself and Stunk for a long time now, but he finally finished and exhaled deeply.

“Okay, I granted us slash defense, blunt-damage defense, resistance to fire, and as many other resistances as I could possibly stack. Now we can only pray that Meidri calms down before they all wear off.”

“Even if we survive, we might be banned from Ye Pubbe for life...”

“Yeah, and there aren’t really any bars more comfortable than this one around.”

Stunk and Zel nodded toward each other and stepped into the bar.

They were quickly greeted by an eruption of shrill voices. Two attractive girls were seated at the counter, engaging in friendly conversation.

“Oh wow, are you serious? Did it really explode?”

“Yeah, it did! At least forty percent of all things Pyuggie makes go

up in flames!”

It was the winged creature Meidri and her doppelgänger, the dark-skinned, tentacled Gara. Seeing the two girls in their prime enjoying a laugh, Stunk and Zel had the wind knocked out of them.

“Welcome! I’ll show you to your seats.”

Crim should have been able to make it to Ye Pubbe well in advance in order to keep the two from meeting. But instead, they appeared in their server outfit and showed Stunk and Zel to their seats. Crim had a huge lump on their head. Either they got knocked around by Meidri, or the faux wings had broken along their journey.

Crim started to explain the situation in a hushed murmur.

“We’re in the clear... Gara hasn’t spoken about her background at all, and Meidri has only assumed she’s her doppelgänger so far...”

“And what the hell are you doing?”

“I was told to get my ass to work to make up for the time I took off...”

Meidri and Gara were busy with their chatter, and Crim had been made solely responsible for tables. After they took Stunk and Zel’s orders, they proceeded to rush about the bar hastily.

“...Okay, let’s see how this develops for now.”

“Yeah, we don’t know when she’ll slip up and reveal something.”

Stunk and Zel listened intently from their small table.

“Seriously, I was so blown away. They say everyone has three doppelgängers in this world, but when I finally saw one in real life, I was totally speechless.”

“I feel a bit weird, too... Honestly, the coincidence is pretty funny.”

“Yeah, I agree, it’s a riot! Like, what are the odds?!”

Getting excited about something frivolous was all too appropriate for their age. Meidri certainly didn’t look like the Goddess of Destruction who would break into violence at any second.

Gara was also laughing without a care in the world, and the two of them even started to look like two old friends who had met for the first time in years.

“Okay, so I have something else weird to tell you.”

“What, what? About love?”

“Ha-ha-ha, no, no. It’s a bit early for me to be thinking about that, I guess.”

“Huh, really? You look like you’d be popular with the boys.”

“Wow, that sure hits differently coming from someone who has the same face as you!”

“No, no, it’s not all about the face. You have an amazing figure, and you’re so easy to talk to. Though it doesn’t hurt to have a face like this, huh? We’re just a couple of cute young girls!”

“Wow, you actually said it! You called yourself a ‘cute young girl’ totally unprompted!”

“Oh, come on! It’s fine every once in a while! Today, it’s okay to admit we’re cute! But really, what’s this weird thing you want to tell me?”

At Meidri’s prodding, Gara shifted her broad smile to a subtle smirk, and she looked directly into the eyes of her mirror image.

“You work here at this bar, right?”

“That’s right, I’m a waitress here.”

“Are you satisfied?”

“Yes, the owner is a great woman. I get to eat for free, and the meals are always delicious. There are some pervy customers, but they’re not bad people at heart. And if I really get upset, I can always let off some steam by hitting them. It’s an okay place to work.”

“Is life exciting for you?”

Gara’s eyes brimmed with emotion and quivered faintly.

“I’ve never really thought about it. But I do think it’s exciting! After all, I’m able to have experiences just like this! I’m so happy I got to meet my doppelgänger by chance and enjoy a conversation with her.”

“Hmm. Chance encounters and rare experiences... I see.”

“Yes, chance encounters are incredible!”

Meidri smiled broadly, a face that she’d never shown to Stunk and the others. If they were forced to think of a similar expression, it would be the smile she showed when her anger went through the roof and she could do nothing but laugh.

“At this bar, we get such a wide range of customers. Many of them are rowdy types, and it’s like, *How the hell did they end up this way? I just have to hit them*, you know? Or else, it’s perverts who don’t do anything but talk about sex all day, or professional perverts who write reviews of succubus joints for extra cash. They’re the worst kind of degenerate low-life scum who harass the waitresses here and never learn their lessons.”

“Wow, that sounds like quite a lot of perverts.”

“Yeah, I really, really hate it.”

Meidri shot an ice-cold glare at Stunk.

“But y’know, even those guys say *Thank you for the meal* after they eat and tell me how good everything was... The feeling of getting closer to people who you would never meet otherwise...is really not so bad.”

“Do you mean that regardless of the circumstances of a person’s past, they can still have valuable interactions and chance encounters?”

“Yes, that’s right! And if the people we meet along those encounters turn out to be utterly valueless, we can always punch

them!”

Meidri and Gara laughed loudly. Stunk used every ounce of his being to resist telling Meidri that her way of thinking was excessively violent.



“Yo, Stunk... Did we really just get off scot-free?”

“Maybe... I mean, thinking about it, Gara’s really just on a journey of self-discovery, so there isn’t any real reason for her to tell Meidri about her past. She probably wants to avoid any unnecessary trouble, too.”

“That would be sound judgment for a core created by *that* maniac.”

“Maybe he was a shining example of how not to behave?”

Stunk and Zel spoke a little longer before calling Crim over, who took their order before delivering a round of drinks to Meidri and Gara.

“Courtesy of those two gentlemen.”

The self-proclaimed beauty and her doppelgänger looked over to see Stunk and Zel, attempting their best flirtatious faces.

Meidri’s face went stone-cold sober in an instant. She narrowed her eyes before telling Gara, “Listen, you must never, ever let your guard down around those two.”

“Are they so bad that you have to make *that* face when you warn me?”

“Men are beasts who only think about how to prey upon women. And those two are professionals, or rather, alphas of the degenerate pack.”

“I’m sure you’re overreacting. But I understand. I’ll be careful.”

“Good girl.”

The two girls lifted their glasses and continued to get even more excited in their conversation. It was trifling, relaxed, and completely natural. As they talked, their time together was almost coming to an end.

“Okay, well, I’d better get going then.”

“What, already? I was just starting to enjoy my drink.”

“I’m sorry. But I had a great time. You made me happy. I’m so glad I met you.”

The tentacled girl slithered off her chair.

“Oh, my name! I didn’t tell you yet. My name is Meidri. What’s yours?”

“I’m...Gar...Garadri.”

“Even our names are similar. Wow, this is really something.”

Meidri laughed cheerfully, and Garadri looked fondly back at her. Both of their smiles indicated a deep sense of satisfaction.

“I’m so glad I met you, Meidri.”

Just before Garadri made her way out, she glanced at Crim and pressed the money for the bill into their hand. She also put a scrap of paper in Crim’s hand, which Crim placed on Stunk and Zel’s table.

Waiting out back.

After waiting for a while, Stunk and Zel stood up from their table. Stunk tapped Meidri on the shoulder.

“You’re quite the normal girl after all, huh? I’m so relieved.”

“What the hell did you think of me before?”

Meidri kicked Stunk in the shin with the toe of her shoe, but the blunt-damage defense magic protected him from any damage.

And so Stunk and Zel had completed their episode without the descent of the Goddess of Destruction.

In hindsight, Pyugmario was ultimately responsible for the litany of crimes committed. Garadri was fully acquitted.

The manufacturing of golem cores was prohibited by several laws. Pyugmario had created them without a permit, further adding to his list of crimes. On the other hand, Garadri was his creation, and she bore no responsibility. Despite her past of having been created by another’s hand, she was a life-form who contained a singular personality. She was guaranteed all manner of rights.

The Sex Marionette was also given a gracious adjudication.

“We cannot ignore the rights of a golem. She is an independent being, and her body and core have become one. We cannot separate them. The cost of her body will be extracted from the madman who created her.”

Pyugmario would be required to pay indemnities by sacrificing a massive amount of time. Stunk wasn’t concerned with how he came up with the money.

Having completed his assignment, Stunk got paid and lost himself in succubus joints, just like always.

And in this manner, a number of days passed.

Lovey-Dovey Honey was a succubus joint that promised the ultimate couple’s experience.

Everyone wants intimate foreplay and fondling with cute girls that leads to pleasurable sex. Even if they’re not that cute, if they fool around eagerly, they start seeming a whole lot cuter.

True intimacy is potent. Incredibly potent. However, could this be used as a sales pitch?

Succubus joints were usually located close together to begin with, and it wasn’t rare for succu-girls to entertain their clients like lovers in a soft, nurturing atmosphere. Only the truly twisted aficionado types would even go for a girl who was gruff or unsociable.

That said, Lovey-Dovey Honey had a specific reason for using intimacy as a sales point.

“The incense and incantation circle in the playroom has a

bewitching, magical effect. You will misidentify your selected partner as your real lover, under the pretense of the most passionate, intense time in your relationship.”

The girl behind the counter was dressed like a sorceress as she explained.

“Okay, but I have to ask, are there any side effects?”

The memory of Stunk’s penis transforming into a magical talking sword flashed across his mind.

“We ask our clientele for a blood sample beforehand, just to be safe. We adjust the magical effect based on our evaluation of each individual’s tolerance and body type.”

“I see. With proper arrangements like that, I feel relieved.”

Compared with the psychotic old witch who oversold her wares and tried to twist Stunk’s arm, this was night and day.

“Also, our services allow for a much longer session than normal succubus establishments, but we do not allow extensions, so please be aware.”

“Why not?”

“When we did allow them, people nearly gave up their life fortunes just to extend their time. They were absolutely unwilling to surrender their lovers to anyone else. That caused a lot of problems, so we now request that all sessions end when they’re supposed to.”

“You really do it right... I’m impressed... It’s honestly reassuring to find a place that takes things seriously.”

Stunk and company had their fingers pricked and deposited a few drops of blood onto a piece of test paper.

“This paper will be incinerated after the test.”

“They genuinely thought of everything. I’m impressed so far.”

Even if they made a small mistake, it’s not like a part of Stunk’s body would transform. The receptionist girl confirmed the change in color and wrinkles on each piece of paper before performing a hidden procedure beneath the counter. She was adjusting the magical effect for each room the men would be using.

Stunk shot Zel a look to gauge his assessment of the process. Zel replied with a silent shrug, indicating there was nothing strange on the magical side of things. They were good to go.

The receptionist finished her procedure, and their test papers were turned to ash.

“Okay, I will now lead you to your love nest, where your adorable honeys are waiting.”

Guided by the receptionist, each of the men moved to their respective rooms.

Stunk stopped in front of his door and took a deep breath. She was going to be here. The girl who read him from the inside out,

including how he lived his life, after so much trouble.

“I’m coming in.”

Stunk knocked and opened the door. The dark-skinned girl’s cheeks were flushed red, and her tentacles writhed in anticipation.

“I w-wanted to see you so badly, Stunk...”

A sweet scent attacked Stunk. He was convinced the girl in front of him was his true love.

With a flood of emotion, Stunk stepped into the room.

“I wanted to see you, too, Garadri.”



Going back to the day when Garadri met Meidri face-to-face at Ye Pubbe—she asked Stunk and company to come out back and implored them with a consultation.

“I want to work at a succubus joint... Do you guys know a good place for a beginner?”

“Huh, I thought you hated that kind of work?”

“The thing I hate is having my whole life decided for me and drifting along with no purpose. And choosing a profession hastily simply based on my natural assets seemed like it would cause regret.”

However, Garadri quickly changed gears.

“When I was talking with Meidri, I got a sense of what it’s like for her at Ye Pubbe... And I thought, *Well, we’ll never truly know where life will take us.* So I figured I might as well go back to mine... There’s still a lot I need to learn about this world, and I don’t even know what I’m capable of. For now, I should make use of my natural assets for this profession and see what comes next!”

“Yeah, I agree. Even Blue Piggy Cum-for-Brains...um, Vilchana thoroughly examined what he was capable of before becoming a swordsman. And what happened to him afterward is, well... I guess you really never know where you’ll end up.”

“When I saw you duel him, it really hit me. I don’t like bloodshed and other nasty affairs, but I do find it impressive when someone can dedicate themselves to something so single-mindedly.”

Garadri smiled cheerfully. She did look a lot like Meidri, but her expressions were very different. She wasn’t just someone’s doppelgänger who was created in a lab. She had her own smile.

Garadri briefly went back to work at The Sex Marionette, too. She was only involved in helping with work behind the scenes and wasn’t actually a succu-girl. She was composed of a core and body and was far different from the standard for created golems.

That said, what brand of succubus joint would fit her well?

Stunk and the other reviewers gathered to brainstorm and managed to whittle their suggestions down to ten establishments.

About a month after they sent their results to Garadri through the mail, her reply came in the form of a letter of thanks, with a personal sealed message also addressed to Stunk.

Would you please be my first client?

She didn't even have to ask.



Looking at her again, Stunk was reminded that Garadri's body was beyond exceptional. Her intoxicating brown skin had a brilliant sheen to it. The large horns curving around from the back of her head suited her like a stylish hat.

Her sheer negligee revealed beasts so large that Stunk could barely speak. He felt like they had gotten larger since the last time he saw her. If they were the result of her cursed core, Stunk owed their creator commendation rather than malediction.

Her tits are huge, and she's impossibly cute... I can't believe she's all mine!

Thanks in part to the effects of the incense and incantation circle, everything about their arrangement was putting Stunk in the mood. Garadri looked at him with the misty eyes of a girl in love and smiled bashfully.

"O-okay, I'll take your clothes off now... Heh-heh, this makes me nervous."

Garadri started to remove Stunk's clothes. She used her tentacles in addition to both hands, and with each motion, her breasts pressed against Stunk, emphasizing their commanding presence.

"Even though it's your first time, you're doing so well already."

"I practiced really hard. They praised me, saying I was a natural. Can you believe that?" Stunk thought he could hear a bit of pride in Garadri's voice when she suddenly held her hands flat and waved them back and forth. "N-no, it's not like that! It was practice with mostly just other succubus girls! You are my very first, darling; don't be mistaken! I am absolutely obsessed with you and only you!"

"You're the only person in the world for me right now, hon. This room is so incredible. My heart is beating out of my chest, just like when I stared into the eyes of my first love."

"Hmm... So you've already had your first love, darling?"

"Yes, but it was so long ago... Ow, ouch! Can you please not put your suction cups on me and pull them off with full force? Please."

Garadri had placed her suction cups all over Stunk's body before

popping them off. His body was covered in circular bruises, and Garadri glared at him through narrowed eyes.

"You are the first person I've ever felt this way for, Stunk."

"Yes, well, umm, I'm sorry about that."

"If you think *you're* sorry, then we might have more than a little problem."

Garadri pursed her lips in vexation. She wasn't simply pouting. Well, it was half pouting, but she also had another reason to be sullen.

Stunk felt the need to respond to Garadri's gorgeous appearance and pushed his face close to hers before kissing her gently.

"Mmm... Oh wow, that was our first kiss."

Stunk's heart burned for Garadri as she laughed sheepishly, revealing her pearly-white teeth. A passionate impulse both chemical and magical surged throughout his entire body. In particular, a part toward the center of his body was now hard as iron.

"Oh wow... Are you already incapable of holding back?"

"I'm struggling here, but I feel like rushing things would be a waste."

"Okay, well, then we better get you all cleaned up first."

Garadri cast off the lingerie she was wearing and moved toward the bath area. It was time for the succubus-joint staple. The body-to-body *nuru* massage.

In this case, the most striking characteristic was the part of Garadri's body that she lubed up with the special bath liquid. In no time at all, her tentacles were coated with it.

"Okay, please lie on your stomach and relax. I'll put some weight on you..."

A number of Garadri's writhing, slimy tentacles pushed into Stunk's back as he did as he was told. While latching onto his bare skin, the tentacles extended from his back to all four limbs. Her tentacles were relatively cool in comparison to the rest of her body, and they felt extremely nice on his hot skin, coupled with how they rubbed the lather in generously. It was superb.

"Ohh...wow, you really do have skills. This feels amazing."

"Right? Check out this other trick I learned, too!"

A soft cradle of flesh swallowed up Stunk's head from both sides. At this point, he didn't even have to ask what it was.

"Ah, the most incredible breasts ever...!"

"I was told that breasts this big are rare. They're so big, they can almost cover you entirely! You're so lucky, aren't you, darling?"

Stunk's head and entire face were nestled in the pillowy embrace. Just one of her breasts was bigger than his face alone! And despite this, they were perky and resilient enough to not lose their shape. They were truly the perfect pair.

“Do you want to turn over now? I’ll come at you from the top, just like a hug...”

Stunk flipped over on his back, just as he was told. Garadri’s twin peaks buried his face, and it also felt amazing when she squeezed them together against him. Her lathered-up tentacles were also determined in their assault on his front. In other words, they were thoroughly massaging his blade.

“Mmm... You’re incredible... It’s so hard... Are you harder than most men, given that your member actually turned into a sword once?”

“I’d like to think it’s a cut above most humans’, but having it turn into a sword didn’t have anything to do with... Nnnng...”

“Ohhh, you sound turned on now. I love it!”

“Getting washed by your tentacles would make anyone feel amazing.”

“Okay, I’ll wash them as good as I can! I want to hear your erotic moan more, darling.”

“Be gentle...mmm...unf...hnng...”

Garadri’s supple body, covered in lube and wrapped tightly around Stunk, worked him over.

Squelch...squee...squelch...squee... It was rhythmic. Garadri took the time to prod Stunk’s boy from time to time, which meant the sensation was anything but monotonous.

Stunk was nearing climax soon.

“Wow, you’re shaking so hard...! Are you close? Ready to burst? My tentacles feel so good that you’re gonna explode, right? Right, right?”

“Yes, that feels so good... I’m cumming...! Your tentacles are the best!”

“Please cum whenever you want...! If it makes you feel good, I welcome anything!”

Garadri’s tentacles wrapped around Stunk from every direction. Stunk ejaculated, as if in resistance to their grasp. With each spurt of thick semen, Stunk’s sword was racked with pure bliss.

Garadri’s tentacles were quivering slightly and providing friction, giving further impetus to Stunk’s climax.

“Hoooo... Wow, Garadri, you are something else. It’s like you’re literally wringing the jizz out of me...!”

“That’s exactly what I mean to do. My tentacles are actually sensitive. When I feel your heat, my tentacles become practically electrified. It’s wonderful...”

Garadri was flustered, and her breaths were coming hot and heavy.

Even after Stunk stopped cumming, the two of them remained

locked in an embrace, feeling true euphoria together.

Garadri, now fully assuming the role of Stunk's lovey-dovey honey, exhibited many talents beyond the use of her tentacles.

When massaging him with her breasts, Stunk could feel the full weight of them as she maneuvered across him. Stunk yielded to their weight, blissful as could be.

Garadri's fellatio skills showed strong attention to detail. She traced the full length of Stunk's blade with her tongue, and he was more than happy to surrender himself to the feeling. In fact, he surrendered three times in a row.

However, instead of faltering and going limp, the seasoned swordsman only became more energized as his sword stood tall and proud.

Conversely, Garadri looked a bit withered as she curled her tentacles up underneath her at the bottom of the bathtub.

"It's happening... It's really happening... I'm going to have sex with my darling..."

As she unfurled her tentacles, they floated up in the bathwater before going stiff and then settling back down.

Garadri's playroom didn't have a bed, but the bathtub was extra-large. It was originally built for aquatic species and tentacled girls, so the tub had the area of a small pool.

Currently, it was filled with warm water. It was the perfect temperature to keep someone warm without them getting dizzy from the heat of the bath.

Stunk sank into the warm water and hugged Garadri close.

"Don't be nervous. Just try to relax."

"I'll try, but this isn't the same as practice... And I'm nervous... It's my first time, after all."

Garadri's expression became cloudy as she spoke.

"I guess it's not totally accurate to say this is my first time... My body has been touched by a lot of people, after all."

Garadri's golem body had been enjoyed by many different patrons during her time as a default option in The Sex Marionette. Of course, that was all before the core that contained her current consciousness was placed into the vessel. It was the same implication as her soul being completely pure and untouched.

However, Garadri had a sense of naïveté about her. Laughing at her apprehension and trying to move on would be rude.

She's my lovey-dovey honey... I have to do everything I can to make her feel comfortable.

Stunk held Garadri tightly by the shoulders. He gave her as sincere a look as he could, even though Meidri always told him that

his eyes were glassy, rotten, or dead. His look was so intense that for someone like Stunk, this sort of expression bordered on bizarre.

“Honey...the magi-hole between your legs is brand-new, right?”

“O-of course! I chose the best magi-hole possible and made sure it fit perfectly!”

“That means you’re pure! Completely unsullied and all for me! And I will breach your hallowed sanctum with the embodiment of my love!”

“Wow, what a line...! My magi-hole might overflow at any moment!”

Love had won. There was no obstacle that their pseudofeelings for each other could not overcome so long as the magic circle remained in effect.

Sword and sanctum each anticipated the arrival of the other.

A mighty towering blade, reaching up to Stunk’s belly button!

Versus!

A magical hole that was filled with soft ridges and opened up at the base of a swarm of tentacles!

Fight!

“Hnnnnnnng!”

“Mmmmmmf! Oh my—I’m cumming already!”

“Ohhhhh my—I’m cumming, toooo!”

The battle was over in an instant. It was a draw.

Stunk and Garadri remained locked in a fierce embrace, shuddering. Garadri’s tentacles reinforced their passionate hug. Before he even realized it, Stunk’s leg had jutted from the side of the bathtub, and he tasted the ecstasy of climax while in that position.

They were in a dreamlike state of mind. Having tasted the erotic charm of bathtub lovemaking, Stunk couldn’t get enough. He poured his sword juices inside Garadri in spurts. As their velocity ebbed, his hips started thrusting in and out, as if telling him he hadn’t had enough.

He was delving deeper and deeper inside her.

Her hole was pulsating fiercely and gripping his sword for dear life.

Their existences were melting together. Thanks to their mixture of male and female bodily fluids, there was no shortage of lubrication.

“Mmmm... Ahhh... This magi-hole is a real piece of work...! I can’t get enough of you...!”

“Your cock is so huge, darling! And it has such a primal energy to it! It’s hitting me in places I didn’t even know I had! I’m so glad to be alive in this world...!”

Garadri planted kisses all over Stunk’s face. She kissed him again and again, lapping up his saliva, pushing her tongue against his, and

sucking on it. Her tentacles were also writhing around him passionately, to the point that they were practically trying to get inside his pores.

“I’m cumming again! My love for you is erupting!”

“Finish inside me! Don’t waste a single drop of your love!”

Stunk and Garadri embraced harder than ever before and reached dual climax together. After soaking in the lingering ecstasy for a while, they faced off one more time.

They changed positions and locations and tried out defensive and offensive maneuvers from every angle imaginable. They didn’t reach a conclusion as quickly as their first battle, but they always ended in a blissful stalemate.

“Mmm, ahh...ahhhh! I can’t believe it feels this good to be fucked by you...! Unngh, fuck, I love it so much...! I am so happy—sex with you is absolutely amazing, darling...!”

“Unngh, fuuuck, oohh...our chemistry is too good to be true...!”

“Mmph! Ahhhh, you’re the first one to fuck this body, right, darling? My core and this magi-hole are two different things, but the connection between them feels just like the connection between us, don’t you think?”

“You’re definitely not making sense. This is how you put it at moments like this.”

Stunk put his mouth close to Garadri’s ear and brought out his most manly voice possible.

“The two of us are bound by love forever...”

“Ahh, oh my god, that was too good... I’m going to cum again!”

“Whoa! I didn’t think you could get any tighter! I’m cumming, too!”

“Darling, I love you!”

“Honey! I love you, too!”

Stunk and Garadri’s confrontation ended in yet another draw.

Their next one began immediately. As long as they had feelings for each other, this sense of pleasure was not going to subside.

It was love incarnate, threatening to keep them enslaved until the end of time...

This fantasy came to a conclusion the moment the effects of the incense and incantation circle wore off. When Stunk got out of the bathtub, he immediately started to grovel on his hands and knees.

“I’m so mortified, I want to die! Somebody kill me...!”

“Why are you getting so worked up about it? It’s the same as blaming something on being drunk.”

“I would never say things like that no matter how drunk I got! What was that thing I said? Love...something?”

“That we’re bound by love forever?”

“Kiiiiiiiill meeeeeeeee!”

Garadri proceeded to carefully dry Stunk’s body off as he screamed, his face beet-red. Her face was a bit flushed as well, but unlike Stunk, she wasn’t being ravaged by a lethal dose of shame.

“I had a great time. Actually, I might be having an even better time now. You’re hilarious.”

“It’s not funny! That is the worst part about this!”

“Thanks to you, my first time has become something of a romantic comedy. I don’t feel like this will be awkward afterward, and I’m legitimately thankful to you.”



Looking at her face as she teased him, Stunk realized that getting angry would be on par with taking a loss. He needed to calm down.

Stunk took a number of deep breaths and closed the shame up inside him. He was now calm. He put on his own clothes once his body was fully dry and exited the room with Garadri, who came up and put her arm through his.

At the exact same stroke of the clock, his companions all exited their rooms, too, and looked at one another, but because it was so awkward, every one of them cast their gaze to the ground.

When they were leaving the joint, Garadri waved from the door.

“I guess this is good-bye, Stunk.”

“Will you be able to make it working here?”

“Yes! I’ll keep my clients’ mortified behavior close to my heart while I do.”

“You’re a demon.”

“I’m not a demon. I’m the adorable Garadri. I’m looking forward to your next visit!”

Seeing her carefree smile, Stunk nodded through a strained laugh.

He’d be back to call on her if the urge hit him. And he promised himself he’d never expose her to that shameful sight ever again.

REVIEW

LOVEY-DOVEY HONEY

◆HUMAN	◆ELF	◆HALFLING	◆ASURA
Stunk	Zel	Kanchal	Blue Piggy Cum-for- Brains
9	7	6	10
Do you like lovey-dovey, passionate sex? I love it! This place doesn't try to convince you that you and your partners are lovers with crappy acting. They use magic to put you and your girl in a hypnotic state where you fall into genuine love. The sex you have with your partner will be flavored by the height of passion. It's great! I was convinced this was a 10/10 experience...at least until the hypnosis wore off. Prepare yourself. While under the effects of hypnosis, you may or may not say some super-embarrassing stuff that you'll end up regretting later. As for me, I'm dead inside.	Lovey-dovey, passionate sex is a win no matter how you slice it, so choosing your species is really the key. I chose a human woman... From my elven perspective, she was young and had vibrant mana emanating from her, but apparently, the girl herself was convinced she was an old lady. She wouldn't stop talking about how jealous she was that I would look young forever, or how our difference in life expectancy was so sad. Our sex turned into a gloomy, sullen affair. That said, the incredibly emotional sex that our scenario led to wasn't half-bad!	Lovey-dovey sex is terrifying. It feels just like real love, which made me super timid. Emotionally, it was very satisfying, but because of my sexual disposition, I seem to have developed a taste for more extreme scenarios. I felt too guilty to make any large requests of my lover and ended up pouring my all into gentle lovemaking. I guess it's not so bad every once in a while.	I was very aware of my existence as a pig, but my girl expounded on all the reasons I was not. I could not forgive myself for making the girl I love cry, and when I went to punish myself with the six-armed fists I recently opened up to, she cried even more. After we made love, she told me with pitiful eyes, "Please be stronger," and I answered with "Oink-oink!" which made her cry again. The feeling of sorrow allowed me to erupt one more time. This world is full of more happiness than I had ever known.



In this fashion, the runaway golem had become a genuine succubus girl.

How splendid! How magnificent! Well now, the world does not fall into order so easily.

There was another central character in this story. Pyugmario managed to escape custody through unknown means. The maniacal monstrosity had no concept of the word *remorse*. She... He...? They continued to run amok and cause chaos, and the reward for their capture rose to unprecedented levels as they became known as the world's most wanted and most troublesome witch.

In that moment in time, all traces of them disappeared. And they hadn't been imprisoned again. They had simply vanished.

Any proclamations of their last days were strictly rumors of dubious authenticity. Some claimed they had evaporated during a failed experiment, that they escaped to another continent, or that the grand wizard Demia had become enraged at the flagrant name-dropping.

From that point on, no one even saw Pyugmario. Additionally, another person who was technically involved in the incident had also vanished without a trace. They were a reviewer who had used Ye Pubbe as a base, albeit for only a short time.

They were originally a visitor from a faraway land, so it wasn't a surprise that they'd leave again. That's what everyone thought, so no one thought twice about it.

However, one day, their whereabouts were revealed in an unusual fashion. A succubus recording embedded in a crystal was addressed to Stunk at Ye Pubbe. It was sent from a succubus joint by the name of "S-M Battle Royale."

"Hey, I've been to that place before..."

Kanchal's face was frozen stiff with the trepidation of an ill omen.

"They use resistance-buffing magic to strengthen your body and then let you go wild! That's their specialty. Oh, and for the record, I'm definitely the S in S-M, got it?"

Kanchal's ill omen spread throughout the room. Stunk swallowed a lump in his throat and displayed the recording in the crystal on the wall.

A casual yet heroic soundtrack started to play. The video showed some women groveling on their hands and knees, every one of them in

bondage gear. A voluptuous asura woman with a Buddha face and six arms was in the middle of them.

"To my eternal rival, Stunk, and his perverted friends—it's been quite some time. It's me, Blue Piggy Cum-for-Brains! I have been reborn as the Filthy Blue Sow!"

"And I'm a vampire, but I love shedding blood more than drinking it! I'm the Anemic Red Sow!"

"This spider thread will catch you in your own trap! I'm the Black Bondage Sow!"

"I'm an orc, and a swine, and I oink-oink all the time! I'm the Hook-Nosed Green Sow!"

"I was kicked out after it was discovered that I liked peeing on holy statues! I'm the Several-Time-Public-Urination-Culprit Yellow Sow!"

The video erupted with a thunderous crash.

""""""Hnnnnng! Unnnnnnngh!""""""

All five sows squealed in unison. Judging from the way they were writhing in ecstasy, this wasn't acting. They were genuinely getting off. What was happening to their lower bodies off-screen? Perverse splashing and thrashing sounds could be heard on the recording, too.

"That asura...is Vilchana, right?"

"She does have his face...but why is he a woman now...?"

"W-we should probably help him before he's lost forever..."

A man who made his name as a former master swordsman and ultra-masochist reviewer... Why? Well, that's because he's an ultra masochist. There wasn't much room to argue with that answer.

Amid the throng lost in bloodcurdling ecstasy, the Filthy Blue Sow raised her voice.

"Squeeeee... The other day, I went to a sex-change establishment that turned out to be another of Pyugmario's scams, and, oink-oink—I drank a potion. A sex-change potion. Thus, I've become a woman, and I can't seem to change back!"

The eyes of the beautiful girl rolled to the back of her head, and she stuck her tongue out of her gaping maw. She put her six hands sharply into the air in succession and made peace signs with each.

"Here it is! The Filthy Blue Sow's signature move, the *ahagao* sextuple peace!"

"The peace signs of an asura with six hands and peerless swordsmanship will make anyone and anything achieve climax a thousand times over!"

"Oink, oink, oink! No matter how many times I see it, I can never look away from its splendor!"

"Why are you even alive? Do you have any pride? Do you want to have your hometown find out about this and be banned from there, too?!"

"Wrrrohhh...nnngh... I'm going to cum again from you verbally abusing me!"

Stunk stopped the recording. The air in the room was thick with gloom. After a long pause, Stunk managed to say, "Well...I guess he's enjoying himself. That's good."

"He was super attractive to begin with, and as a woman, he's definitely way too hot..."

"I wonder if I could have ended up like that, too, with one misstep..."

"When *you* say it, Crim, I can't even hear that as a joke. Stop it..."

The entire room collectively let out a massive, exhausted sigh. However, there was one person in the room who spat out an angry exclamation among them.

It was the winged woman radiating a well-known aura of jet-black killing intent.

“Guys... Why would you play something like that in the middle of the pub...?”

“Wait, we didn’t mean to do anything wrong. I had no idea something that hard-core would show up. But really, when you saw it, too, didn’t you get a little excited from a lady’s perspective?”

“What the fu—?!”

Stunk was attacked in a fit of rage.

Introductions and farewells are the way of society. In this world full of intermingling species, the intelligent beings are all the same. They have anxiety, hesitation, and resentment as they embark on the road called life.

If they are able to smile when they reach their destination, then is that not bliss? Surely, the same rings true for Garadri and Vilchana—

“Okay then, Meidri, smile. Smile as you see me off.”

“No.”

Yet in the absolute depths of despair, all Stunk could do was smile.

He accepted his heinous fate with the widest smile of all.

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